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TALES

OF OTHER REALMS.

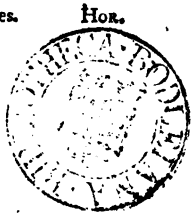
COLLECTED

DURING A LATE TOUR

THROUGH EUROPE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes. Hor.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1809.

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TO HER

WHOSE CHARMS ARE LIKE

THE NEW-BLOWN ROSE;

WHOSE SOUL, LIKE SAINTED PURITY

SITS ON HER HALLOWED BROW,

AND SMILES INTELLIGENCE,

THESE TALES

ARE DEDICATED,

BY

HER DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN my late tour through the continent of Europe and the iſlands of the Mediterranean Sea, I heard many anecdotes, and ſtories, that intereſted me not leſs than the curioſities, which were the immediate objects of my travels, and reſearch.

Life and manners are as varied as the ſoils and countries we viſit; inſomuch, that it is difficult to believe that the inhabitants of the mountains, and of the vallies, of the country, and of the cities, are beings of the ſame ſpecies, governed by the ſame moral convictions and phyſical neceſſities.

In mountainous countries man is bold, hardy, enterprizing, patient of fatigue and hunger, impatient of controul, and full of the love of his native home. In low countries there is leſs vigour, but more art.

Nature

Nature is led, and bends to the aſſiduity and addreſs of the induſtrious huſbandman; whoſe comforts at home render him unable to bear up againſt unuſual fatigue and hunger; and expoſe him to the abject deſire of pleaſing the great, on whom he is dependant for his comforts and his poſſeſſions.

A country life every where offers to the traveller ſimplicity of manners and unbounded hoſpitality; unleſs where towns and cities extend their baneful influence to the cottage. This is ſo true, that a traveller may always know by the reſerve of the inhabitants, and by the decay of hoſpitality, when he is within the atmoſphere of a Paris or a London.

It is not my intention, however, to give any general account in this volume, of the countries I have had occaſion to viſit; but merely to record two or three ſtories, which I heard on my travels; and perhaps ſome incidents, which it has been my own lot to witneſs, and which I have thought worthy of publication.

Theſe ſtories, and ſome others in my poſſeſſion,

poſſeſſion, the offspring of accidental intercourſe, and hours dedicated to recreative literature, have nothing in their character or pretenſions that ſhould arouſe envy or awaken criticiſm: they are true pictures of the life and manners they profeſs to deſcribe, and of the countries, or thoſe parts of them in which the incidents related actually happened. They are told with ſimplicity; and lay no claim to poliſhed elegance. But they hold up a mirror to the mind, in which foreign ſcenery and foreign manners are delineated and deſcribed; where the ruinous conſequences of vice, and the happy effects of virtue, are made evident by examples drawn from real life.

But the preſent volumes only contain four ſtories; which embrace but a ſmall variety of country and of incident: they will however be ſufficient to try the public mind on their acceptability; by the deciſion of which, the remainder ſhall either be publiſhed or deſtroyed.

A few notes are ſubjoined to the pages of the Spaniſh ſtory, on account of the many Spaniſh

Spaniſh words that occur in the narrative: and, perhaps, the ſame meaſure might have been uſeful to the other tales: but as moſt readers are averſe to the interruption of notes, they have not been added to the Sicilian, Swiſs, or Portugueſe ſtories.

The author has at leaſt one conſolation in ſending theſe Tales into the world—It is, that if they are not very good, they certainly are not very long. — And as he hates a long ſtory as much as Marianne Steinboch, he hurries to conclude his preface; by wiſhing the reader all the pleaſure, and none of the pain, he experienced in traverſing the countries where the events of theſe volumes happened to occur.

London, May 1809.

TALES.

TALES

OF

OTHER REALMS.

BARON ZINKERMANN, AND AMELIA LA MARCHESA DI NIZZI.

ZINKERMANN, wilt thou permit me to tell thy ſtory? Thou haſt ſaid to me that thou wouldſt willingly make an expiation of thy guilt, by warning the giddy, and by inſtructing the gay in the changes that ariſe in the heart of him who becomes a prey to inordinate deſires.

Thy qualities, my friend, (for thou art again worthy of the name,) were not the tinſel trappings of a heart garniſhed by hypocriſy; they were the genuine virtues of a mighty ſoul. Juſt Heaven! that the man whoſe big heart was wont to ſympathize with every ſpecies of diſtreſs; the tear of whoſe eye I have ſeen drop on the boſom of the afflicted; whoſe hand was never ſhut

againſt imploring indigence; and whoſe tongue was ever prompt to vindicate the cauſe of injured innocence; that he, that this ſame Zinkermann, who held the beſt and higheſt reputation, ſhould ſuddenly become a ſlave to the moſt dangerous and moſt ſinful attachment!

It is for humanity to lament that the heart moſt prone to virtue, is at the ſame time moſt expoſed to vice.

Zinkermann was in his twenty-ſeventh year when he firſt met the Marchioneſs di Nizzi. It was at the Count Gravini's, on the night of his daughter taking the veil.

I ſhall never forget how this lovely Marchioneſs deſcribed him to me the morning after his introduction to her. She laid down a green and ſilver purſe ſhe had been attempting to net while I was recounting to her all the fine things which Kotzebue has ſo often declared of the advantages of having a female companion in croſſing the Pyrenees: for I had flattered myſelf I ſhould perſuade her to be one of my party to mount Etna. Her hand trembled ſo, as ſhe laid the purſe down, that it fell from her knee.—I would

would have picked it up, but ſhe put her foot upon it; then laying her hand gently upon my ſhoulder, which was ſomewhat depreſſed by the attempt to recover the purſe, ſhe called me by my name with a degree of earneſtneſs that beſpoke all my attention; "Tell me," ſaid ſhe, "is not that gentleman whom the Count Gravini introduced to me laſt night, a particular friend of yours?"

"Which do you mean?" I replied, with ſome embarraſſment; for although my attention was awake, yet the ſubject and purpoſe of my viſit had been ſo rapidly and unexpectedly changed, that I could not in an inſtant adjuſt my ideas to her's.

"I mean," ſaid ſhe, taking her hand off my ſhoulder, and putting it on her eyes, as ſome people do when they would recollect any thing, and which I did not conceive to be occaſioned by any other emotion, "I mean that gentleman who is ſo like the picture of my brother that was killed at Lodi; a picture which I am ſure you have ſeen."

"I have no recollection of it," was my cold reply.

"Oh, what a memory!" ſhe exclaimed, with a mixture of indignation and devotion in the manner of her appeal; "Is your heart ſo unſuſceptible of the impreſſion of beauty, that it can forget a portrait ſo exquiſitely characteriſtic of all that is admirable in the human form?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "I never ſaw your brother's picture; which omiſſion I own to be, not quite my own fault; for the morning you gave it to me to look at, I was ſo much engaged by what you were then ſaying, on the happineſs of virtuous love having been exemplified in the perſons of your father and your mother, that, after receiving the portrait from your hand, I returned it again without ever caſting my eye upon it." As I ſpoke, I obſerved the moiſture gathering gradually in her eyes; which, as I finiſhed, had collected into two or three full drops, that fell precipitately down her cheeks.

"Well, never mind," ſaid ſhe, turning her

her head towards the window: "it is of no conſequence."

I muſt acknowledge the impulſe I felt on this occaſion. It was to take the hand that was neareſt to me, and to bathe it with a tear I felt riſing in my eye: my heart was ſtrangely affected; but what the nature of the emotion was, I cannot explain to this hour. I know it was not love; but I believe, if there be ſuch a thing in nature as ſympathy, I was at that moment touched by it, as if by magic inſpiration. I mentioned the name of Zinkermann, and added, "is it he?"

She turned round, and ſmiled—"Yes! that is the name; and if I may judge by his form and manner, there is ſomething in his ſoul ſuperior to vulgar minds." This was ſaid with a degree of earneſtneſs that convinced me of a powerful prepoſſeſſion, ſuch as his merits were well calculated to confirm.

She dwelt much on the manlineſs of his figure; remarking often, the ſtrong reſemblance ſhe obſerved in him to her

dear brother. "My brother and your friend," ſaid ſhe, "are the only men I ever ſaw with blue eyes that looked like black ones." She had ſcarcely finiſhed this remark, when the arrival of ſome viſitors obliged me to take my leave.

The next morning, I left Meſſina for Catania, with no other company than my ſervant. While on my journey, I often caſt a thought upon the frailty of human nature; but *there was ſomething in the ſoul of Zinkermann ſuperior to vulgar minds!* this was the very reflection that made me moſt uneaſy on his account; for I had learned, by experience, the vaſt danger of great ſenſibility, and the certain evils which attend thoſe amiable and dazzling virtues ſo much admired and envied by mankind.

After paſſing five days in Catania, three of which were employed in examining the lavas, and looking at the crater of Etna, I determined on purſuing my journey to Syracuſe and Girgenti, and to make, if poſſible, a tour of the iſland.

All this I did in two months; including a ſtay

a ſtay of ſeven days at Palermo; and in this city I heard much ſcandal about my friend and the Marchioneſs; but the moſt diſtreſſing ſtory in circulation was, that her huſband having broken his thigh, by a fall from a balcony, Zinkermann and the lady profited by the misfortune, and actually made love by his own bed-ſide. I could not believe ſuch infamy of my friend, and boldly denied the truth or probability of ſuch groſs calumny. But there was ſomething in this affair that caſt a gloom over every object to me in Palermo; yet as there is enchantment in the place, I left it with regret, when I found I muſt purſue my tour to the leſs agreeable Meſſina.

I ſtopt an hour on the road at Bagaria, to pay a viſit to the molded repreſentatives of the ill-ſtarred lovers, Commingе and Adelaide, in the monaſtery of the Waxen Monks, the property of the Prince Butera. I gazed with emotion on theſe unfortunates, whoſe ſilent but intereſting figures, clothed in the caſſocks of the monaſtery, were well calculated to awaken ſuch reflections as

ſhocking deformity, ſo that I gazed on her with a mixture of pity and of horror; but when ſhe ſpoke to me, notwithſtanding her articulation was affected, I diſcovered inſtantly the work that repentance had performed: ſhe was calm, compoſed, and at charity with the world—ſhe had familiarized her mind to her ſituation, ſo that ſhe had ceaſed to contemplate it with diſmay—her repentance was ſincere, her reſignation was effectual.

"It has pleaſed God," ſhe ſaid, "as you ſee, to keep me here covered with my ſhame, that I may expiate by my contrition and by my tears, not only my own guilt, but the guilt of that young man, whoſe virtue, although long proof againſt every charm, at length caught the contagion of my love, and fell its victim. Oh! had I felt as he did, all might have now been well;" here ſhe pauſed, and wept: "I did not ſend for you," continued ſhe, "to make you unhappy by this ſhew of my affliction; I am really leſs miſerable than I appear to be, and much leſs ſo than I deſerve

deſerve — but God is good — and I feel if I could but be certain of the fate of the unfortunate Zinkermann, my ſoul could repoſe with an unfeigned tranquillity on the merits of its Redeemer." She uttered this with much compoſure, the fruit of her reſignation and repentance. The offence, altogether, was too heavy for me to weigh; ſhe had already ſettled the amount of it with her God, and ill would it have become me to queſtion the reſult.

I was happy to ſee her ſo much at eaſe, although I could not apprehend any ſolid reaſons ſhe could have for being ſo; but perhaps we who thoughtleſsly live on in what men gaily call the indiſcretions of youth, but which really are ſins, have not an opportunity of eſtimating the quick and efficacious operation of a real and heart-felt repentance. "You ſeem uneaſy?" ſhe ſaid; "perhaps I am detaining you from ſome more agreeable engagement—if ſo, farewell! I leave this for Trieſte to-morrow; and all that I have to beg of you is, to give theſe things to your friend when

you meet," as ſhe continued ſpeaking, ſhe put a little parcel into my hand; "but, if you ſhould never meet him —" the tongue failed at the cloſe of this period; then endeavouring to collect herſelf, ſhe reſumed — "but, if you never meet him, or, which is the ſame thing, if you learn that he is dead, open the paper yourſelf, and make ſuch uſe of its contents as you may think proper."

I had heard from many quarters, that Zinkermann had not been ſeen beyond the Marina, on the night of the fatal cataſtrophe, and that there was no doubt of his having thrown himſelf into the ſea. I would not hint a ſyllable of this to her, although it ſat heavy on my mind.

After ſhe had done ſpeaking to me, I looked at her with the ſame kind of ſenſations which I have felt in contemplating the features of a deceaſed friend; and feeling myſelf unable to pour any balm into her wounds, I took her by the hand, and, with a heart filled with woe, could only bring myſelf to ſay, "may God com-

fort

fort you!" then haſtily turned away to hide my weakneſs — ſhe ſtill held my hand — I looked at her again to ſay, "farewell!" but felt ſuch an agony of grief in gazing on the ruins of ſo much beauty, that I was heart-ſtruck, and would have fled without a word.

"Stop!" ſaid ſhe, "if Zinkermann be alive, don't forget to tell him that he may no longer fear a face mutilated by wounds, or a mind which has been chaſtened by misfortune: tell him that I could wiſh to ſee him before I die. I am going to Trieſte, and ſhall take up my abode with the holy ſiſters of the convent of St. Catherine."

We parted — with much emotion on my part, with great tranquillity on her's.

On returning to my hotel, I laid the parcel on my bed, and threw myſelf down beſide it: I endeavoured to think, but could form no coherency of ideas; in truth, they were floating on my fancy in ſuch groupes, that I could not by any means claſs or ſeparate them. The parcel lay before

before me; and the image of him for whom it was intended, naturally aſſociated itſelf with every idea that aroſe in looking on it. "If," ſaid I, "Zinkermann be alive, he is any where but at Meſſina; and that he is alive I have ſtrong preſentiments, for I well recollect it was with him a maxim, that *ſuicide is cowardice*; and that *ſelf-mortification* ſhould moſt certainly be his refuge, if ever he was ſo unhappy as to ſin eminently againſt Heaven or ſociety."

This reflection enlivened me; I called for coffee, changed my clothes for the evening, and walked out. In the courſe of my ſtroll, I had come to the reſolution of again viſiting Palermo, in the hope of hearing ſomething of my friend. I thought that they who knew ſo much about the affair in its infancy, might perhaps have gained ſome intelligence of the conſequent fate of him of whom I was in ſearch.

The next day I made my arrangements, and ſet forward on my journey: on the third day following, I reached Palermo, and took up my reſidence at a ſmall inn

contiguous

contiguous to the Gardens of Flora. The ſituation is pleaſant, as it looks immediately towards the ſea, where ſeveral Engliſh ſhips of war at that time lay at anchor; from this circumſtance, the firſt notion that came into my head was, that he might have taken ſhelter with the brave defenders of our country. I therefore anxiouſly ſought an opportunity to make an acquaintance with ſome of the naval officers, that I might be enabled to puſh my enquiry among the ſhips; for I ſtrongly ſuſpected what I thought, having often heard him, although a German, talk with enthuſiaſm of our tars, and of that fame Sir Sydney Smith, who then commanded the ſquadron before my eyes.

I went to repoſe with an intention of riſing early; but the fatigue I had lately undergone, diſpoſed me to lay a-bed rather late. About eight o'clock I awoke, and was projecting my plan for the day, when ſome one very abruptly opened my door, and ſaluted me with "Turn out;" I looked up with aſtoniſhment, perceiving a naval

lieutenant

lieutenant entering the bed-room; at the ſame moment, a decent looking woman, I believe, the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſtept forward from without, acquainting him that the gentleman he was looking for, had gone three hours ago with another gentleman to St. Martini in a carriage.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," ſaid he, "but damn me if it is not a very ſhabby trick."

"Sir," ſaid I, interrupting the current of his diſpleaſure againſt ſome one unknown to me, "this accident, which you lament ſo ſtrongly, may be very fortunate to me—if you purpoſe viſiting St. Martini, I ſhall be happy in your company. It was my intention to go thither immediately after breakfaſt."

"With all my heart," he replied; "and as it is now ſo late, I think we may as well pipe to breakfaſt before we get under weigh."

This frankneſs was juſt after my own heart, and I gave the order to my hoſteſs with more good humour than any had lately

lately ſeen in my countenance. During our repaſt, he entertained me with many ſingular and remarkable anecdotes, and ſaid ſome of the ſtrangeſt things in the oddeſt way one can imagine. I was entirely renovated by his cheerfulneſs, and envied him the honeſt thoughtleſſneſs that gave it birth.

At nine o'clock we got into a public carriage, which is a ſort of barouche, not inelegant; the horſes were good and freſh, ſo that in a ſhort time we drove round the ſuburbs, and arrived at the great ſquare beyond the palace; here we croſſed, to enter upon a road that leads to the mountains, in the boſom of which the monaſtery of Saint Martini is built.

After having proceeded along this road three or four miles, we reached an aſcent; and immediately after paſſing through a village which lays at the bottom of it, the ſteepneſs of the hill obliged us to alight. The acclivity increaſing, we rode and walked alternately for five miles, until at length we deſerted our carriage altogether,

and

comprehend the cauſe of this averſion. Could I be miſtaken? — perhaps ſo; — yet the letters cut upon the rock convinced me, notwithſtanding the coarſe caſſock and the unſhaven beard, that it was Zinkermann himſelf; at leaſt it was the ſhadow of that Zinkermann whom I once ſaw at Vienna, the admiration and the envy of the beau-monde.

He ſtood unmoved, with his back towards me; I approached him ſlowly, and when I thought myſelf ſufficiently cloſe to him, I ſaid, "Zinkermann! don't you know me?" he dropt his left hand, and held it rather behind him, but he did not move; I ſeized it eagerly, ſaying, "In the name of God, my friend, what does this mean?"

At my exclamation, he ſtarted round upon me, drawing away his hand, and raiſing both towards Heaven, followed by his eyes, red with weeping; with a voice almoſt ſtifled by agony, he exclaimed, "Juſt God! and am I reſerved for this?"

He

He now addreſſed me firmly, and with much calmneſs; "I am ready to bear all! aſk me for the catalogue of my crimes, and do not ſpare your condemnation."

"Be calm, my dear friend," ſaid I, interrupting him; "I have not come to harrow up the wounds that have been cloſing: that is not the province of humanity. Let Him who alone is faultleſs, my dear Zinkermann, judge our faults; for, however heinous they appear to us, God pities our anguiſh, and it reſts with him alone, to puniſh or to forgive them."

"I will walk with you," ſaid he, "don't let us ſtay here."

The houſe in which we had met, was ſurrounded with high trees and copſes; hence we did not go far to find ourſelves in perfect privacy. The wood became very thick after we had walked a few minutes, when, as if by one conſent, we ſtopped, and ſat ourſelves down cloſe to the trunk of a large walnut-tree.

"To tell you, my dear Eugenius, what I feel," ſaid he, laying his hand upon his

heart, which ſeemed to ſtruggle hard beneath it, "would be impoſſible; — to tell you all that I have felt, would be equally ſo; — nor can I ſpeak of anything, until I learn from you what has become of the unfortunate Amelia: I know that ſhe is alive, but I know no more. I have heard that the Marquis is dead, but I hope in God it is not true. Oh that I could reſtore them to the ſtate in which I found them ſix months ago! I would forego every hope but that of ſalvation, and ſuffer every mortification in this life which auſterity could invent."

I ſaw that it was neceſſary to make him ſome immediate reply, for his heart ſeemed ready to burſt with agony. "All is now paſt, my dear friend," ſaid I, "and cannot be undone."

"That is the very point," replied he, "the very rock upon which my hopes of all future peace lay ſhipwrecked; — it cannot be undone!" he repeated with a look of diſtraction: "look at me," continued he, ſtarting up, and graſping his caſſock in both

both hands, which he ſtretched out towards me, "look at me, Eugenius; ſo as you ſee me here, ſo will I wear out the remainder of my exiſtence, in ſelf-mortification, in penitence, and in prayer. This day we part, Eugenius; and ah! my friend, never mention the name of Zinkermann, unleſs to warn the unwary, by his fate, of how fatal are the enjoyments of guilty love."

Tears now flowed apace for a moment; but ſtopping ſuddenly, he ſighed deeply, and threw himſelf violently on the ground, with his face downwards. My alarm was great, and help was my firſt thought; I ran to the ſtream for water, and brought ſome in my hat; I threw it on his face, and endeavoured to pour it into his mouth, which the cloſeneſs of his teeth prevented. As nothing was tight about him, there was not anything to unlooſe; the neck however of the caſſock being rather ſtrait, ſeemed to obſtruct the blood in its paſſage from the head, which induced me to ſlit it; this accident preſented to my eye two very diſcordant objects—the picture of Amelia,

ſuſpended by a cord of her own hair, and a ſcapulary, with the figure of the Virgin, ſuſpended by a white ribbon. Notwithſtanding the perilous ſituation of my friend, I could not help noticing with much diſcompoſure theſe two things, ſo badly aſſociated. I clearly ſaw that the heart of Zinkermann was yet divided between Heaven and Amelia; but I feared that the demon of Death had ſnatched him from both. I was therefore wildly anxious for his reſuſcitation, that he might have time to alienate his love from earth, and dedicate it wholly to Heaven.

I began to ſuſpect that he was indeed quite dead, for the ſpark of life ſeemed extinguiſhed in his heart; I could not feel its pulſations, nor perceive that he reſpired in the leaſt. I raiſed him from his recumbent poſture, and placed him leaning againſt my breaſt, with his head hanging helpleſs on my ſhoulder. In this poſition I had ſat nearly an hour, at leaſt I thought ſo, when I ſaw the Lieutenant, whom I had entirely forgotten, coming towards us.

"Good

"Good God, Sir! what is the matter," ſaid he, "did you find the friar dead?—or what has happened?—have you had any words?" he was proceeding—"Aſſiſt me, my dear Sir," ſaid I, "for God's ſake! he is my friend, and a gentleman; this dreſs is but a diſguiſe."

"D—m me, if I did'nt ſay ſo," ſaid the Lieutenant, "the moment you was gone." This remark of his did not ſtay him from offices of humanity; he inſtantly ſet about rubbing the temples of my friend with brandy from his flaſk, and made ſeveral unſucceſsful efforts to get ſome of it into his mouth:—"Avaſt!" ſaid he, recollecting himſelf a moment, "hold you on, and I'll do it." He then picked up a ſtraw which lay at his foot, and breaking it between the knots, put one end of it into my friend's mouth; he now filled his own mouth with brandy, and drove it forcibly through the ſtraw: before the operation was quite finiſhed, our patient became ſeized with a violent fit of coughing, which threw all the brandy that had been forced

into his mouth, back upon the face of his benefactor. I was overjoyed at this ſignal of recovery, yet felt a little uneaſy at the accident which had happened to the courteous ſtranger.

"O never mind, Sir," ſaid he, "its only a ſpray;" wiping his face at the ſame time with his hand, and preparing to recommence his operation. I obſerved to him, that I thought my friend would now do, without anything more; for he coughed frequently, and tears from his eyes began to flow plentifully.

The Lieutenant ſtood over us with an earneſt anxiety in his countenance; he often expreſſed a wiſh to try a little more brandy, remarking, "what a diſtreſſing thing it was to ſee ſuch a handſome fine fellow worn to ribs and trucks, and turned friar. I ſaw the picture about his neck," ſaid he, "when I was rubbing his face; but take my word for it, Sir," continued he, looking very grave, "a man who can live on ſhore is a d—d fool that turns either ſailor or monk for a woman: if a woman leaves

leaves me for another, let her go, ſhe is not worth my caring for; but if any fellow does me out of her, let him ſtand clear. Now if this lady has jilted your friend, let him think no more about her; but if any man has played him foul, as he is ſick, and not able to take his own part, if you won't, I will."

This miſtake of the Lieutenant's, with his manner of expreſſing himſelf, confuſed me not a little. While he ſpoke, Zinkermann was gradually recovering, ſo that my perplexity diſabled me from making a reply.

"Poor fellow!" continued the Lieutenant, taking him by the hand, and looking wiſtfully at him as he opened his eyes, "d—n me, if I don't ſtand your friend, nor ſhall you want a guinea while I have a ſhot in the locker."

Zinkermann looked wildly on him, then raiſing his eyes to me, as I hung my head over him, he ſaid with a very feeble voice, "where am I?"

"Among your friends, Sir," replied the Lieutenant, before I could make any anſwer.

Zinkermann caſt his eyes on the ſtranger, but was too weak to ſpeak to him; he however did not draw away his hand from him, as I expected, but ſeemed to leave it with great compoſure.

"We muſt carry him to ſome lodgings, Sir," ſaid the Lieutenant, "and get him ſome Madeira, and good refreſhment. I will go on board, and aſk leave to come on ſhore again, to ſtay all night; and you and I will keep watch, and watch with him till he is better."

"Whoever you are," ſaid Zinkermann, "God bleſs you! but I ſhall ſoon be better, and will return alone to the convent."

"To this convent?" ſaid the Lieutenant, interrupting him.

"No, to the Capuchin's; it is near the town."

I beckoned the Lieutenant to ſtep aſide with

with me; which gave me an opportunity of hinting to him, not to drop a word about the lady.

" I take you," ſaid he; we then returned to our ſeats cloſe to Zinkermann.

" Well, as you was ſaying juſt now," ſaid the Lieutenant, as we re-aſſumed our places, " I don't think a drop would do any of us much harm." Then, by way of example, he took a mouthful of the brandy himſelf from the leather-covered flaſk. Zinkermann, who ſat between us, would not taſte it; which induced the Lieutenant to pour what he called his allowance, upon a pocket handkerchief, and bathe the face and hands of our friend with it.

" Zinkermann," ſaid I, " to-morrow will be a new day, and may be a more happy one to us all than this has been. We will all go into town together; you ſhall return with me to my rooms, and there take ſome reſt; and to-morrow—we will leave to-morrow's events to Providence."

"As you pleaſe," ſaid Zinkermann; "I am too much overwhelmed to judge for myſelf."

"Lean on my arm, Sir," ſaid the Lieutenant to him, "we'll take care of you."

Now, how to get to the carriage, became a queſtion of difficulty, as we all felt the propriety of avoiding company. We followed the courſe of the river a few furlongs, deſcending towards the road, when we met a goat-boy, who undertook to ſhew us by a ſhort cut to our vehicle: in about half an hour we reached it, after walking and clambering more than three quarters of a mile. About five o'clock in the evening, we drove off; and the poſtillion taking advantage of the deſcent, reached our hotel before ſeven.

We arrived without any accident, excepting that the Lieutenant had nearly awakened all Zinkermann's ſlumbering afflictions, by very thoughtleſsly obſerving to me, who ſat next to him, that he had employed himſelf very piouſly during the time I had left him — that he had finiſhed the

the N with his dirk. I was at a loſs to comprehend what he alluded to, but Zinkermann immediately ſtarted, interrogating him, "At Meſſina?" For as N was the initial letter of Amelia's firname, a wild apprehenſion ruſhed into his head.

"Oh no, Sir," replied the lieutenant; "in the wood there, by the river, where you was cutting AMEN upon the ſtones; I ſay I very piouſly finiſhed the work you ſo piouſly began; and to own the truth to you, d—n me if I did not think you was a friar, until our friend here told me who you are."

"You know my misfortunes then, Sir," ſaid Zinkermann, with much perturbation. "I believe I do, Sir," replied the lieutenant; "but we'll ſay nothing about them juſt now: it is a hard-hearted gale that never lulls, and a d—d foul wind that won't allow you to come up on the one tack or the other;—a little patience, my boy!" continued he, taking him cordially by the hand as he admoniſhed him, "a little patience, and it will all blow over."

"Eh!" ſaid Zinkermann, "I wiſh I could think ſo."

I was pleaſed at the reſult of this converſation; for I had been apprehenſive of bad conſequences from the miſtake of our good-hearted friend the Lieutenant.

Having arrived at my lodgings, I diſpatched our carriage; and we ſat down together in the room that faces the ſea, where dinner was ready prepared for us. It was not begun, before we were deprived of the Lieutenant, by the arrival of an officer, who informed him, that his ſhip was putting to ſea, in conſequence of the unfortunate wreck of the Athenienne. The account he gave of this melancholy event, affected us much; and, by dividing our attention, rather ſeemed to alleviate than to exaſperate our own ſorrows.

The Lieutenant, whoſe name I could wiſh to mention, but may not, parted from us with much concern: he ſeemed ſo much wrapt up in the diſtreſs of Zinkermann, that nothing leſs than ſuch a dreadful calamity

calamity as that which had befallen the Athenienne, could have dragged him from our hotel;—it was his duty to go; and as the ſame feeling which preſſed him to remain with us, impelled him more ſtrongly to fly, he left us in an inſtant, but not without ſhewing emotions in his farewell, that do honor to his memory and to humanity.

We were now alone; and the refreſhment which had been on the table even before our arrival, was yet untouched. The heart abſorbed in ſorrow has no appetite for food; in vain I had preſſed the Lieutenant to eat before he went, "No, Sir," ſaid he, "I'll take a tumbler of wine to the better health of that gentleman, but as for eating I am hard up."

When he had left the room, Zinkermann roſe from his ſeat, and began to walk thoughtfully up and down; at length, he drew a chair cloſe to me, where I had continued to ſit, abſorbed in the contemplation of Captain Rainsford's misfortune, and the fate of his gallant crew, who were per-

haps at that moment either clinging to the faithleſs raft, or drowning amidſt the breakers.

"Eugene," ſaid he, "I cannot longer remain in ſuſpenſe; I am collected, and can hear with tranquillity whatever there may be for me to know; — tell me then, what is become of Amelia, and where did you laſt ſee her?"

"I left her at Meſſina," I replied, "five days ago, and ſaw her then, the only time, firſt and laſt, ſince the unfortunate affair."

"Do you think ſhe is there now?" rejoined Zinkermann haſtily.

"No, certainly not," ſaid I; "the day after I ſaw her, ſhe was to embark for Trieſte."

"With her huſband?" ſaid he, interrogating me doubtingly.

"No," ſaid I, "Zinkermann, alone; her huſband never recovered the fracture occaſioned by his fall."

"Rather ſay," cried he, with a look of horror, "that he never recovered the ſtab I gave

I gave to his honor; and that he died, rather by the fever which my conduct excited, than by the accident that had happened to him. It is ſo, Eugene!" continued he, "and I feel myſelf the moſt wicked, as I am the moſt wretched man on earth."—Here he pauſed, and placed his hand upon his forehead in an agony of reflection.

I wiſhed this buſineſs at an end; my feelings were almoſt worn out, and yet there was much to hear, and much to ſuffer.

"Zinkermann," ſaid I, "we had better go to bed, nature requires repoſe; to-morrow we ſhall be ſtrengthened by reſt to bear the remainder of this ſcene. I have events to relate, and ſomething to give you, which I cannot do to-night."

He remained ſome minutes in the ſame attitude, then taking his hand from his head as if relieved, he raiſed his eyes to Heaven, ſaying in a low voice, "Thy will be done!"

"You will go to bed now?" ſaid I.

"Yes."

"Yes," returned he, "and we will meet in the morning, for I ſee you are now much fatigued."—"Then," ſaid I, "you ſhall ſleep in the chamber, and I will reſt here upon the ſofa."

"Oh no!" replied he, "I go to the convent: we ſhall meet again early in the morning at the Campo Santo, and then be prepared to ſay all to me; I ſhall be ready to hear all, and to anſwer whatſoever you may chuſe to aſk: but then, Eugene," continued he, "in that meeting we muſt part for ever—you go to the world, I to the cloiſter."

In vain I preſſed him to ſtay; nor would he allow me to accompany him to the Capuchins; I however inſiſted on going ſome part of the way with him, but he ſoon conſtrained me to leave him.

On my return to the hotel, I found my hoſteſs looking at the dinner table with aſtoniſhment; ſhe remarked with a ſmile, that capuchins in general did not want appetites, and that Tueſday was no meagre day: ſhe ſeemed very uneaſy at my diſ-

inclination to eat, and uſed a thouſand courteſies to induce me; at her intreàties, I put an anchovy into my mouth with a bit of bread, which induced me to take a tumbler of wine and water. I felt my ſpirits much relieved by this refreſhment, ſo that I went to bed with a tolerable proſpect of ſleep.

I rather ſlumbered than ſlept: the wind became high about midnight, and the ſurge beat loudly on the ſhore; my dreams were filled with images of horror;—fancying myſelf ſhipwrecked on the Eſquirques, I ſaw the wreck of the Athenienne not far from me, and beheld men leaping from her poop to a boat paſſing aſtern of her, already filled with people. I thought I was upon a dry rock, which ſtood in the midſt of the breakers, not broader than the ſteeple of a country church, but full as high; from the pinnacle of this, I perceived great numbers of fiſhermen on the Sicilian ſhores, and on the other hand, horſemen collected in troops on that promontory of Afric which is immediately oppoſite

oppoſite to the weſt end of Sicily, diſtant about eighty leagues; I waved my handkerchief firſt to the one then to the other, holloing with all my ſtrength. The noiſe I made diſturbed the people of the houſe, ſome of whom came into my room and awoke me. I got up, and opening the window ſhutters, perceived the approach of day. Although little refreſhed, I dreſſed myſelf haſtily, then calling for one of the lads belonging to the houſe, deſired him to ſhew me the way to the Campo Santo.

I think we walked about a mile before we reached the gate of the Holy-Field. I had no conception what the place could be, or whence it could derive its name: the lad who was my guide could give me very little ſatisfaction reſpecting it, further than that they buried people there, and that it was a terrible place for ghoſts. From this account, I expected to find a church-yard, a place with tomb-ſtones, or at leaſt with graves.

On our arrival at the gate, I ſtopped, and

and looking back to take a retroſpect of the road, ſent the lad away, telling him I would be returned to breakfaſt at the fifteenth hour, which, on the 22d of October in Sicily, anſwers to about half paſt eight of Engliſh time.

The ſun had already riſen; but here I ſaw only the reflection of his light, for the place before me was planted thick with cypreſs-trees, ſufficiently lofty to intercept his direct rays at this time of the morning. I looked around for Zinkermann, but not perceiving him, I ſatisfied myſelf with the hope that he was enjoying prolonged ſlumbers.

The place was much in uniſon with my mind: I walked ſeveral times up and down the broad walk that leads immediately from the gate. On each ſide of this viſta, there is a row of trees placed at the diſtance of about fifteen feet from each other; and from each tree there is a correſponding row at a right angle with it, between every two of which diverges a diſtinct avenue, ſo that I was induced to change my walk, ſometimes

times to the right, ſometimes to the left. There appeared to be about thirteen of theſe avenues on each ſide of the broad walk leading from the gate, and each of theſe avenues, excepting the firſt pair on entering, were marked with the name of ſome particular month; and on flag-ſtones at certain diſtances along the centre of theſe viſtas, were engraved numeral figures, as 1, 2.—3, 4, &c. as high as 31. Notwithſtanding my anxiety for the arrival of Zinkermann, I could not but admire and wonder at the objects before me.

I ſat down upon the baſe of a pillar which either had fallen, or never had been raiſed; and then tried to gueſs what could be the meaning of this vernal marſhalling; while thus idly muſing, I was ſuddenly ſurpriſed by the appearance of my friend, who had not been far from me during all this time; he emerged from a heap of buildings, which ſtands at the eaſt end of the Campo, rather like the wreck than the foundations of an edifice: "I did not expect you ſo ſoon," ſaid he, "I have been contemplating the

riſing

riſing ſun during the laſt hour; and, ſtrange to ſay, I have derived ſome conſolation from the idea of all the wretchedneſs he may have witneſſed before his courſe of this morning called him to ſhine on my wretched ſelf. — It is," continued he, "an unaccountable diſpoſition of our nature to wiſh for partners in misfortune; but certain it is, that any calamity which is general, or ſomewhat extended, affects us infinitely leſs than that which is particularly our own. May there not be many among the Aſiatic nations as guilty and as miſerable as I am? Has Mohammed ſo much improved the Eaſtern morals that no David can be found in Syria? Yes, Eugene! I will repent in ſackcloth and aſhes; and if thou art come like Nathan, I will accuſe myſelf, before thou haſt time to hold the mirror up to me."

I perceived that his mind was full of the ſubject, and that he had been thinking a great deal.

"Pray, my dear Zinkermann," ſaid I, "how

" how long have you been here?"—" Since I left you," ſaid he, indifferently.

" How!" I replied, " all night?"

" Yes; I felt myſelf fatigued, and as it was late, I preferred paſſing the hours which I know could not bring me reſt, in this place; for, after I had left you, it occurred to me, that the convent might be ſhut."

" Then you have been in this ſad place all the dreary night, my dear Zinkermann?" exclaimed I, ſhocked at what he muſt have endured.

" Yes," ſaid he; " and I have made a vow to bury all the dead that are brought here on this day of the month during the year; for this is the fatal day of my tranſgreſſion, ſo that I would wiſh to make a propitiatory ſacrifice with each returning moon. In a few minutes," continued he, " the corpſes of laſt night, from every quarter of the city, will be brought in, and you ſhall witneſs my humiliation;—do you not ſee thoſe people advancing through the avenues with that bier? Stand at a diſtance, and pretend to be a ſtranger."

I took

I took my ſtation, for his words had a command in them, on the oppoſite ſide of the broad walk, and perceived a naked body turned out upon the pavement of the avenue that bore the character of October, and immediately contiguous to the flag ſtone which was marked 21, 22.

My friend attended; the flag ſtone was removed, and the laſt offices were performed; a ſecond ſoon arrived, and a third; they were all precipitated down the ſame opening, into the deep vault that lay beneath.

"Is this the way you bury people at Palermo?" ſaid I, to a thin ſhabby-genteel perſon who approached me.

"No", ſaid he, "I aſſure your Excellency, upon the honour of a gentleman, that theſe are the Canaglia, the mere dregs of mankind. — We, who are noble, we are embalmed; the heart and the brain, thoſe noble organs of animal life, are preſerved in a golden vaſe, hermetically ſealed, which, together with our perſon, is preſerved in caſes of wood or porphyry."

I was

I was ſurpriſed to hear ſuch language from ſuch a figure; more particularly as he ſpoke in the pure Tuſcan dialect. "Excuſe me, Sir," ſaid I, "you are then a nobleman of Palermo."

"No! I am of Florence," ſaid he, "and am of the family of Medicis; but that is of no conſequence; Poetry is my boaſt and glory"—then putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a folded ſheet of paper;—"this Sonetto," ſaid he, "is worth a ruby; will you accept of it? I wrote it this very morning, before I got up; no mortal eye has yet ſeen it: believe me," added he, affecting an air of admiration, "it is ſtupendous!" I perceived by this time that the different groupes of people, who had attended the dead bodies to the place of interment, were gone, or going out of the Campo; therefore feeling it neceſſary to diſengage myſelf from this ſon of the Muſes, I accepted his ſonnet and begged of him in return to receive a ſmall piece of gold, which he did without the leaſt heſitation; requeſting, however, my

name,

name, that he might write a panegyric in acroſtic on my virtues. I deſired him in the politeſt manner I could, to leave me; hinting to him that I expected ſome one in the Campo on an affair of intereſt. He repeated part of a line from Taſſo, "*Cogliam d'Amor la roſa*," then ſmiling ſignificantly, as if he ſuſpected a lady to be in the caſe, retired in a manner that would not have diſgraced Beau Naſh.

I followed him with my eyes to the gate where he ſtopt, turned round, kiſſed his hand, and diſappeared.

On his departure I croſſed over the broad walk to the avenue where Zinkermann ſtood. I took him by the hand, and ſat down with him on the vault's mouth, with our legs hanging below, immediately over the bodies which had been thrown into it.

"Now," ſaid he, "you have ſeen how I have determined to diſpoſe of myſelf once a month; the reſt of my time, ſhall not paſs away I aſſure you, in gathering roſes; — Oh my friend!" continued he, "Oh that I could forget Amelia, and think on heaven

heaven only! — I ſee her now! — bleeding for my ſake — ſhot by her huſband — hanging lifeleſs in my arms. — Oh God! root the cruel image from my mind; and let me eraſe from my memory at once, my guilt, and the image of the guilty one whom I yet adore."

I would now have queſtioned him about the particular manner of his eſcape; but I was afraid of rouſing thoſe feelings I wiſhed to lull, and which my very preſence contributed too much to awaken.

"Well, well!" ſaid I, "my dear fellow, here! — take this packet, perhaps it may ſet your mind ſomewhat at eaſe;" — I drew the parcel which Amelia had conſigned to my care from my coat pocket, and placed it in his hand: he read the ſuperſcription with an avidity not to be deſcribed, and broke the ſeals with equal impatience. "Here it is!" he exclaimed, "I thought ſo!"—drawing forth his own miniature from the parcel, he gazed on it wildly, and then threw it down into the vault beneath, accompanying the act with

an imprecation; "Curſe you!" cried he, following it with his eyes to the bottom. Then unfolding the paper again, a gold chain and a lock of his hair tied with a ſilken thread, and ſome manuſcripts, with a letter, preſented themſelves; putting the letter into his boſom, with the ſame horror in his looks, he precipitated the whole contents of the parcel into the abodes of the dead.

"Now," ſaid he, "Eugene, I can foretell what this letter contains; I ſhall ſee that mirror I ſo much dread; and hear that voice I ſo much fear;—reproof and reproach will overwhelm me; and I ſhall be glad to be as they are, who lay beneath us."

After he had ſpoken he drew the letter from his boſom, and opened it with a trembling hand;—"Here," ſaid he, "do you read it;—but, don't read it all, I fear it contains too much for me to bear."—I took the letter from him, and adjuſting its pages, which he had very much diſordered, I read as follows.

" My once adored Zinkermann!

" I am preparing to depart for Trieſte, where I have reſolved to finiſh the remainder of my days in the holy ſiſterhood of Santa Caterina. I have ſent for your friend Mr. Eugenius, on purpoſe that he may receive this letter from my own hands, together with a parcel which contains the once invaluable preſents I had received from you, at a time when madneſs and folly influenced our hearts. I return them to you, becauſe I have weaned my affections from all earthly things, and have baniſhed from my heart the deſire of every thing that exiſts in this world, even the image of yourſelf, which I once loved better than my life. You are however ſtill dear to me, and therefore I pray to God that you may be as repentant as I have been, and feel the power of his goodneſs as I have done; when I ſay, that you are ſtill dear to me, I mean the welfare of that ſoul which would have ſaved us both had I not impiouſly ſtifled its ſuggeſtions. But if you ſtill cheriſh in your boſom any ſenti-

ments

ments of love for me, loſe no time, I beſeech you, in baniſhing them; follow my example now, as I ſhould have followed your precepts then;—if you ſtill have my picture, tear it from your boſom, and deſtroy it; and if you yet feel any ſtruggles between me and Heaven, come, come, and look on me, and the ſtruggle will be decided; you ſhall ſee beauty changed to deformity, gaiety to ſorrow; and you ſhall hear that tongue which was wont to repeat to you the language of Eloiſe, deprecate the unhappy hour that infuſed ſuch ſentiments into my mind, and now caſts me a guilty wretch, on my knees, imploring forgiveneſs from offended Heaven. Come then! if you ſtill heſitate between God and ſin, you ſhall receive from one ſight of me, new ſentiments;—ſentiments, that ſhall at once freeze your heart, and kindle up your ſoul; your deſires ſhall be extinguiſhed in the contemplation of my deformity, while your repentance and devotion ſhall be awakened by the example of my reſignation.

" I will not in this letter make any reflections on the memory of my deceaſed huſband. I forgive him the laſt injury he did me; and all the others which preceded it;—I have ordered that Maſs ſhould be ſaid very often for his ſoul, for I fear there is much need of ſuch ſupplication:—if he had been what a huſband ought to be, I never could have been what I am.—he met with his misfortune in the proſecution of his amours, and he loſt his life in puniſhing me for mine.—May God forgive him, and forgive us!

" Think well on what I have written to you; and pray for me, as I pray for you; that after our appointed time in purgatory has paſt, it may pleaſe God to reunite our ſouls, purged of ſin, in the regions of the bleſſed through the merits of our Redeemer.—May it be ſo!—till then, farewell!—pray for yourſelf and me; but give your ſoul to Heaven.—Farewell Zinkermann, and believe me that I am in truth the penitent

AMELIA LA MARCHESA DI NIZZI.

Meſſina,
16th October 1806.

" Then

" Then I am ſatisfied!" ſaid Zinkerman, as I pronounced the laſt word,—" I will follow thy example Amelia, and I will render myſelf worthy to be near thee in heaven;—I will begin the great work by obeying thee!"—" Here Eugene"; ſaid he, taking her picture from his neck, and holding his head away as he reached it me; " here," ſaid he, " this is to be deſtroyed."

I could eaſily perceive by the ſound of his voice that the powers of ſpeech were nearly overcome.

" Did not the letter ſay ſo?" he reſumed, with increaſed emotion, and looking wildy round at me, as if he would ſee it again—" I would ſee it once more," ſaid he, " and then, farewell, to every thing below!"—I reached it to him immediately,—he received it ſteadily, and looked on it with a compoſure that ſurpriſed me; then raiſing his eyes to Heaven, as he gave it to me again, ſaid with much energy of expreſſion —" I will ſee thee next there!" He now turned round and embraced me,

ſaying,—" As I was the laſt object that Amelia baniſhed from her boſom, ſo thou, my dear Eugenius, art the laſt object I baniſh from mine. I have torn the portrait of my once beloved from my heart; and now, I tear away my friend;"—As he ruſhed from me he turned half round again with both arms open and extended; then, looking wiſtfully on me, ſaid with much emotion,—" We muſt part Eugenius!—Farewell!—Go, my friend!—Go, and enjoy the world, but enjoy it with innocence. Sometimes, think on me; but I conjure you as you love me, from this moment never to ſeek me!"—Farewell, he ſaid again, and turning ſuddenly away, left me in ſorrow and amazement.

THE

HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

"WELL," ſaid I to my fair companion, as ſhe came on deck to look at the land of Portugal, now ſo near to us, "What think you of the famous Luſitania? Thoſe are the lunar mountains ſo renowned in ancient and modern ſtory. You will find there, at once the moſque of the Mahometan, and the convent of the Catholic; the ruins of ancient deluſion, and the eſtabliſhments of modern bigotry.

"By travelling," continued I, "we may learn much that is good, Zenobia, but then it will be mixed with evil; for the great ſources of wiſdom are vice and folly, and they are only to be looked at, not taſted; for taſted frequently, the reliſh never leaves the ſenſual lip. You know frequent uſe makes garlic palatable, and olives not only agreeable, but delightful."

"Oh! for God's ſake," replied ſhe,

" do not ſpeak of garlic and olives; they are the naſtieſt things in nature. You know when we were in Spain, I never could endure the ſmell of garlic; and as to a green olive from the tree, perhaps it is the bittereſt and moſt auſtere mouthful in the univerſe."

I could not but ſmile. I did not mean a green olive from the tree, for powerful as habit is, I believe no length of time could render that palatable. I wiſh I could ſay that in like manner the mental reſembles the corporeal appetite: but alas! we find that vices the moſt diſguſting, which are neither recommended by taſte, nor fancied beneficial to the agent, are purſued with eagerneſs, and at laſt become a habit of the ſoul: ſuch as gluttony without appetite, licentiouſneſs without paſſion, and cruelty without other ſtimulus than a demoniac triumph in human miſery. Nature is thus contradicted by an adverſe ſpirit within us, which " makes us do the thing we will not," and ſoon practice with delight what we before utterly abhorred. Nothing leſs than

than the Chriſtian religion can ſet us free from this bondage.

During our converſation, one of thoſe extraordinary veſſels called *Bean-cods* came alongſide, and gave us a pilot. The Captain, who no doubt was a much better ſeaman than linguiſt, undertook to be our interpreter. We were deſirous of making ſome enquiries of the Pilot about the Falmouth packet.—"Will you aſk him, Sir," ſaid Zenobia, "whether the packet from England be arrived."

"*Yo, ho! voſſa meſsè*," cried the Captain with a loud voice: the poor ragged Portugueſe came near him, and pulled off his cap—"*Voſſa meſſè*," I ſay, continued the Captain, "*O pachetto*," pointing with his finger towards the Tagus.

"*Se Senhor*," replied the Pilot.

We were ſatisfied with the information, and the Captain with his achievement. After the Pilot went below to get ſome refreſhment, the Captain informed us he had known him about the Burlings and the Rock of Liſbon for thirty years; that he

was his firſt inſtructor in the Portugueſe language, but now he had no doubt he knew it better than the Pilot himſelf. "I recollect when I was ſecond mate of the *Huffy-duffy*," continued he, ſmiling, "there was a fellow before the maſt who pretended to ſpeak all languages. We were bound to the Madeiras, and met with a gale of wind off Cape Finiſterre, that carried away our main-top-maſt; the weather however moderated, and we lay to off Oporto, with the intention of going in, to get a ſpar to make a new maſt. A boat was ſent on ſhore to ſee about it, and of courſe the linguiſt had charge of the expedition. He returned very ſoon with a fellow, who, he ſaid, was the only perſon at Oporto that had any thing like a ſpar which would do.—"Well," ſaid the Captain, "aſk him how ſoon he can get it done."—"*O Senhor*," replied the linguiſt, complying with his Captain's requeſt, "*Voſſe meſſe, roundo cum o ſquaro, ſquaro cum o roundo, topmaſto grandè, voſſe meſſe.*"—"*Non intendo*," replied the Portugueſe carpenter gravely. "What does

does he ſay," ſaid the Captain. "He ſays, Sir," replied the linguiſt, "that he cannot get it done under ten days."—"Then I'll be d—d," exclaimed the Captain, "if I'll wait for it." We put to ſea without it, and were nearly wrecked on a lee ſhore in conſequence. Nor was it till ſome years after it happened, that I became proficient enough in the language to know, that our linguiſt had been a vain pretender, and that the man, whom he called a carpenter, did not underſtand one word he had ſaid to him."

We complimented the Captain on his ſtory, which I had heard fifty times before of fifty different ſhips and nations; but it was new to Zenobia, and ſhe laughed intolerably at the words "*rounda cum o ſquaro*;" perhaps it put her in mind of the ſtory Mr. Foote told on the ſtage about two men who were platter-makers, one of whom made his platters all ſquare, the other all round. I dare not mention the names of theſe two men, nor tell the ſtory; this

is a polite age, in which we dare not talk naughtily, as in Mr. Foote's time. I wish we were as much improved in essentials, as we are in appearances. It is however praiseworthy to be decent in our conversation, a virtue peculiar to England, and perhaps to the present amiable generation.

It being nearly calm, there was no hope of getting into the Tagus that night, although the moon had risen in all her majesty from the bosom of her own mountains. We supped upon deck, and the delightfulness of the evening, and the prospect of the shore, filled us all with that dispositon to please and to be pleased, which renders the coarsest fare exquisite, and the commonest conversation enchanting. The moon had now risen to the zenith, and the dew began to fall heavily. The drowsy part of our company got up to retire, but were aroused to wakefulness and gentle thoughts, and so detained, by a beautiful air from Zenobia:

AIR.

AIR.

Are theſe the tears of ſilent love,
Drank by the ſilv'ry beam of night,
And carried to the realms above,
On wings of calm delight?

Then let Zenobia's tear deſcend,
And mingle in my moiſten'd eye,
And let it there its raptures blend,
And drink my fervent ſigh!

I had never before heard it: "Pray ſiſter," ſaid I, "where did you learn this pretty diſtich?"

"It was written," ſhe replied, "on ſuch a night as this, by the poor fellow who loſt his wits about me, and is gone, Heaven knows whither. I wrote the muſic for it myſelf, but there is nothing very enchanting in either." She ſighed as ſhe ſpoke, left me, and went to bed.

"Yes," ſaid I to myſelf, "they who play with Cupid's arrows, will find at laſt they have pricked their fingers. Fooliſh girl! impelled by vanity, you made a ſimple youth love you, and now that your cold-

neſs

neſs has driven him to deſpair, you begin to feel what it is to ſigh."

Love is altogether a ſilly paſſion, but it is cruel as well as weak; like a child, it ſpoils every thing it plays with, and ſeeks for beautiful objects only to deſtroy them.

We aſſembled together on deck very early next morning, and found ourſelves entering the Tagus. It was delightful to behold the rich vineyards of Carcavelos, and the villages and convents which adorn the ſide of the river upon the north.

As the golden waters of the Tagus rolled paſt, they brought to my mind a flood of equal celebrity. "This river," ſaid I to my ſiſter, "reminds me of the ſtory of Midas and the Lydian Pactolus."

"Ah, that was a d—d good hoax upon Juſtice Midas!" exclaimed a cavalry officer, one of the paſſengers: "I would ſerve every one ſo, were I Apollo, who prefers the Opera to the Sans Souci."

"I am afraid," retorted I, "you now

now place yourſelf in the predicament of Midas, by the judgment you have pronounced."

He was a good-natured fellow, and therefore inſtead of quarrelling with my remark, he laughed at it.

"You have miſtaken my alluſion altogether;" continued I; "Pactolus had nothing to do with the trial of muſical ſuperiority between Pan and Apollo: it is a river in Lydia, called the golden Pactolus, from the ſame Midas waſhing off his golden wiſh in its ſtream."—"Pray let us have the ſtory then," ſaid our companion, "I do not recollect it."

"When Midas," ſaid I, "obtained his wiſh of the Gods, that every thing he might touch, ſhould be converted into gold, he ſoon found that he was likely to ſtarve, by the very ſuperabundance of his riches. Every mouthful of food he put into his mouth was inſtantly changed, and the cup, teeming with wine, no ſooner touched his lips, than it became gold alſo. He now found, as many others ſince have done,

that the wiſh of his heart had become the plague of his life; he therefore implored deliverance from the ſpecious evil he had ſo fooliſhly ſolicited from Heaven. Jupiter took compaſſion on the deplorable ſituation his avarice and folly had brought upon him, and commanded him to bathe in the river Pactolus. He did ſo, and immediately his power went over to that river, and the ſands thereof became gold."

"Bravo!" exclaimed our fellow paſſenger; "as I have long poſſeſſed a power the direct contrary to that which Midas found ſo ruinous and inſufferable, perhaps a dip in the golden Tagus might take from me ſome of that faculty, by which I inſtantly convert every piece of gold I touch into ſomething eatable or drinkable; I would it might! and then I ſhould not want the tranſmuting alchemy which Midas conferred ſo extenſively on the river in Lydia."

"Jump," ſaid my ſiſter, "and then, Colonel, my brother ſhall drink of the water to cure him of his parſimony."

This

This converſation brought us abreaſt of the caſtle of Belem, where we were ſtopt near the fort to be inſpected by the health boat. This gave us a fine opportunity of gazing on the city, which, being built on the declivities of ſeveral hills, preſents an impoſing appearance to the ſpectator. I ſuſpected the relation of travellers, and flattered myſelf with finding Liſbon a place of neatneſs and elegance.

We made ourſelves very gay, and landed at a wharf near the fiſh-market. Here we encountered fiſhermen and boatmen, boys with baſkets, hungry dogs, and thieves; for we had ſcarcely landed, when ſome one made free with my great coat. I in vain endeavoured to find it, every one telling me, I might think myſelf well off I had not loſt more. "*En eſta tierra,*" ſaid an old gentleman very gravely, "*furan todo.*"

"What does he ſay?" ſaid I to a perſon with us, who underſtood the language.

"He ſays, Sir," replied the interpreter, "in this country they ſteal every thing."

I took

I took the hint, and ſtuck cloſe to the remainder of my things till we got to the hotel. We certainly arrived there ſafe, that is, without having any bones broken; but my poor ſiſter was ſo diſtreſſed by the filthineſs of the ſtreets and the noxious ſmells, that I feared ſhe would turn back in diſguſt, and never again attempt reaching a Portugueſe hotel.

"You had not far to go," will be the remark of a Liſbonian; "the Engliſh hotel is not five minutes walk from the fiſh-market." That is true: but I never go to an Engliſh houſe in a foreign place. I might as well ſtay in England, and be crowded to death by Engliſh officers at the Crown in Portſmouth, or get rid of my money at Falmouth, without going any further.

There are few errors in travelling more deſtructive of opportunities to learn the manners and cuſtoms of the country we viſit, than that of putting up at Engliſh houſes, and herding with our own countrymen. I know ſeveral people who have been

been months at Paris without ever taſting frogs or pigeons, and have ſeen many return from Naples, without knowing how to eat a plate of macaroni without a ſpoon. I do not mean to ſay that ſuch trifles are in themſelves worthy of notice, but I ſhould conſider a French gentleman very badly accompliſhed, who had viſited England, if he had not learned to eat with his fork in his left hand. So much for the minuter objects ſeen in travelling; but for the greater ends of traverſing foreign lands, the opening the mind to candour and general philanthropy, men do not acquire them by the uſual modes in travelling. Prejudices are to be got rid of, not by argument, but example. Viſiting diſtant countries is an efficacious remedy; but unfortunately, Engliſh travellers loſe more than they gain by parting with the peculiar diſtinctions of their own country. If they improve their taſte in the fine arts, by adopting the ideas of foreigners, they debaſe their ſentiments in notions of moral excellence, by giving up that delicacy of thought and

expreſſion

expreſſion peculiar to theſe happy and virtuous iſlands. It is not with the people at large they aſſociate, but with adventurers of all nations, of their own as well as of the country they are in; and ſo bad are the conſequences, that I would either not travel at all, or I would avoid Engliſh hotels and Engliſh company, with its attendant paraſites.

We got ſafe, but much dirtied, to the hotel, which I found was not kept by a Portugueſe, but an Italian. I did not diſlike to find this the caſe, for if the maſter were Italian, the ſervants were Portugueſe and Gallicians, and the company were not Engliſh. Beſides, I am fond of the Italians, perhaps becauſe I am a profeſſed admirer of their language, their muſic, and their poetry.

"Let us have dinner in your own way," ſaid I to my hoſt, "or rather in the way of the Portugueſe; but do not put any garlic in the diſhes, on account of the lady, who already is ſo diſtreſſed by the bad ſmells of Liſbon, that ſhe is half dead."

"If

"If your Excellency would eat garlic," ſaid our hoſt, addreſſing himſelf to my ſiſter, "it would ſo brace your nerves and ſtrengthen your ſtomach, as to render the worſt ſmells indifferent to you, the moſt common food palatable, the exerciſe of all your functions free and unobſtructed."

"You have ſtudied medicine, Sir?" replied my ſiſter, ſarcaſtically.

"Yes, Madam," rejoined our hoſt; "I ſtudied medicine at Bologna, but never practiſed it, for I am a conſcientious man, and believe that killers by phyſic and the ſword, will have as much to anſwer for at the day of judgment, as the poiſoners and aſſaſſins who may have ſuffered by the law."

"Well, but Signore Principale," ſaid I, interrupting him, "if phyſicians and ſoldiers may have ſo much to anſwer for on the ſcore of murder, what is to become of your cooks, both French and Italian?"

"That is the very reaſon," replied he, "why I recommend garlic ſo ſtrenuouſly; it corrects the properties of bad oil, deſtroys the

the acidity of bad wine, overcomes the ruſtineſs of bad bacon, mixes the aliments, promotes digeſtion, concocts the chyle, improves the ſecretions, regulates the animal ſpirits, and diſpoſes to ſleep."

"Well done, Doctor Aglio!" I exclaimed; "Siſter, can you object to garlic, after ſo learned and impreſſive a panegyric?"

"I never took a quack medicine in my life, brother," ſhe replied; "but I think if our hoſt were to puff his garlic off in England with the ſame addreſs he does here, our fair ladies would ſoon make London ſmell like Madrid."

Our hoſt continued his obſervations, for the Italians talk a great deal on the moſt trifling ſubjects, and deal out their ſuperlatives in ſuch profuſion on common matters, that nothing is left to expreſs things more important.

"Your Excellency will find my way of treating garlic, divine," continued he.

My ſiſter would hear no more, but told him ſhe would not try the experiment,

on

on which our hoſt withdrew, not a little mortified. When he retired, ſhe animadverted ſeverely on his loquacity and impertinence; but ſhe had yet to learn, that in Portugal, as in Italy, ſervants and tavern-keepers make very free with their ſuperiors. "This fellow's talk," added ſhe, "puts me in mind of an anecdote we heard at Paris of the famous Dr. Hacquet, whom Monſieur le Sage has caricatured under the name of Sangrado in his Gil Blas. It is ſaid that whenever this famous phyſician was called to attend a new patient, he paid his firſt viſit to the kitchen, where he embraced all the cooks, ſaying wittily, "Go on, my good fellows; if it were not for you, we phyſicians ſhould ſtarve; put plenty of lard into the *pâtés*, and don't fail to continue to ſeaſon every diſh with abundance of pepper and *ſauce piquante*."

"I like this wit of Hacquet," continued ſhe: "with him I conſider *made diſhes* as the parents of diſeaſe, and can conceive, with our ingenious countryman Armſtrong, the perſonification of gouts and palſies, indigeſtions

geſtions and ſurfeits, limping about the diſh in fairy forms, with big ſhoes and crutches. Nor do I think the addition of our hoſt's garlic, any antidote to a combination of culinary poiſons; therefore," continued my ſiſter, "if we are to be poiſoned, let us be poiſoned agreeably."

"I agree with you, Zenobia," ſaid I; "and this converſation of your's brings to my mind an idea of the celebrated Dr. Ruſh of Philadelphia, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted. He thought the culinary art might be regulated by a gamut. There is ſomething extremely fanciful in this idea, as he gave it to the world about twenty years ago, in a little tract, intitled, "An Inquiry into the relation of Taſtes and Aliments to each other, and into the influence of this relation upon Health and Pleaſure." In this paper, he ingeniouſly remarks the ſtriking circumſtance of an equality in the number of notes in muſic, and that of the primitive colours, and imagines that this relation may not be confined to ſounds and colours, but may be extended

extended to the objects of human aliment; upon which he hints at a culinary gamut, obſerving, that it would be agreeable to trace the analogy of ſounds and taſtes, as they have each their flats and their ſharps, their concords and their diſcords. He tells us, that bread and meat, meat and ſalt, the alkaleſcent meats and aceſent vegetables, all harmonize with each other upon the tongue; while fiſh and fleſh, butter and raw onions, fiſh and milk, ſalt in tea, are all offenſive to a pure and healthy taſte. This notion is at leaſt ſo extremely diverting, that it would be pleaſant to ſee the muſician and the epicure unite their talents ſo as to enable the *cuiſinier* to ſend up his bills of fare in crotchets and in quavers. They would no doubt follow nature in forming their gamut, and not exceed the ſeven primitives, as, *Water*, *Vegetables*, *Fiſh*, *Fleſh*, *Fowl*, *Spices*, and *Fermented Liquors*; which ſhould be repreſented by their correſponding notes D—E—F—G—A—B—C; and as D natural ſhould repreſent water, ſo D in alt might ſtand for ſtrong waters,

ſuch as that agreeable cordial, called *juniper*, now ſo much in vogue among the poorer claſſes of the people in England; in the ſtead of C ſharp, which is the ſame as D in alt flat, that is according to the projected ſcale, a cup of ale with a daſh of gin in it, the effects of which is generally deſtructive of all harmony, producing diſagreeable diſcords. But there are many, both foreigners and Engliſh, who extempore have rung ſome very pretty changes upon the ſeven primitive articles in cookery; and I know ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen, very good performers alſo, who conſider the D in alt inadmiſſible. I do not however know a more renowned *improviſitore* in this way, than a certain General, not *Wolfe*, who never makes uſe of it, unleſs to make a *blaze*, from which I have ſeen him, with his gravy-ſpoon, amidſt wild-duck and claret, draw forth as true *harmony*, as my friend Grimaldi with all his powers could educe from his beſt cremona, giving full proof of the harmony that ſhould reſult from *wild-duck*, *claret*, and *ſpices* properly arranged and

and united in one *bar*. And I have no doubt, were Grimaldi nigh, muſic would yield the palm: he would drop his violin at the ſavour, to taſte the more delicious harmony of culinary excellence. Such a meeting on ſuch an occaſion would furniſh us with the very opportunity deſired. We can fancy the *muſician* ſaying *adagio!* as the *epicure* lights up the *blaze*; *grazioſo!* as he ſtirs round the ingredients with his gravy-ſpoon; *allegro!* as he turns it out into the diſh; *moderato!* as he begins to eat, remarking, that a *ſecond* would come in very well at this part: here we can ſuppoſe them keeping very good time, and in perfect harmony, and after the piece has been thus played over, Grimaldi writes it down for the benefit of the *Dilettanti* in *culinary muſic*."

Our converſation being ended, and the dinner not yet ready, we ſtrolled out to viſit the churches. They were like all other Catholic churches we had ſeen, full of wretched paintings, tinſel work, and tapers, none being remarkable, excepting that of St. Rocus, in which there are ſome

After dinner we got into a calaſh drawn by two mules, and drove about the city and the ſuburbs, to obſerve life and manners. Almoſt every calaſh-driver we met pulled off his hat, to which I returned a bow with ſimilar obſequiouſneſs, ſuppoſing that the civility was intended for us. I ſoon however diſcovered my error, for I perceived that my own calaſh-driver ſometimes led the way in unbonnetting, and that he was always concerned in the ſalute either firſt or laſt, which convinced me that all this ceremony was between the drivers themſelves, and that their maſters were not in the leaſt included. I therefore kept my hat on my head, and ſat quiet. Theſe fellows all wear cocked hats, which they take off with as much grace as a general officer to the line of preſented arms.

It is curious to obſerve how fond the Portugueſe are of this triangular covering for the head. I recollect ſeeing a Portugueſe negro at the iſland of St. Thomas on the equinoctial line, without a ſtitch of cloathing on him, excepting a cocked hat, which

which he took off with all the airs of a dancing-maſter to every one he knew; nor was this done in jeſt, but with an air of gravity and importance.

In our ride we viſited the grand aqueduct called Os Arcos, I ſuppoſe on account of the magnificent arches on which it is ſupported, the higheſt of which may not be leſs than three hundred feet, an altitude little inferior to Saint Paul's. All the ſouth of Europe and Aſia are covered with aqueducts, pure and cool water being the greateſt luxury of a warm climate, but I do not recollect to have ſeen any one more magnificent than that of Liſbon.

The evening having ſet in, obliged us to return, as we went out to ſee, not to ride. Juſt as it became duſk, we overtook an immenſe flock of turkies, which three or four people were endeavouring to drive, but with little ſucceſs; it ſeems they had brought them from ſome diſtance in the country for market, and the ſun being ſet, they would not go any farther. We have all heard of the wager won by the gooſe

againſt the turkey, and I was now convinced of its truth. Continued induſtry, though ſlow, will certainly overtake quickneſs, if it pauſe: I have no doubt therefore that a gooſe, travelling night and day, muſt overtake a turkey, who will diſcontinue his labours with the cloſe of day. There is ſome conſolation in this remark for dull geniuſes and plodding people.

To thoſe who have travelled in Spain and Italy, a bed at Liſbon is a luxury; although it may have neither curtains nor a mosquitto net. The buzzing of midges, and the biting of fleas, are intolerable to a domeſticated Engliſhmen, but to a profeſſed traveller, they are inconveniences of too trifling a nature to be regarded as diſtreſſing. However I recollect, when we travelled in Spain, in the month of July, the fleas were ſo formidable, that if my poor ſiſter had not met with an Armenian Jew who ſold her ſomething in a ſilken bag ſhe muſt have been utterly deſtroyed. She gave him a great price for it: he ſaid he brought it himſelf from Arabia, and that it would be found a

complete

complete preſervative of female charms againſt reptiles of every deſcription, fleas, fops, and flatterers. It certainly kept away the fleas, for I never heard her complain of them after getting it. I however had no faith in its moral operations, until curioſity prompted Miſs Zenobia to open the bag one day at the inſtigation of a French gentleman—when lo! and behold! its contents were *camphor*.—"You are brought by the *lee* there!" ſaid I to her, laughing heartily at the diſcovery, and making uſe of a phraſe I had learned from the ſailors on board ſhip.

"*Lee* or not!" ſhe replied, "laugh as you pleaſe, I will not part with my amulet, although it be nothing but *camphor*."

There was a diſcreet ſiſter for you!—I wiſh all women had acted on ſimilar occaſions with the ſame prudence: for, as frankincenſe is burned among the Perſians, to keep off the devils, and the genii, why may not unburnt camphor among the Europeans protect the charms of female innocence from *men* and fleas. I know it will do ſo; and I

therefore recommend it to all women-travellers, of every condition and country.

Early in the morning our calash was ready: we had intended to go to Cintra direct from Lisbon without stopping any where upon the road; but our host persuaded us to visit Bellas, whose iron springs, he observed, might be more grateful to the lady's taste than the stomachic he recommended yesterday: "but depend upon it," added he, that garlic is superior, in its efficacy, to all the mineral waters of the continent." . . .

We paid our host cheerfully, whose charges were infinitely less than at Williams' hotel; and set forward, without more delay, in very good spirits. But the slow pace of the mules very soon made me dull. I found myself rather disposed to descant on the miseries of human life, than admire the beauties of nature. The beggars that lined the sides of the road occupied my attention and my thoughts. "What a set of miserable wretches are these;" said I to my sister! "how such a multitude of hungry beings are fed, or where they all come from,

are conſiderations which aſtoniſh and confound me!"

At the eſtallage at Bellas, we met with an Engliſh gentleman who ſaluted us on our arrival, by requeſting the pleaſure of our company to partake of his dinner, which was ready. I accepted his invitation, well knowing how difficult it is to get any thing to eat in Portugal at an eſtallage beyond the capital. We had ſcarcely ſeated ourſelves, when the converſation turned on the beggars. "I have been here," ſaid he, "ſome weeks for the benefit of the waters. I had very fooliſhly been in the habit of giving a handful of *five* and *ten Rè pieces* away every day, till I found, I was encouraging idleneſs, not relieving diſtreſs. The ſwarm of beggars that you ſee at Liſbon, and in all the roads about it, are mendicants from every part of Portugal. They come to Liſbon becauſe the convents are numerous, and it is from the convents that they receive their daily food. In Portugal there are no laws againſt mendicity, and the climate and cuſtoms of the country invite to it; for a

ſnug home, and domeſtic comforts have not even a name in the Portugueſe language. "I ceaſed giving away my money," continued he, to theſe people, in conſequence of an interview I had with a ſtout fellow, a native of Coimbra, who begged alms of me. "Go and ſerve the Prince," ſaid I to him indignantly, "you are ſtrong and healthy, I will give you nothing."—"And what will I get by ſerving the Prince?" replied he.—"You will get," returned I, "three *vintins* a day and cloathing."—"And my legs ſhot off," added he, "and then I muſt take to begging again. No! no! I am not ſuch a fool as to run the riſk of getting my bones broken for three *vintins* a day, when I can make from five to eight by ſitting quiet."—"Then you are a mean ſpirited vagabond," returned I.—"Yes," he replied coolly, "but I have got my legs,"—and, as a proof of it, he turned from me with a ſneer, and ran towards ſome travellers, apparently *Engliſh*, from whom he ſoon exacted liberal ſupplies.

After our new acquaintance had finiſhed his

his obſervations on the beggars, he gave us a deſcription of the mineral ſprings and the adjacent country, and concluded by preſſing us to remain all night at Bellas. As an inducement, he offered to ſhew us whatever might be worth ſeeing; and if it did not rain, the next day would accompany us to Cintra. After ſome heſitation on the part of my ſiſter, and ſome grumbling and bargaining on the part of the calaſh driver, we conſented: then finiſhing our dinner in haſte, we ſalliéd forth to ſee the *lions*.

We left the high road and ſtruck over to the oppoſite hills, where the ſources of the great aqueduct are collected together in one ſtream. Rural perambulations are leſs pleaſant to the feet in ſouthern than northern climates; there is either no graſs at all, or it is ſo long as to incommode you: and to one who ſeeks pleaſure, the hard parched ground is no agreeable circumſtance. We however walked nearly a league, amuſing ourſelves with various obſervations and conjectures. We admired the aloes, whoſe blowing is conſidered in England a matter

of

of ſuch great curioſity, that I recollect to have ſeen it advertiſed in London by the gardener of Mr. Goldſmid, as an object worthy the attention of the public. It is certainly a wonderful flower, having a beautiful yellow crown upon a ſtalk of twenty to thirty feet high, all the growth of one year. It would make an admirable maypole; indeed I have read ſomewhere that at the Eleuſean myſteries the nymphs of Cytherea danced round and worſhipped it as their ΦΑΛΛΟΣ. Every one has ſeen the Liſbon work-bags made of its fibres, they are certainly pretty, and the induſtrious nuns, who employ themſelves in weaving them, deſerve encouragement.

On our return my ſiſter would have me to pull her an *Indian fig*, which had won her affections by its fine red colour. *Nemo me impunè laceſſit!* ſaid the *thiſtle;* and ſo ſaid the *Indian fig*, for the moment I took hold of it, my fingers were full of prickles. I however contrived to pluck it; but in vain I endeavoured to peal it: turn it which way I would, more prickles got into my fingers,

till

till goaded out of all patience I threw it down. Our companion, more dexterous than myſelf, took it up between two pieces of ſtick, cut off its ends, for it is oblong like an egg, then placing his forefinger and thumb on them, peeled the ſides without ſtinging himſelf. Such is the power of addreſs neceſſary to be obſerved even in poſſeſſing yourſelf of an Indian fig.

It was nearly ſunſet, and we had not taſted the mineral waters; we found ourſelves however cloſe to the ſprings to which our friend undertook to conduct us. They are many feet below ground, in a ſort of labyrinth; we deſcended to one of them by a narrow ſtaircaſe, lighted by a ſmall lamp; there was nothing to be ſeen but a dirty well at the bottom: we all however drank of the water, which, to my taſte, ſeemed a weak ſulphate of iron.

"Take care!" ſaid our companion, ſmiling, as my ſiſter put the glaſs to her head.

"What is the matter?" ſhe replied, removing it from her lips, and looking at it.

"He then addreſſed himſelf in Portugueſe

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to the old woman who attends the well, aſking her, if ſhe thought it were ſafe for the lady to drink. The old woman picked up a ſtraw and begged permiſſion.—Our companion laughed, while the old hag, with great ceremony, meaſured Zenobia's neck. —" Let her drink!" ſaid ſhe, looking very ſignificantly, " there is no harm yet."

Zenobia drank the water, and laughed, but ſhe knew not at what.—*The prieſteſs of the fountain* received a *teſtoon* from each of us for the water, but from my ſiſter ſhe wanted two.—Our companion laughed heartily, but for a length of time would not explain.—At length he told Zenobia very gravely, it was for the matron's opinion.

" Do you know," replied he, " that this old woman is placed here to prevent women *in a ſtate of maternal ſolicitude*, (as the faſhionable phraſe has it,) from drinking of theſe waters, as they are celebrated for procuring premature riddance of their burthen."

" And how does ſhe know I am not married?" returned Zenobia. " I do not know indeed!" replied our friend, " but it ſeems

ſhe is at leaſt ſatisfied you are not *as women wiſh to be who love their Lords!*" "What nonſenſe!"—exclaimed my ſiſter, throwing the old woman a new-crown.—This was a piece of generoſity, the motive of which I could never underſtand.

There was but one thing more to ſee at Bellas; and that is the *quinta* of a Portugueſe nobleman. Our companion led the way; and juſt as the ſun ſet we entered the *quinta* of the *Count de Pombeira—The quinta of the Count de Pombeira!*—Emily! ſhould theſe *tales* ever fall into your hands, the mention of the *Count de Pombeira's quinta* will bring to your memory the name of *De Souſa*: then ſtifle in your mind, if you can, the recollection of him who would have ſaved you from debaſement; who, to that end, ſacrificed your love, and incurred your reſentment; and by foregoing your powerful friendſhip, ſtill more to merit your eſteem, enſured your moſt vindictive enmity.—He ſtill lives, but not to the world.—He forgives and pities you.—He rejoices that you are ſo much happier than you deſerve, and hopes you

you will merit by your future life the kindneſs of that providence who rains equally upon the juſt and upon the unjuſt, upon the righteous and the wicked.—Repent of the paſt,—and let the goſpel be your guide in future,—but beware of the methodiſts, for there is neither reaſon nor religion in their doctrines nor in their practice.—The buſineſs of ſalvation conſiſts in an active performance of our ſocial duties, and a due reſtraint on the ſelfiſh appetites,—attend to theſe!—repent of your ſins!—hold faſt the *faith!*—and you may poſſibly ſee thoſe in heaven whom you have abuſed on earth,—till then farewell!

"You look very grave," ſaid my ſiſter, as we entered the portico of the Count's *quinta*, "what has come over you?"—"Nothing! nothing!" I replied,—"only I think I have a faint recollection of this place.—I think about thirteen years ago, I was here for a minute."

"Well," returned ſhe, "and what then?"

"O nothing! nothing!" I replied coldly, yet agitated.

"Yes,

"Yes, there is ſomething," ſhe exclaimed, "and you muſt tell it me."

"Never! Zenobia! never! —let the ſecret be buried in my heart for ever!" — but men will tell ſecrets as well as women, at leaſt to thoſe they love.

On our return to the eſtalage we found a motley group before the door, ſome of whom were dancing to a guittar. We deſcended the ſteps, and perceived a negro and a beggar dancing the *fandango*: it certainly would have been extremely ludicrous, had not their geſtures alluded ſo pointedly to things immoral and indecent. This dance, ſo common among the lower order of Portugueſe and Spaniards, is certainly of negro origin. I have ſeen it among all the African tribes ſouth of Morocco; not performed certainly with ſo many variations, but poſſeſſing all its eſſential characteriſtics. Some may ſuppoſe that this dance is a remains of Mooriſh manners; in this they are miſtaken, the Moors are Mohammedans, who have no ſuch cuſtoms; their women never taking any part in public amuſements. The *fandango* is not

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the only beaſtly conſequence reſulting from the admiſſion of ſo many negroes to Portugal; the features of the natives have loſt the finely compoſed contour of European man, by mixing their blood with Africans.

I admire a decree of the French Emperor which prohibits people of colour and negroes from marrying with the natives of France. It is true, that one drop of ſoot will not diſcolour a large pail of milk, but a handful would give it a very ugly tinge, and not a pleaſant ſmell.

In a ſhort period of time Liverpool will furniſh a ſtriking example of the filthy conſequences attendant upon permitting the marriage or cohabitation of negroes with European natives. While we are taking ſo much pains to improve the breed of our ſheep and oxen, why ſhould we permit the degeneracy of ourſelves? Negroes certainly are men as well as we.—But they have many phyſical defects; and I am not certain that their intellectual capacity is not far inferior: we know of no negro nations famous either in ſciences or arts: I have heard much of individual

individual genius among them, but never saw any thing so remarkable that any ordinary European could not have equalled, so far as intellect was concerned.

I knew the famous *Jean Quina* the negro general in our service in Saint Domingo in 1794. He certainly had some very excellent points; but there was nothing more brilliant in his talents than we see every day in the usual race of men who are brave and honest. He was loyal to what he considered established authority; and he succeeded in persuading a good many other negroes to be so likewise. He fought with success against the rebels; he obtained a colonel's commission in our service; and was presented with a sword by Sir Adam Williamson. He continued to fight against the insurgents, and certainly distinguished himself as well by his sagacity as his valour. While he lived, for, poor fellow! he was killed at Tiberon, he appropriated a considerable part of his pay to the support of his master, whose plantation had been burnt by the other

other ſlaves.—I loved Jean Quina for this act of beneficence.—But remember it was Jean Quina alone who acted ſo: there was eight hundred thouſand Negroes in Saint Domingo who did the direct contrary.

Our walk had given us a very good appetite; we quitted the *fandango dancers* in diſguſt, and called eagerly for our ſupper. During the repaſt we arranged the expedition for the next day, and prepared to go to bed. My ſiſter retired firſt—but ſoon returned—what was the matter?—ſhe had been ſhewn into Mr. Bankerſtock's room—there was no other—our companion very handſomely offered to give it up, and ſleep in the eating-room—the hoſt was ſent for, and deſired to make up Mr. Bankerſtock's bed where we had ſupped—the eating-room was where the ſervants ſleep after their maſters go to bed.—The hoſt wondered how people could be ſo unreaſonable as to object to ſleep three in a room.

"But there is a lady," ſaid our companion.

"Let

"Let the lady recommend herſelf to the *Virgin*," replied our hoſt, "and ſhe will be ſafe among an hundred of you."

"Safe!" repeated our companion, "ſhe is ſafe enough, but it is diſagreeable to her; the delicacy of an Engliſh-woman cannot bear with ſuch naſty Portugueſe cuſtoms."

"Then let her go back to her own country," replied our hoſt indignantly, and left the room.

"It cannot be helped I ſee," ſaid Zenobia. "I will e'en therefore go to bed; I will take the alcove; and you two muſt poſt yourſelves like two Cerberi in the beds by the door; ſo good night!"

As ſhe ſhut the door, I called her back. "Well, what now?" ſaid ſhe.—"Nothing," ſaid I, "only don't forget the *camphor bag*."—My companion and I laughed heartily at her embarraſſment; which, by the bye, was rather cruel under ſuch afflicting circumſtances.

After ſhe had retired, we called for a bottle of Carcavelos wine: our hoſt looked very grave, thinking, I believe, we intended

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to ſit up all night. He however returned with the wine, after a conſiderable delay, and as he put it down, began to hum and hac; at length he ſaid, "that if the lady were afraid to truſt herſelf with two gentlemen, ſhe might ſleep with him and his wife; and that his wife had gone to make her the propoſal, which he had no doubt would be accepted." We laughed at the abſurd idea of our hoſt, and continued our wine. The extravagance of the propoſition occaſioned us a good deal of diverſion, and kept us in talk until we thought it time to go to bed.

"Zenobia!" ſaid I, raiſing my voice as we entered our bed-chamber, "ſo you have had a propoſal to ſleep with a Portugueſe inn-keeper."—I went to the alcove to make her hear me.—She was not there.—"Why! what the devil has become of my ſiſter?" ſaid I,—"Depend on it," replied my companion "there is ſome diſagreeable miſtake in this matter."—"How?" I exclaimed.—"Does ſhe underſtand Portugueſe?" he replied—I anſwered in the negative.—"Then be aſſured," ſaid he, "ſhe has thought

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the *hoſteſs* came to offer her a bed to herſelf, and by and bye ſhe will be undeceived in a moſt diſagreeable manner if we don't go to her."

"I ſaw the matter as he did, which induced us to loſe no time in ſeeking for the landlord: but we could not find him, nor any one elſe, for a length of time: at laſt we met a woman ſervant, to whom my companion, addreſſing himſelf, deſired to ſee the landlord.

"He is gone to bed Sir!"—"The devil he is!—The landlady?"—"She is gone to bed, Sir!"—"I muſt be ſhewn their room!"—"I dare not Sir!"—"There is a new crown for you, my pretty girl!"—"That is the room, ſweet Sir!"

I rapped at the door.—"Who is there?"—"Zenobia! my ſiſter!"—"Who is there?"—"Open the door!"—"No! what do you want? who are you?"—"Are you there, Zenobia?" I exclaimed in good Engliſh—"The curſe of St. Antonio be upon you!" cried the *eſtalliero* and his wife in as good Portugueſe.

We did not know what to think of all this. Alas! my poor ſiſter I have loſt you!—Not a little anxious and uneaſy, we were obliged to retire to our bed-chamber.—We ſearched it again, ſhe was not there.—"We have loſt her!" ſaid I ſeriouſly.

"No! a woman is not ſo eaſily to be loſt."—With a lamp in her hand, we found her poſted behind a great pair of folding-doors, laughing ready to die, at our dialogue with the inn-keepers.

Having reſolved not to pull her cloaths off all night, ſhe had thrown herſelf acroſs the bed; and hearing our converſation, as we advanced from the ſupper-room to the bed-chamber, got up, and concealed herſelf, to be revenged on us for our ill-natured jeſts about the *camphire bag*.

Early next morning we aroſe, and found ourſelves in our chariot before the ſun; but our horſes not being quite ſo fleet as his, he got ſight of us before we had proceeded a mile towards Cintra. After leaving Bellas, the road is rugged and diſagreeable; but the morning was delightful, and we found our-

ſelves

ſelves in good ſpirits, diſpoſed to extract honey from weeds as well as flowers.

We ſoon began to aſcend the Lunar Mountains: and were invited by our companion at an early part of the aſcent to diſmount, and climb a hill upon the left, which was covered with ruins.

Like ruins of every deſcription, we found them more impoſing at a diſtance, than gratifying on examination. It had been a Moorish Caſtle, ſurrounded with extenſive lines of defence, part of which ſtill remained viſible in its walls and turrets. Capacious tanks for holding water were cut in the ſolid rock; but all was in unintelligible ruins, excepting a moſque whoſe blue walls ſtudded with ſtars and the quartering moon looked like *the temple of the deity of the mountains.* — No! it was intended as a faithful repreſentation of the temple of that god whom the Mohammedans adore. The idea is chaſte, and expreſſive. The heavens are his temple, and the univerſe his abode. Compare this with any Catholic Church at Liſbon, where you may ſee the Almighty

Spirit of everlaſting truth and power, delineated with white hair, or a wig, and a face furrowed by the hand of time, ſitting on a throne ſurrounded by winged angels, and archangels with trumpets; looking more like the pageant of a theatre than the repreſentation of the *Divinity*.

We quitted the ruins and returned to our calaſh, purſuing the aſcent to the village. Our companion told us we ſhould there find a royal palace that was worth ſeeing, at leaſt he had heard ſo.

We alighted, and by means of a little enquiry, and a few ten rè pieces, found a perſon who ſhewed us the frightful old fabric. There was little curious to be ſeen, and nothing magnificent. Indeed I ſhould have regretted the time ſpent in the viſit, had not the gallantry of Joſeph the Firſt furniſhed one of the rooms in a manner to afford the inquiſitive traveller ſome diverſion.

"What can be the meaning of all thoſe magpies painted on the wall?" ſaid my ſiſter. — "*Per Bem!*" ſaid I, reading the label each bird held in its beak.—Our myſtagogue

myſtagogue began to laugh. — "What is it Mr. Bankerſtock?" exclaimed Zenobia.— "I will tell you what it is, ſiſter," ſaid I.—"Theſe magpies which you ſee were all miſtreſſes of one of the Kings of Portugal, but they talked ſo much, contrary to the practice of their ſex, that the *Goddeſs of Silence* in a fit of the ſpleen changed them into birds; and the King, out of regard for their memory, painted them in the act of ſpeaking all over the chamber."—"Is that true, Mr. B.? ſaid *Zenobia*. — "I will aſk, madam," he replied.—I laughed,—ſo did the myſtagogue, — but we laughed at very different matters; I at my own ingenious explanation, he at the recollection of the real one, which hung on his uneaſy tongue ready to drop: for ſhewers of palaces and chapels, as well as magpies and others, love to talk a great deal, and on every occaſion.

"His Majeſty the King, until the laſt reign," ſaid he, "frequently ſpent his ſummer months in this palace; then it was all alive; it abounded in beautiful women, and ſinging birds, and all other agreeable paſtimes and

pleaſureables: but the King, madam, loved his young Queen, or ought to have done ſo: for ſhe was faithful as ſhe was beautiful, and beautiful as ſhe was young. It happened however one day, as Her Majeſty was coming into this room, in which there hung a magpie in a cage before a large mirror, the King who followed her, very imprudently put his arm round the neck of her maid of honour, and kiſſed her warmly; thinking the Queen could not ſee it, as her back was towards them. But lovers alone are blind,—the Queen ſaw it in the mirror, and exclaimed, "what does this mean?" — "*Por Bem !*" returned the magpie—"*there is no harm*"— "Perhaps not yet," replied Her Majeſty — "nor ever ſhall be," returned the King, following up the aſſertion of his garrulous advocate. "I forgive you," ſaid Her Majeſty, "but I will take care that you do not forget your conduct to me this day." She immediately had the chamber painted all over its walls and roof with the portrait of the magpie ſaying "*Por Bem*". In this room for the future ſhe always received her favorites

favorites; and when the King ſhewed the leaſt uneaſineſs at the diſplay of her favours to any of them, ſhe would point with great *ſang froid* to one of the portraits.

"This conduct cured him of his gallantries, and reſtored him to her arms, a faithful huſband. "I know," continued our *myſtagogue*, making a quotation in Portugueſe that was originally from the Italian of *Metaſtaſio*, "that jealouſy in our hearts is ever the daughter of love." His Majeſty loved the Queen; and therefore her ſeeming fondneſs for others renewed his paſſion, and reſtored him to her arms. In gratitude he had the portraits of the magpie frequently reſtored by a good painter, and left them at his death, in the ſtate you now ſee them."

This ſtory being ended, which he made much longer than I have done, we took our leave, and proceeded to the hotel, which was kept by a widow whoſe name I forget: It began however with a big O; and we found her remarkably courteous and attentive.

From one of the windows of the hotel there is a moſt beautiful *coup d' œil.* I cannot deſcribe it better, than by adopting the head of an advertiſement I have ſeen in a London paper for garden ſeeds, and ſay there is "*abundant beauty*; vines, and oranges, and lemons, and peaches, and plumbs, and trees for ſhade, and fountains, and a diſtant plain covered with villages and convents,—and the ſtill more diſtant ſea, covered with the bulwark of England." — *Portugueſe*, cheriſh and cultivate the beautiful ſcenery of *Cintra! Engliſhmen*, cheriſh and protect the preſervers of your country!

Our curioſity was in full vigour. We longed to taſte the fruit of every tree we had ſeen, and to bathe in the waters of every fountain we had deſcried. A long walk was therefore propoſed before dinner, which we eagerly undertook. The gardens were luxuriant, the fruit was excellent, and the coolneſs of the air rendered walking exhilerating and enchanting. *Poets* and *lovers*, and *valetudinarians* of all nations had viſited theſe bleſt abodes. The ſtones, the trees, and

and the ſtatues, all bore marks of the ſciſſar's point, or the penknife. Here was written *Sophia*, there *Maria*. On one ſtone a line from *Virgil*, on another a line from *Catullus*, "*Difficile eſt longum ſubito deponere amorem.*" — "It is difficult ſuddenly to lay aſide a love matured." — This line is full of feeling, and no doubt was cut by the hand of *Love*. On the buſt of a *Sappho*, ſome poet, of the ſame caſt, had written with a pencil —

"Oh! how I long to ſee that lovely face,
Once more to fold thee in the warm embrace;
Pant o'er thy charms in ecſtacy divine,
And, dying, preſs thy ruby lips to mine!"

I was told it was a tranſlation from Camoëns by the Engliſh envoy, but I did not believe it. The following ſtanzas, *To Roſa*, are more like his; but I do not preſume to ſay they are:

To ROSA.

My pretty maid, in Ida's bower,
Thou art by far the ſweeteſt roſe,
Thou art the queen of ev'ry flower,
That in the vale of beauty blows.

But who ſhall dare with vent'rous hand
This budding, bluſhing roſe to ſeize,
While crowding thorns around it ſtand
To pierce the heart the flower would pleaſe?

One thorn thy treach'rous ſmile convey'd
Home to this throbbing breaſt of mine,
When Damon's eye thy look ſurvey'd,
That ſeem'd to ſay, "I would be thine."

Ah, cruel roſe! who ſeems ſo fair,
Yet wears a fatal poiſon'd dart,
I never thought that thorn was there
Until I wore thee in my heart.

This certainly is pretty, and therefore I copied it. I wonder who will own it. I cannot tell, but I think Madame Catalani knows the original.

ARIA.

Nel bel giardin d'amore
Fillide mia vezzoſa
Sei la piu vaga roſa
Regina ſei dei fiori.

Ma come oſar di ſtendere
La mano che t'accarezzi
Se ſpine ſon tuoi vezzi,
Se piaci e pungi ognor.

Spina e quel tuo ſorriſo
Che volgi al mio rivale;
Spina quel dona fatale
D'accender ſempre amore.

Bella, ſdegna, tenera,
Hai d'ogni tempra un dardo:
Sei tutta roſa al guardo,
Sei tutta ſpina al cuore.

We returned to the houſe very reluctantly; but it was late, and we were both fatigued and hungry. The dinner was excellent: Why? *Il n'eſt ſauce que d'appetit*, — "there is no ſauce equal to a good appetite." — We were hungry, and therefore *Mrs. O' Gormigan's* dinner was excellent.

On the following day we procured *Bureaus*, that is, *Aſſes*, and ſet forward to explore the cork-woods of *Cintra*, the *Cork-Convent*, and the *Rock of Liſbon*: places at ſome diſtance from the hotel. I was much gratified with the appearance of the cork-trees; never before having ſeen any in ſuch perfection. It is curious to obſerve the regeneration of the cork; which is not the true bark of the tree as ſuppoſed, but an

excreſcence, exterior to it: if it were the true bark the tree would die on ſtripping it off; as the ſap which nouriſhes the tree mounts from the root to the branches, by ſinuoſities between the bark and the wood. The cork-tree is a ſpecies of the oak, and bears a fruit very ſuperior to the acorn, and ſo little inferior to the cheſnut, that it is roaſted and eaten both by Portugueſe and Spaniards.

The Cork-Convent afforded us very little gratification or amuſement. It is a monaſtery built between two rocks, and lined with cork; the tables are alſo of cork: but the monks are too poor to exhibit a good cork from a bottle of old wine; they gave us ſome bad cheeſe and worſe *vino tinto*, in compenſation for which we made a preſent to the *Virgin*.

"If you are going to *The Rock*," ſaid a *lay-brother* as we mounted our *Bureaus*, "will you have the goodneſs to take this little cheeſe to a recluſe you will find in a cave?; he has been there ſome time," continued

tinued he, " and has no ſubſiſtence but what he gets from this convent."—

" Do you know his hiſtory ?" returned our companion. — " No, Senhor!" he replied, " I only know that he is full of wretchedneſs and affliction, and that it is my duty to help him: he is a Frenchman, or an Italian," continued he, " I do not therefore underſtand him,—he aſſociates with no one,—he avoids every body—we call him *The Hermit of the Rock.*"

After a ſhort ride we reached the promontory; but during the journey, our whole converſation, made up of conjectures, turned upon the extraordinary character we expected to meet.—" I will give him the cheeſe," ſaid I, " and if he be a Frenchman or Italian, as the *lay-brother* has informed us, we ſhall underſtand each other.

I had ſcarcely ſpoken when we deſcried a figure at a diſtance, ſitting on a little hillock; as we approached we perceived it to be that of an *Anchorite*, whoſe long beard and hair concealed his breaſt and features. As I diſmounted to go towards him,

him, he roſe ſuddenly and diſappeared; I followed over the hillock; and found him on the other ſide, ſtanding before the entrance of a narrow cavern. — "Pardon the intruſion of a ſtranger, good father," ſaid I, "who knows too well how to appreciate the ſanctity of woe, to break in rudely upon her devotions and her privacies."

At this addreſs he eyed me with intereſt, and, after the pauſe of a moment, replied — "If you are acquainted with *ſorrow*, you ought to know ſhe hates intruſion — leave me, Sir, I intreat you, for I hate mankind and ſociety."

At this moment my ſiſter and Mr. Bankerſtock appeared over the hillock; this was too much for the Anchorite; he hurried into the cave, and rolled a great log of wood into its entrance.

I beckoned to my friends to retire, and ſat down at the entrance of the cavern. "Father," ſaid I, "thoſe ſtrangers are gone, let me have the conſolation of miniſtering to your grief, and mixing my ſorrows with your own; for I have been perſecuted for my

my opinions, I have been betrayed by my friend, and forſaken by my miſtreſs." — "Alas! Alas!" he uttered from within. I had ſtruck the right *chord*, his feelings were in *uniſon*.

"Do not think it idle curioſity," continued I, "that prompts me to deſire a communication with you: kindred ſorrow, like kindred love, arreſts the ſympathies and ſubdues the heart." — "And are you alſo wretched?" ſaid he, coming cautiouſly forward, and leaning his arm upon the block of wood that ſeparated us. His eyes were full of tears, which he wiped away with ſeeming pleaſure, for he ſmiled as he looked at them, ſaying, "Ah! do I ſee ye once again? — Forgive this weakneſs, he exclaimed, "but it is the firſt tears I have ſhed theſe twenty weeks." — There is a delight in weeping to the man of ſorrow, which none but the man of ſorrow knows. — My eyes overflowed in ſympathy, and we wept together.

He rolled the block aſide, and invited me within the cavern. I laid down the cheeſe beſide him, ſaying it was ſent him by a friar

friar of the convent: he paid no attention to it, but took hold of my hand, which he placed upon his breaſt. "There is more ſorrow in that heart," ſaid he, in a low and plaintive tone of voice, "than ever before came to the lot of one wretched being; but I own it is much relieved by the few tears I have juſt ſhed. — Do you ſee that *urn*? continued he; "there reſt the bones of her whoſe ſoul and mind I had modified for myſelf; whoſe angelic form I had cheriſhed and preſerved with unceaſing care to be the delight and ſolace of my future life, but, alas! — alas!" — his ſighs deprived him of voice, and he wept abundantly. — "Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "O how delightful it is to weep!"

After he had recovered himſelf, I intreated him to give me the hiſtory of himſelf, and his misfortunes. He ſighed, and heſitated; at length however he yielded to my ſolicitations, and began as follows:—

"My father, like myſelf, was very different from the reſt of mankind. He deſpiſed riches, yet his wealth continually increaſed

creaſed; he thought for himſelf on all ſubjects, and gave me an education well calculated to enable me to encounter all the ſtorms of life, and to enjoy the bleſſings of nature into whatever ſtate chance might place me. But my temperament was adverſe to my happineſs. I found myſelf naturally petulant, moroſe, unſocial, and ſuſpicious. The very cauſes calculated to preſerve and enſure my future happineſs, ſerved only to lay the foundation of all my preſent miſery.

"Notwithſtanding the ample fortune my father poſſeſſed, he brought me up to labour rather than to ſtudy. My early childhood was permitted to paſs away without mental inſtruction; his chief care being to keep me in ignorance of error, rather than to teach me to know what was right. I was allowed to eat, drink, ſleep, play, and do as I pleaſed, but he abſolutely forbade any one to inſtruct me in reading, or my catechiſm; and took eſpecial care that I did not aſſociate with other boys, unleſs in his preſence, that my heart might remain uncorrupted by example, and my mind

mind unſophiſticated by prejudice. He certainly invited my mind to expand itſelf, by giving me opportunities of diſcovering truth. He would pretend to loſe himſelf with me in the woods, that I might diſcover, by the aſſiſtance of the ſun, my way out into the open country.

"One day he had enticed me deep into the wood behind *Ajaccio* to ſhoot Becafigues. I had never been ſo far as on that day. He ſuddenly pretended to have loſt himſelf, and wandered about with me till I was tired. "Well," ſaid he, ſitting down on the trunk of an old tree which had fallen, "what is to be done?"—"I cannot tell," ſaid I, "and indeed I am very hungry."—"If you are hungry," he replied, "kindle a fire with your gun, and roaſt ſome of the birds that we may eat; and while you are getting our dinner ready, I will gather leaves to make us a bed, for I ſuppoſe we muſt ſtay here all night."—At theſe propoſals I looked very rueful, and began to lament my ſituation.—"I wiſh our neighbour the watchmaker was here," ſaid my father, "he

has an inſtrument that directs ſhips in their courſe upon the ſea, and which would very eaſily point the way to Ajaccio." — "Indeed," I replied, "how can an inſtrument know the way to any place?" — "The inſtrument does not know the way, my child, it points the way." — "How can it point the way?" ſaid I eagerly. — "Look you," he replied, pulling out his watch, "it is now juſt twelve o'clock; you perceive my ſhadow; it lies north of me, becauſe the ſun at noon is always ſouth of us. Now that inſtrument which I ſpeak of, is a bar of ſteel, touched with a magnet, which always points north and ſouth. If it were here, it would point as my ſhadow does; and as you and I, from our houſe, have ſeen the ſun riſe from the mountains behind the wood, we know the wood lies to the eaſt of Ajaccio, therefore I think if we had the watch-maker's inſtrument to ſhew us the north and ſouth, we could eaſily diſcover the eaſt, where the ſun riſes, and the weſt, which is our road to Ajaccio." — "Stop father there, and I'll tell you," ſaid I, almoſt

moſt out of breath with anxiety. "You ſay your ſhadow is north and ſouth." — "Yes," he replied.—"Well then," ſaid I, "when I ſtand with my face to the ſouth, and look full at the ſun, on which hand is the weſt?" — "I do not know," replied my father coldly. — "Dear me," I exclaimed, "if we could find that out, we ſhould know which way to go." — I began to endeavour to recollect my ſhadows at noon every where I had been, and at laſt remembered one day, when I went to bathe in the ſea at noon, to have obſerved to my father, how ſhort it was.—"I remember it, my dear father," ſaid I, "as we were going to the ſea at noon my ſhadow was on my right hand." —"Well," he replied, "and what of that?" "you know," continued I, "the ſun riſes in the mountains behind the wood, and ſets in the ſea beyond Ajaccio. If then at noon my ſhadow be on my right, as I face the ſea, I will put it on my right hand now. Thus ſtanding, ſo as to let my ſhadow fall on my right, my face is towards the ſea, and conſequently towards Ajaccio. I have got

got the north upon my right, and the ſouth upon my left, the eaſt is behind me, the margin of the wood muſt be before me, leading to Ajaccio and the ſea."

"My father was delighted with the ſucceſs of his feigned ignorance. "Go on," ſaid he, "I dare ſay you are right."—We proceeded only five minutes in the direction I had pointed out, when we found ourſelves in the open country. I was rejoiced at my deliverance, and gloried in my ſagacity and achievement.

"I mention this inſtance," continued the Anchorite, "to give you a perfect idea of the manner in which my father inſtructed me, and I muſt confeſs the means were good, if others had not been neglected. The whole phyſical and moral world lay open to my reſearches. I muſt find out every thing; nothing was taught me; my genius and talents were thus rendered acute and penetrating, but as my perceptions were undirected, they often proved deluſive, and engendered in my mind fantaſtical and dangerous notions.

Yet

Yet my education was calculated to prepare me for the ills of life, for he inured me to hunger and fatigue, and after I had paſſed my twelfth year, he ſat me down to the ſtudy of the French language. At the age of fifteen, he bound me apprentice to a carpenter, and obliged me to work, and live like other workmen. The whole neighbourhood wondered at all this, but wondered more when he died, his whole property, excepting one ſmall farm, being left by will to facilitate an exchange of priſoners with the Algerines, and to be applied in ranſoms. Thus ſituated, I found, for a time, the benefit of having learned a trade; for the farm he had left me was in the hands of my foſter father, whom I did not chuſe either to turn out, or diſtreſs for the rent. I felt no regret for the loſs of a fortune I never had enjoyed; my habits of life did not require it, my notions were adverſe to it, but fortune was determined to thwart my father's wiſdom, and placed a fine eſtate in my hands by the death of my maternal uncle.

Man

"Man is prone to idleneſs, unleſs compelled to labour by want or ambition. I no ſooner found myſelf in the poſſeſſion of a large fortune than I abandoned the occupation of a carpenter. My turn of mind and natural temperament had ſecured me againſt friendſhips and attachments. I had been an utter ſtranger to intellectual authority, I had been taught to depend on myſelf alone for the ſolution of all queſtions that might ariſe in my mind. I therefore deſpiſed the dogmas of the church, and the opinions of ſociety; every thing was falſe I could not comprehend, and every thing relative to ſociety was in my eyes the reſult of prejudice or folly. I conceived man in ſociety not in his proper place. "He was not created, ſaid I, in Babylon, but in Eden, he was deſtined for a *nomade* life, not for that of *civiſm* and ſlavery." With theſe notions, I found no difficulty in retiring to my eſtate, where I inſtituted a new order of things. I aboliſhed feudal ſervice. I gave a life intereſt to each farmer and cottager. I did not alter the quantity of their

their ground, becauſe a man who has been always in the habit of poſſeſſing much is equally poor with him who never poſſeſſed more than a cottage. I could not take from the farmer to add to the cottager, without injuring the one more than I could benefit the other. Our riches are to be eſtimated by our habits, not by our poſſeſſions.

"In a few years I had the high gratification of ſeeing my lands improve, fences riſe of a better conſtruction, my cottagers and tenants increaſe in the number of their cattle and their families. I now was really happy. But happineſs in this life neceſſarily paſſes away. "Verily, I ſay unto you, who taſtes of this cup ſhall ſurely thirſt again."

"Diſturbed by the paſſions incidental to my ſex and age, I in vain looked round me for an object proper for their gratification. In every thing I did, I acted upon ſome principle, the reſult of my own conceptions of what was right and natural. I had long decided in my mind, that man was formed

formed to pair, and not to live as they do in the Eaſt, or to act as they do in the Weſt. I therefore determined upon matrimony, and carefully avoided intimacy with any woman, for fear I ſhould not be able to endure her for life. Had my mind been leſs excited to eſtimate the ſtate and nature of things, I perhaps, like the Indian, would have claſped the firſt object of my paſſion to my breaſt, and reſted content in having done ſo; or, had I been educated in the ordinary opinions of ſociety, wealth or alliance might have fixed me to ſome noble maiden. But it was otherwiſe; I had formed in my own mind the idea of the woman whom alone I could love, with whom alone I could live; my opinions were ſo different from thoſe of others, both male and female, that as yet I had neither recogniſed a friend nor a miſtreſs. The truth is, I was unbiaſſed by worldly conſiderations, and was, moreover, unſuſceptible of love.—I ſay, of love,—that paſſion which alone has the faculty of making us ſee objects ſuch as we deſire. I went about

with my eyes open—I diſliked one woman for cropping her hair, a ſecond for pencilling her eyebrows, a third for painting her cheeks, a fourth for ſpitting on the floor, a fifth for picking her noſe, a ſixth for telling a lie, a ſeventh for ſtriking her maid, an eighth for offering me a kiſs, a ninth for telling me a ſecret, a tenth for keeping a lap-dog,—thus, I ever diſcovered ſomething offenſive to me at the firſt onſet, which determined me to ſhift my ground. I did ſo, time after time; but although I ſometimes found nothing perſonal to object to, in the object of my attentions, or rather of my enquiry; yet ſooner or later I perceived errors of education, and prejudices diſcovering themſelves in abundance, and thoſe too of the worſt kind,—ſhe did not conceive matrimony as an engagement by which ſhe was excluded from having *admirers*,—ſhe did not ſee that becauſe a woman was to be a wife, ſhe was therefore to be a drudge and a ſlave, to nurſe a parcel of ſqualling brats, and look after a filthy houſehold.—Farewell, Madam,—I want a

wife

wife for my own uſe, not for the uſe of other people.

"Fatigued with a vain ſearch, I determined to model a wife for myſelf.—Strange determination!—yes, to model her from the cradle, to preſerve in her all the diſtinctive peculiarities of her ſex, to ſtore her mind with my own ideas and opinions, to engroſs her whole ſoul, to make her a ſecond ſelf, in ſhort to form her after the image that occupies my heart.

"Diſappointed in reality, I began to conſole myſelf with the anticipation of future happineſs. My mind dwelt with delight upon the project.—I had already made choice of a female babe of exquiſite beauty,—I had called her *Eugenia*,—I had ſeparated her from the world,—"I had reared the tender plant, had taught the young idea how to ſhoot,"—I had gazed with rapture on the opening flower, and planted the full-blown bloſſom in my boſom.—How ſweet!—How beautiful!—

"Such was my dream of bliſs,—but

alas! *miſery* is ever the work of *man*, — *happineſs* the privilege of *God*.

"To give my ideas effect, I looked round me in the neighbourhood for a healthy female child, the offspring of parents remarkable for their healthineſs and intellectual capacities: ſuch I found; but the parents would not part with the infant. This was a neceſſary conſequence of their probity. I was now entangled in a difficulty not likely to be ſurmounted. Accident, however, often does more than deſign. My foſter-father had married a ſecond wife, and had long been deſirous of being my ſteward; by this marriage he had juſt received an increaſe to his family of a daughter. I now conſented to beſtow on him the ſituation he deſired, upon condition of having his infant daughter; whoſe form and features pleaſed me. I could not eaſily make him comprehend my intentions; but his intereſt convinced him that my propoſals were beneficial and honorable; his wife was not ſo eaſily perſuaded, maternal affection is great; at length, however,

however, ſhe yielded to my ſolicitations and my preſents: and my plan, after ſome further ſtipulations, was agreed to, and entered upon immediately.

"During the time I had been projecting this plan, and ſearching for a fit object to favour its execution, I employed myſelf in building a neat and convenient houſe, conſiſting of ſeveral apartments on the ground floor, but no upper ſtory: in front of this building I laid out extenſive garden grounds ornamented with ſhrubs and fountains; and ſurrounded them with a high wall, extending from the one wing of the houſe round the grounds to the other; ſo that as there were no windows in the back of the houſe, nor any door on that ſide, excepting the one that opened into the room I deſtined for my own bed chamber, all communication from without was cut off, unleſs by my permiſſion.

"To this abode I brought the mother and Eugenia, for ſo I called her, notwithſtanding they had baptiſed her Auguſtine. Her father was to ſee her no more. — Her

mother only during her firſt, ſecond, and third year; and then rather as a nurſe than a mother.

"The child grew beautifully, and without ſuffering any thing from ſickneſs arrived at her fourth year. She had as yet ſeen no human face but her mother's and mine, ſince her ſeventh month. She had been parted from every body, it was now the time to be parted from her mother alſo, and to look upon myſelf as the only being related to her in the univerſe. The ſeparation coſt many tears to the mother, the child ſeemed affected while its mother wept, and ſoon would have cried bitterly, had I not hurried the mother from the houſe. I now beheld myſelf in the ſituation I ſo anxiouſly had wiſhed for, that of being all, and every thing to my Eugenia, her nurſe, her mother, her father, her play fellow, her friend, and in time her lover and her huſband.

"After a few days ſhe thought no more of her mother, but ſeemed rather happier than before; I allowed her to run about as ſhe pleaſed, never interrupting her in any

any of her amuſements, which ſoon alienated her affections from one who had been an unpleaſant reſtraint upon the love of liberty ſo natural to children. I never put her to bed till ſleep had already ſealed her eyes; and as I was always up before her in the morning, I was ready to aſſiſt her in putting on her clothes. Her prattle was exceedingly delightful to me; her notions were ſo rare, her ideas ſo diſtinct and ſimple; yet I converſed very little with her for fear of confuſing her mind with images of things, the exiſtence of which it was my plan to conceal.

"When ſhe arrived at her ſeventh year, I perceived the neceſſity of uſing much ſtratagem with her; ſhe was no longer contented with knowing the names of things; ſhe deſired to know their uſe and properties. I found much difficulty in keeping her out of my chamber, which was the receiving room for our proviſions, and every thing elſe brought from without; ſhe aſked if mutton and veal, and chickens, and bread grew there, as fruits and vege-

tables did in the garden; ſhe wanted to know if her clothes did not grow in my room, as ſhe had not ſeen any thing like them growing in the garden. She had ſeen the products of vegetation only, ſhe knew no other.

"Delicacy is a natural ſentiment of the mind, and as ſuch ſhould be cultivated.—"*They knew they were naked and were aſhamed.*"—At an early period I taught Eugenia the propriety of concealing from me the ſight of every thing that delicacy revolts at: I ſet her the example, and gave it as a reaſon for not allowing her to come into my room; ſhe cheriſhed the ſentiment, and I was happy to ſee it flouriſh in ſo favorite a ſoil.

"One morning in June in the eighth year of her age, I aroſe rather earlier than uſual to work in the garden, and enjoy the cooling breezes of the morning: as I approached the fountain next to the houſe, I heard ſomething in it ſplaſhing; on going up, what was my ſurpriſe, to behold my little Eugenia naked as a Naid, ſporting in

in the *jet d'eau.* On perceiving me ſhe ſhrieked aloud, and put her hands upon her eyes; I left her inſtantly, and returned to my room. She did not make her appearance all the morning: I was obliged to go to her bed-chamber and call her; I did not go in; becauſe I had judged it proper to deny myſelf that privilege, as an example to her on the ſcore of delicacy; ſhe was very angry,—ſhe would not come out, ſhe would not ſpeak to me.—I aſſured her I did not ſurpriſe her on purpoſe, I did not know ſhe was in the bath. She at length came out to me, and we made friends; but ſhe ſaid it was very unfair in me to come and look at her without her clothes on, when I would not ſo much as permit her to ſee my naked foot; which by the bye ſhe always had a great deſire to ſee; for as her ſhoes were ſharp pointed and mine ſquare toed, ſhe took it into her head that my foot muſt be differently formed from her own.

"Her inquiſitive mind furniſhed me daily with ſomething to provide againſt. It was

my cuſtom every morning to breakfaſt in the ſummer houſe at the further end of the garden, to give time to a confidential ſervant to put the ſeveral rooms of the houſe in order, and to bring in ſuch things as might be wanted. She remarked this regular alteration in the ſtate of the houſe; and aſked how it was that the chairs and tables would not move into their places, and the beds put themſelves in order while ſhe was looking at them; ſhe expreſſed her wonder at this matter; but could not form any conjecture on it, beyond the ſelf-moving power of the houſehold furniture when left to itſelf. She had no idea of *Spirits* or *Genii*, of *Men* or *Devils*; ſhe did not know that any thing exiſted beyond the walls that encompaſſed her.

"The cultivation of the garden had been my own work ever ſince ſhe was four years old; for although I had taken the greateſt care to keep the gardener out of her ſight, ſhe by accident ſaw him ſoon after her mother left her, and continued queſtioning me about it for nearly ſix months

months afterwards; the impreſſion however gradually wore off, and no idea remained but of herſelf and me. I kept books out of her ſight, at leaſt I never made uſe of them in her preſence, nor taught her the uſe of letters; to have done ſo, would have been to cut up my plan by the roots; it was my buſineſs to keep her in ignorance of every thing beyond the walls of the *Paradiſe* I had allotted to her.

"Tell me," ſaid ſhe, one day as we were ſitting at the root of an old almond-tree, enjoying the playfulneſs of ſome linnets, ſunning themſelves on a piece of new turned ground, "tell me how is it, that there are ſo many linnets in the world, and ſo many blackbirds, and thruſhes, and nightingales, and that there ſhould be but one *Evremond* and one *Eugenia?*" ſhe was now twelve years of age, and would not be ſatisfied with an evaſive anſwer. I therefore ventured no explanation; but contented myſelf with ſaying, I could not tell. "You was here before me," continued ſhe, "you have often told

me ſo, pray where did you find me? or how did I come here? did I grow like the lily? or fly here like the linnets? have I ever been a flower? or have I had wings? tell me what I have been, and what I ſhall be? I find I grow taller every day, but you remain the ſame; ſhall I ever have a beard like you, and wear breeches, and be an *Evremond?*"—She meant to ſay, "Shall I ever be a *man?* but ſhe knew no diſtinction of ſex; and her ideas of diſtinct ſpecies and genera were imperfect and confuſed. I replied, as I generally did to ſuch queſtions, that I did not know.—"Nay!" ſhe ſaid, "if you were here before me, you muſt know how I came here?" What could I ſay—to tell her the truth, would be to ſpoil all; to make her no reply, would be to damp her intellectual faculties. "Your queſtion, my dear Eugenia," I replied, "is not of a nature I dare at preſent reſolve to you; but in the courſe of three years I promiſe to ſatisfy you." This anſwer ſilenced her, for I had accuſtomed her to ſuffer under ungratified curioſity.

"I found

"I found that it now became highly neceſſary to give her an employment that would engage her mind, and prevent thoſe wanderings of the fancy that eſſayed to burſt the veil I wiſhed ſo anxiouſly to preſerve. What was that employment to be? the needle was out of the queſtion, for I could not ſhow her how to uſe it; beſides, if I could, ſhe would ſoon perceive by ſuch an employment, that both her clothes and my own were the work of hands; a diſcovery beyond all others I wiſhed to conceal.—I will teach her muſic, ſaid I; but I am almoſt unacquainted with it myſelf; never mind, we will learn it together. Accordingly, I ordered a piano-fortè, and had it conveyed into the dining-room, while we were at breakfaſt in the garden. I pretended to know nothing of it; ſhe was the firſt to ſee it; "there is another table," ſhe exclaimed, "dear me, how ſoon a table grows." I could not help ſmiling. "Tell me," ſaid ſhe, "how theſe things always grow when we are out?"—"I don't know," was my anſwer, but went towards it, and lifted up

the

the key-board. At the ſight of the black and white keys ſhe was much pleaſed, and aſked, "if they were handles of knives?" I told her, "I did not know;" on which ſhe took hold of one, attempting to draw it out, by which ſhe made a ſufficient preſſure on it to ſtrike a note. The ſudden ſound terrified her ſo much, that ſhe ſtarted back, and would not touch it again for ſome time. She however never took her eye off it, frequently aſking me to touch it. "Oh yes," I replied, "I am not afraid of it, it cannot hurt me, I ſuppoſe." I then got up, and ſtruck three or four notes. "It is alive!" ſhe exclaimed; "let us give it ſomething to eat." This idea was too ridiculous to be entertained without laughter. I enjoyed her ſimplicity, and laughed heartily. "Come here, Eugenia," ſaid I; "this is not a bird, but I will make it ſing, and teach you to make it ſing too; and you ſhall ſoon learn to ſing along with it."—"Oh, let me hear it," ſhe exclaimed; "how I ſhould like to be a bird."—"Why would you like to be a bird, Eugenia?" ſaid I, ſuſpecting her of a wiſh to quit me.

"That

"That I might ſing to you," ſhe replied, "as the linnets do when they make you ſo happy." This was the firſt demonſtration ſhe had given me of her affection, and ſuch was its effect, that I would have embraced her for it, had I not laid an inviolable reſtraint on myſelf with reſpect to her perſon from the beginning: therefore her expreſſions of regard were the more remarkable, as I never had fondled her, or taught her by rote to talk of love, duty, or affection.

"We made wonderful progreſs. She ſoon learned the firſt principles, and having a fine ear, in a few months was able to play any piece I might preſent to her. From morning till night ſhe employed herſelf at the piano, and the houſe and garden were filled with muſic. I now loſt her aſſiſtance for ſome months in tying the vine, watering the flowers, and tranſplanting the lettuces. She had quite abandoned me for her new amuſement. I worked alone. In time however ſhe reſumed her labours, and I ſaw her once more by my ſide. I had always

always found her company and aſſiſtance delightful to me, but it now became highly ſo, by having ſuffered the want of it. We worked, and talked, and ſang, with increaſed pleaſure and delight. Thus for three years the buſy day glided imperceptibly away, while we filled the vacancies of employment with muſic and converſation.

"The beauteous flower now began to burſt its petals, and expand its bluſhing boſom to the eye of love. The increaſing vermil of her lip, the radiant brightneſs of her moiſtened eye, the increaſing diſplay of an unfolding boſom, awakened me to a ſenſe of the period at which ſhe had arrived. She ſeemed to begin to love me, but how ſhould I aſcertain it? How ſhould I try her affections, and meaſure their nature and intenſity?

"What is love? ſaid I to myſelf; is it an attachment to the oppoſite ſex, or is it an attachment to a particular individual? Conſidered as deſire, it is an attachment to the ſex; as taſte and affection, it is an attachment to the individual. Love then is a com-

a compound of desire and affection. In inconstancy, desire is the ruling passion, taste and affection scarcely having a place. In constancy, desire is subordinate to individual affection. But to what purpose was this reasoning? To Eugenia, I was both the individual and the species: I was at once the whole sex and the individual. How then should I discover her attachment to be that of desire or affection? I mean, how should I ascertain the preponderance of either, for on that depends the nature of the attachment. Alas! here was the rock on which my future happiness was wrecked. Ye who are about to espouse a girl whose recluse life or unripened observations render her incapable of choosing, beware of what ye are about, for the time will come when she shall see the man of her choice, and then farewell to every dream of happiness." The Anchorite was much agitated in making this reflection, the tear started in his eye, and he sighed deeply.

"But my Eugenia," continued he, "was formed to be beloved. I perceived new charms

charms unfolding every day. Her ſkin ſeemed fairer, her voice ſweeter: her air became divine, and all her actions were intoxicating and delightful. I no longer had the power of ſcrutinizing her affections; my ſoul was occupied by love, and I now thought of nothing but making her my bride.

"Suſpicion and jealouſy were naturally my maſter paſſions, but here they had no food, and therefore ſlept during my happy ſojournment with Eugenia. But they only ſlept, they were not extinguiſhed.

"My beloved Eugenia," ſaid I to her one evening, as we ſat together on a bed of violets, "tell me, how would you feel were I now to leave you for ever?" At this propoſition ſhe ſtarted, and turned pale. "What have I done," ſhe exclaimed, "that you would leave me?"—"I am going," returned I, "to quit you for ever."—"How can you quit me?" ſhe replied. "You can go no where, but I can find you, unleſs you retire to your own room, and ſurely you would not live there always by yourſelf.

yourſelf. What is the matter with you, what have I done to offend you?"—"You have done nothing, Eugenia," I replied, "but you do not love me, therefore I may as well leave you; you will be equally as happy without me as you are now."—"Nay, nay," ſhe exclaimed, "I do love you. I leave the muſic to work with you: I love you better than all the flowers, and all the birds. I have ſeen a roſe-tree die, and bear no more. I have ſeen a blackbird fall ſenſeleſs to the ground, and lay there, till it diſſolved and mingled with the earth. I would rather ſee every flower and every tree in the garden die, and every bird that flies, fall ſenſeleſs to the ground, than ſee you one moment unhappy. Indeed I love you." She accompanied her expreſſions with a look of tenderneſs, and threw her arm round my neck. I was overcome by her aſſurances and her manner. I preſſed her to my boſom: "Live there, my love!" I exclaimed; "it is deſtined to be thy bed and thy garden; there thou ſhalt find repoſe, and gather the flowers of joy and love!"

love!"—What deluſion!—Eugenia ſighed, and as I preſſed the balmy kiſs upon her lips, ſhe diſſolved in tears. "You ſhall never leave me!" ſhe exclaimed; "you ſhall never leave my ſight again!"—"I will not leave you, my love, my Eugenia!" I replied; "but how can I be aſſured you will love me alone?" Her reply was a kiſs and a tear.

"The demon of jealouſy was awake; he anticipated the evils that awaited me. He had now entered our Paradiſe under the diſguiſe of wiſdom, and we ſhall ſee whether he quits it without deſtroying the objects of his envy.

"I will not leave you, my love, my Eugenia!" I repeated; "be comforted—ſoon one room and one bed ſhall hold us, and we ſhall never ſeparate; you ſhall know all that I know, and feel all the happineſs that Heaven has in ſtore for you."—"Shall I be ſo happy?" ſhe exclaimed; "indeed I have often thought I ſhould like you to preſs me to your boſom, as you now have done, but I did not dare to

to entertain the thought: I feel," continued ſhe, "that you and I are ſomehow not the ſame; you ſeem formed to cheriſh and protect me, and yet I ſee no *evil* againſt which your protection is neceſſary." — "Alas! my Eugenia!" I exclaimed with a ſigh, "there is much evil you do not know, and I dread the hour in which you are to know it: but the hour is now arrived, and I muſt tear the veil of happy ignorance from your eyes; your formation is complete, and your mind is prepared to know *good* and *evil* — but it is late, my love; to-morrow we will reſume the ſubject, we muſt now retire to ſupper, and then to bed."

"At ſupper ſhe could not eat, but ſighed frequently and deeply. Indeed I did not eat much either. I invited her to ſing — her thoughts were wandering, ſhe could not recollect the words of any thing: ſhe was unhappy, and begged I would not leave her. "We muſt part, Eugenia, — to-morrow we will meet again." I ſealed my aſſurance with a kiſs: this was the firſt day I had

I had kiſſed her ſince ſhe was an infant. The poiſoning bliſs almoſt diſtracted me — I had ſcarcely fortitude to leave her — for an hour we hung on each other's lips: — O bliſs! unrivalled bliſs! — O ecſtacy, divinely exquiſite! How narrow is the wall that ſeparates hell from heaven!

"We ſeparated—but I could not ſleep till morning. I aroſe later than uſual, and found Eugenia at my door ready to receive me. She looked wild and fearful, yet full of ſomething ſhe was anxious to communicate. "Come here," ſhe cried, catching me eagerly by the hand, and you ſhall ſee wonders greater than the Heavens." I could not conceive what ſhe meant, until ſeeing her quit me, on our approach to the great almond-tree, ſhe began to climb its trunk, ſaying, "Follow me, Evremond, and I will ſhew you *Evremonds* and *Eugenias* as plenty as the birds, and a garden as large as Heaven."—"Great God! we are undone!" I exclaimed; "how came this? come down, come down," continued I, pulling her by the heels, "what has tempted you?

you?—by this wicked act you have ruined both yourſelf and me for ever." She trembled, for I ſpoke angrily, and with much emotion. "Alas! this fatal tree!" ſaid I to myſelf; "how could I be ſo blind as not to foreſee the miſchief it has now effected." I ſcolded her—I upbraided her. "You never forbade me," ſhe replied, "or I never would have done what I have done." —"I may forgive you, Eugenia," returned I, "but by the folly you have committed, you have entailed miſery on yourſelf and me for ever; and if I had forbidden you, I am doubtful of your obedience, for ſuch a thing as this happened once before, when even *God* himſelf forbade it."—"*God?*" ſhe repeated; "did I then ſee *God*, as well as *Evremonds* and *Eugenias* from the tree top?" Her reply put me in deſpair—all was loſt—her eyes were opened—the veil of happy ignorance was removed to a degree I never had intended: I felt the ſtings of a thouſand ſcorpions—it was my own work—all was loſt. "What tempted you to this?" I repeated with much emotion; "tell me inſtantly,

inſtantly, I charge you!" She grew pale and trembled. "Indeed," ſaid ſhe, "forgive me, it is not my fault; liſten, and forgive me — I will tell you all." Jealouſy now occupied my whole exiſtence—I fancied myſelf betrayed, herſelf diſhonoured — I looked at her with horror—I was on the point of ſeizing her to deſtroy her. My looks rivetted her to the ground—ſhe could neither ſtir nor ſpeak—at length ſhe began, but after uttering half a ſentence, dropt ſenſeleſs at my feet.

"Is it thou, grim monſter *Death!*" I exclaimed in an agony of deſpair, "to whom I muſt reſign the hope of all my labours, my beloved Eugenia?" I raiſed her from the ground with difficulty—her lifeleſs form bent o'er my arm, and her beamleſs eye ſeemed cloſed for ever. "Eugenia!" — I called in vain. In vain I watched the proof of reſpiration — ſhe was motionleſs—ſhe ceaſed to breathe. Like *Niobe* I ſtood, nor moved, nor ſaw, nor heard. At length, I ſuppoſe I ſwooned and fell, for when my next perception came, I

found myſelf ſtretched upon my ſide, with my beloved Eugenia hanging on my neck, bathing me with her tears. I thought that I had died, and that we now had met in Heaven. My tranſports were exceſſive, my joy was unbounded — I careſſed her, I wept with her, I preſſed her to my boſom, I vowed eternal kindneſs and forgiveneſs, and felt for a moment that my happineſs was complete. Know thyſelf, weak man! how vain are all thy conceptions and reſolves!

"We aroſe and returned to the ſummer-houſe. The hour of breakfaſt was paſſed by, but we cared not; food imports little to thoſe whoſe ſouls are occupied by projects that involve their deſtiny.—Eugenia ſat and wept.—I, thoughtful and ſilent, without a tear, without a word, brooded over the paſt, and contemplated the future; my fancy, tinctured by my natural paſſions, foreſaw a thouſand horrors.—I trembled at the phantom of jealouſy, while the ſpirit of miſtruſt took poſſeſſion of my countenance and my heart.—"Eugenia!" ſaid I, "don't deceive

me, who taught you to climb that tree?—has any one been within theſe walls?' She looked at me with an air that convinced me, ſhe did not underſtand me. "You ſpoke of Evremonds and Eugenias," continued I, that is, of men and women, have you ſeen any of them within theſe walls?—did any of them teach you, or bid you climb the tree?—"No, indeed!" ſhe replied, "I ſaw no one but yourſelf, and myſelf, until I climbed the tree; I then indeed ſaw them in great numbers, in the vaſt garden beyond the wall."—"Then, what tempted you!!!" I exclaimed, beginning to loſe myſelf again in ſuſpicious rage.—"Be calm, my beloved Evremond, I beſeech you!" ſhe replied, "why are you angry with me?—I will tell you all—perhaps I am leſs to blame than yourſelf.—

"After I went to bed laſt night, I lay for hours, thinking on all that you had ſaid to me;—your kindneſs affected me with ſenſations of delight; but your threat to leave me was like a ſhadow to theſe ſenſations, it always roſe hideous in my mind, and

threw a temporary horror over all my faculties. At length I ſlept: and in my ſleep I ſaw you ſtand before me, pallid and angry, I was going to pacify you, but before I could ſpeak, you ſtruck me with a violent blow and I fell ſenſeleſs to the ground; when I recovered, you was gone,—you had left me,—you had forſaken me;—I wept,—I tore my hair,—I ran about the garden,—I called upon your name. Fatigued and helpleſs, methought I ſat down on the bed of violets, where we ſat laſt night; a *raven* perched upon the almond tree, called me by name, I anſwered;—it replied, "come up here Eugenia, and thou ſhalt ſee thy Evremond and a thouſand more."—I thought I climbed the tree, and inſtantly I ſaw you, walking among the ſtars; I called to you, but you would not hear me: I then ſaw another like you, come from among a number, he flew to me in a moment, and in an inſtant conveyed me beyond the walls among the ſtars and clouds: I thought my breath forſook me in the rapidity of my flight, and as I graſped at a cloud to ſave

myſelf from falling, I awoke with the fright. This dream made a deep impreſſion on my mind, I could not ſleep again: it occurred to me that by climbing the tree I ſhould certainly learn ſomething that would teach me to find you, ſhould you ever be ſo cruel as to leave me.—Under this impreſſion I climbed the tree early this morning, and innocently ſaw more than I had dreamed: thus alas!—in ſo much love for you, I have offended you, and undone myſelf."—Her candour won upon me, and appeaſed me: but the demon of jealouſy had begun his work, and would not be diſappointed in his victim. The dream alarmed me, yet why? *Dreams* are nothing but the *vagrant thoughts* that creep by ſtealth into the *brains* of *men*, and revel there, while *judgment* ſleeps.—Yet I was uneaſy, a ſecret doubt hung about my heart; I reſolved, however, to conceal it, and with difficulty I ſucceeded.

"Well," ſaid I, "Eugenia," feigning compoſure and ſatisfaction, "I forgive you! and I will explain to you, all that you have ſeen; and what you are: and I truſt that your

your actions and desires will be regulated in future by an approving sentiment that you will find within yourself.—Some years ago you asked me, whether you grew like the lily; or flew here like the bird? You never was a flower or a bird; but like the young birds, such as you have seen in the nest, you have had two parents, who have produced and nourished you; one of them like yourself a woman, the other like me a man; the name of Eugenia is peculiar to yourself, to distinguish you from others like you; as that of Evremond is peculiar to me.—Although you are brought up like the bird, you are produced like the plant, whose beauteous blossom, opening by degrees, at length receives impregnation from its sexual construction; the mature conception drops into the earth, where the embryo plant concealed within a little skin lies buried till the hand of time calls it into life.—Such was your beginning.—Like the carnation rose that is newly blown, you have spread forth your youthful beauties and unrivalled charms, obedient to the voice of nature: but like it

too, Eugenia, you muſt bear your fruit, and *die;*"—ſhe ſtarted.—"And ſhall I *die?*" ſhe exclaimed.—"Oh fearful thought! what means the ſtate of *death?*"—"The ſeparation of our mortal part, from that which is immortal; in our mortality we are like the plants and animals; in our immortality we are like to God!"—"God!" ſhe exclaimed, "what is God?"—"God is that being, my dear Eugenia, that has made every thing that is; the ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all that is within theſe walls, and far beyond, farther than you have ſeen; he has given immutable laws to the univerſe; agreeable to which all things increaſe, become ſtationary, diminiſh, move, approach, retreat; this may be denominated the harmony of nature, executed and continued by its omnipotent creator, whom we call *God.*—He made the ſtock from which you ſprung, Eugenia; without him you had never been."—"Parent of my exiſtence!" ſhe exclaimed, throwing herſelf on her knees, and raiſing her hands to heaven, "I wonder at thy power, and I adore thy goodneſs.

goodneſs.—I thought Evremond was my parent and my God; I knew I had not made myſelf, and that I had not been here always: I cannot ſee thee, *great* and *powerful being!* but ſurely thou canſt ſee me, becauſe thou haſt made me, and ſuſtaineth me in my exiſtence. Let me not offend thee, for thou art powerful; let me adore thee, for thou art bounteous. The light is thine, for thou haſt made the ſun; the fruits are thine, for thou haſt made the earth; I am thy creature and thy ſervant, command me, that I may obey thee!"—This pathetic and animated addreſs filled me with ſurpriſe and admiration.—I caught the fervour of her devotion; involuntarily raiſing my eyes to heaven I implored for her its bleſſing and protection.

"This ſcene tranquillized my ſoul. I beheld purity and innocence unite themſelves with piety.—I gazed on my Eugenia with ſenſations of delight.—I had loved her as a woman, I now adored her as an angel.—Vain illuſion!

"I thought my difficulties were ended, that

every thing was explained to her, and that her knowledge of God would be her ſecurity againſt evil. "I am thy creature and thy ſervant, O God, ſhe had ſaid, command me, that I may obey thee."—On this head I converſed with her at large, I told her that the will of God was imprinted indelibly on our hearts, that ſhe would find a ſecret monitor within her, whoſe voice, though not the loudeſt, was nevertheleſs the firſt to give counſel on the riſing of every deſire; that if ſhe liſtened to theſe ſilent admonitions, and obeyed them, ſhe would attend to the will of God, for that the whiſpers of the conſcience were the words of his mouth.—"But how will he ſpeak to me," ſhe replied, "how ſhall I hear him? With my ears?" "No, Eugenia, you cannot hear him with your ears, but you will feel a conviction in your mind of right and wrong, ſuch as would ariſe from hearing him with your ears. This ſenſation of conſciouſneſs is the eſſence of our ſpiritual exiſtence, it is the ſpark of divine intelligence that diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, and gives us a promiſe of future

future life and immortality."—"I do not underſtand you," ſhe ſaid gravely.—"Conſciouſneſs of right and wrong I underſtand, and when I feel it, I know it to be a ſenſation, therefore I know what you mean by ſenſation of conſciouſneſs; but I cannot comprehend how I am to die like the roſe, and yet live for ever; unleſs you mean that my mind is not my body, and that it will outlive its deſtruction."—"That is preciſely what I mean Eugenia; your body is matter like the roſe, its tints will fade, its beauties will decay, its ſtem will wither, it will die, and diſſolve into duſt. But the eſſence of your mind, immaterial like the Being from whom it emanated, will expand and flouriſh to the end of time, and perhaps when eternity begins, will reunite itſelf to the father of ſpirits, its creator, and its God."—Eugenia trembled as I ſpoke. "I am overcome with wonder," ſhe exclaimed, "I feel my blood gathering round my heart. I know not what apprehenſions have ſeized me, but I feel afraid, and could crouch to the earth as the linnet does when the hawk hangs over it

in the air." "I fear," concluded ſhe, "there is ſome evil ſpirit in the univerſe that can do me miſchief, and that he now has ſet his eyes upon me for his prey." "Can this idea then be natural to the mind?" ſaid I to myſelf. "How is it that I have always rejected it as fictitious, and ridiculed all notions of it, both among the religious and profane. I know not that it is not ſo.—I am ignorant of many things."—After a moment's heſitation, I replied to her fears, by obſerving, "that our fancy and our paſſions expoſe us to unequal apprehenſions, but that it was poſſible there might be an evil ſpirit of great power exiſting in the univerſe, for reaſons we could not comprehend, as ſhe ſeemed to have an innate ſenſe of it, and as all ages, countries, and religions recogniſed it.

"What a taſk had I undertaken! Every ſtep I went, I found my difficulties increaſe—"Where will all this end?" ſaid I to myſelf. "I have been contented with theiſm and philoſophy, but will my doctrines, and the light of nature, preſerve her in ſafety, amidſt all this ſhock of knowledge her mind has juſt ſuſtained?"

ſuſtained?" I continued my diſcourſe all day on the nature and ſtate of man. I endeavoured to explain his ſocial and moral relations, as well as his relation to himſelf and to God. She liſtened to all I ſaid with great attention, putting occaſionally ſuch queſtions as were neceſſary to enable her to comprehend me; for being a ſtranger to ſociety, it was as difficult for her to underſtand the nature of a world ſhe did not know, as it would be for me to comprehend the modes of ſpiritual exiſtence. Tired and fatigued with this day of intellectual miſery, we prepared to go bed without having eaten any thing ſince yeſterday. Eugenia's mind was too full of new and wonderful ſubjects, to think of food or love; we parted as we had been accuſtomed to. No rapturous kiſs, no lingering look, no heſitating good night. We parted without a ſigh or a tear. But I heard her ſay to herſelf, in a low tone of voice, as ſhe left me, "May God preſerve me!"

"I meditated all night on what was to be done. I made up my mind to endeavour to

wean her from a deſire, ſhe had expreſſed to me, of living in the world ſhe had ſeen. I determined to repreſent it to her in all its wretchedneſs, and to deter her by apprehenſion, if I could not perſuade her by argument.

"In the morning we met as uſual, but ſhe was abſent and contemplative. In vain I invited her to the bower, where the woodbine and the paſſion-flower mocked the dilatorineſs of our nuptials. The ſhade had loſt its ſoftneſs, the flowers their beauty, her imagination rioted beyond the boundaries of our paradiſe, ſhe was occupied by the curſe of humanity, diſcontent. "You do not love me, Eugenia," I ſaid.—"Yes I do," ſhe replied, "but I think I could love you better any where than here. Why ſhould the birds have wings to fly to happineſs, and I alone remain unbleſſed? "Let us go out, Evremond," ſhe exclaimed, catching me eagerly by the arm, "you know the way, let us go out, and I will love you while I live." "Hold, Eugenia," I replied, "you know not what you aſk. Within theſe walls there

is

in peace and plenty, and harmony, and love. —Beyond them, all is wretchedneſs and miſery."—"I cannot believe you," ſhe exclaimed "Is not the God of our paradiſe the God of their world? Why ſhould we be leſs wretched than they? or they leſs happy than we? Care may be extracted from this abode, my dear Evremond, but wretchedneſs is not excluded. I am wretched, for I have ſeen the great garden of life, and you refuſe me to walk in it; therefore I am miſerable. You have awakened in me deſires you will not gratify, and accident has ſhewn me a world you will not permit me to enjoy."—As I found ſhe was deaf to my aſſurances, and required more argument to convince her than I could collect, I changed my mode of perſuaſion to entreaties and careſſes. She ceaſed to be importunate, but I ſoon diſcovered that ſhe only diſſembled. My heart was torn with jealouſy and apprehenſion. I was reſolved not to eſpouſe her, till I had aſſured myſelf of her attachment and fidelity.

"Several

"Several days paſſed away in diſcuſſion and diſcontent. From her converſation, I ſuſpected that ſhe had been up the tree again.—I therefore brought out an axe, and cut it down. We quarrelled dreadfully on this occaſion. She wept, and threatened. Nor were her threats fruitleſs. For during the night, ſhe cut down the woodbine and granadilla that ſpread over the bower, pulled up an infinite quantity of ſhrubs and flowers, and beat a large hole in the great wall near the ſummer-houſe. When I diſcovered theſe things, I perceived the danger of our ſituation.—"What ſhall I do," ſaid I to myſelf, "the matter now ſeems beyond remedy. Shall I marry her? or ſhall I endeavour to attach her affections to this once favourite ſpot and to myſelf. To marry her, while I doubt of her affections, would be hell. To endeavour to fix her attachment, may be vain. I will try. I will let her ſee ſome one from without. She ſhall converſe with him, ſhe will have an opportunity of ſatisfying her curioſity, of convincing

convincing her reaſon, of making a choice, of giving me that preference, which alone ſtamps a value on attachment."

"During my ſojournment of fifteen years with Eugenia, I had kept up an acquaintance with one F——, an Abbè, remarkable for his ſubtilty in theology. He had the power of perſuading others to believe a thouſand things he did not the leaſt credit himſelf. When I viſited him, after Eugenia's bed time, we often talked over the ſuperſtitions of the Romiſh church, and laughed at the ſimplicity of the good people who believed in the efficacy of extreme unction and the Euchariſt.

"On this man I fixed my mind as proper for my purpoſe. He was of an addreſs that inſpired confidence and regard, and had gained much upon my eſteem and affections, by the liberality of his ſentiments on natural religion, and civil polity. He was a republican and a deiſt, and ſo was I.—He is now an archbiſhop, and the uncle of half a dozen kings! I am a penitential ſinner, and an anchorite!

"I had

"I had imparted to him my ſcheme of bringing up Eugenia, and amuſed him frequently with an account of her proceedings and ſayings. He always heard me with pleaſure, and reaſoned abſtractedly on the various phenomena that were peculiar to the development of her mind, but he never expreſſed the leaſt deſire to ſee her. This conduct ſet my mind at eaſe on the ſcore of jealouſy. I therefore ſaw in him the very perſon I wanted; a man endued with an enlightened underſtanding and perſuaſive eloquence, devoid of paſſion, and not remarkable for maſculine beauty.

"One day, on pretence of having ſomething to do, I went into my bed-room, and locked myſelf in. I then opened the door that communicates with the road, and waited upon F——, who lived at a ſhort diſtance, on a ſmall farm I had given him for his reſidence and ſupport. I opened my mind to him; and propoſed that he ſhould accompany me within the walls, and undertake the regulation of Eugenia's mind: he made ſeveral objections to my propoſal, which increaſed

increaſed my eagerneſs to engage him in the taſk. He at length conſented; and the plan of perſuaſion was agreed upon: he was to magnify the miſery that is without, to extol the happineſs within, to eulogize my character, and contraſt it with others leſs amiable; in ſhort he was to perſuade her to remain contentedly within, and to love me with a marked diſtinction.—Vain belief!—Contentment is not the work of perſuaſion! —Love is not the fruit of eloquence!

"All points arranged. He and I proceeded to the reſidence of Eugenia; and entered the garden, without having appriſed her of my intentions. We found her ſitting on the ſteps of the ſummer-houſe, pulling the leaves from a ſun-flower. On our approach ſhe aroſe ſuddenly, and rubbed her eyes ſeveral times, exclaiming, "God preſerve me!"—"What is the matter Eugenia?" I replied.—She did not anſwer; but advanced up to us with a ſerious ſtep, looking firſt at me, then on F——: we ſtood ſtill, to ſee what ſhe would do, her eyes running continually from one to the other; at length

ſhe

ſhe went cloſe up to him, and touched him with her hand; on which ſhe ſtarted a little, and put on a ſmile of pleaſure mixed with fear, as children do when they touch any thing alive, for the firſt time.—"What is it, Eugenia?" I exclaimed.—"At firſt I thought it was your ſhadow," ſhe replied, "but I now perceive it is another like yourſelf, another Evremond—not a ſhadow,—nor a Eugenia woman."—Her notion of individual and ſexual diſtinction was as yet confuſed, at leaſt with reſpect to the terms that ſerve to mark it. F—— now ſpoke to her;—ſhe ſeemed delighted at the ſound of his voice.—It was painful to me, to perceive the effects his firſt words had produced.—I had nearly reſolved to change my plan, diſcharge my friend from the office he had undertaken, and lock Eugenia up, to be enjoyed like an *Aſiatic* wife in the *Harem* of a *Satrap*. But my pride and ſelf-love revolted at the idea; it was her heart I deſired, without which I diſdained to poſſeſs her perſon: I therefore feigned to encourage her in her feelings towards my friend, as the inſtrument

inſtrument by which I hoped to effect my ſcheme and purpoſe.—Alas, how blind!

"Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
In theſe let every man uſe his own tongue,
For beauty is a witch that turneth faith
To villainy!"

"Hoodwinked by the ſteady purſuit of my project, I felt pleaſed at the change Eugenia's ſpirits had undergone; ſhe converſed with gaiety, and did not ſeem anxious to turn our converſation to matters beyond the walls. She ſeemed to take a pleaſure in ſhewing our viſitor every thing in the garden; and evinced a ſenſe of ſhame at the deſtruction ſhe had committed among the plants and flowers. "I will ſoon put all this right again," ſhe ſaid, "but I am ſorry you ſhould ſee in their derangement, undeniable proofs of my folly and bad temper." F—— praiſed her candour and her good reſolves; and left her pleaſed with him, becauſe he had ſet her at eaſe with herſelf.

"After he had left us, ſhe began to ſay a thouſand kind things to me; endeavouring

to

to efface the impreſſions of the paſt. I was eaſily won becauſe I loved her; and I believe it was the exceſs of my love, as well as the workings of my natural diſpoſition, that kept awake my jeaſouſy, and made me ſo tenacious about the poſſeſſion of her *heart*.

" So che nel noſtro core
Sempre la *Geloſia* figlia è d' *Amore*."

" A ſcene of love and fondneſs was now renewed—She vowed never more to entertain the wiſh of leaving the *garden*,—ſhe had no other deſire than that of pleaſing me, and of obeying the dictates of her *conſcience;* which had told her ſhe had acted wrong; therefore, ſhe would never again permit vain wiſhes and deſires to rob her of her tranquillity, and me of my happineſs. I embraced her tenderly; and as I preſſed her to my boſom, felt delight and joy chaſe from my heart the clouds that occupied it.—My ſoul burned with ardent wiſhes,—her boſom with the pureſt flame,—our tranſports were thrilling and affecting,—but it was not yet time to conſummate them,—we looked

and

and ſighed, then ſtole a kiſs of love, and wept on each other's necks a flood of tears pure as the dews of Heaven. Ecſtatic bliſs! the bliſs of innocence!

"My heart was at eaſe. I ſaw her happy, and concluded my work to be in a fair train.

"The next day I brought my friend to her again. He paſſed the whole day with us. The morning was chearfully employed in light converſation and in ſinging, in which F—— took a conſpicuous part, having the beſt tenor voice in *Corſica*. After dinner we thought it time to open our philoſophical battery. F—— began the aſſault upon her underſtanding, by pourtraying with great force and eloquence the miſeries of the world, and the pleaſures of retirement. The buſineſs ſeemed already done; ſhe was convinced, and ſhe gave us the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of her being ſo, adding, "I have no deſire ever to leave you, Evremond." F—— now ſpoke to me in Latin, that ſhe might not underſtand him—"Go from us," ſaid he, "for a little, that I may

ſpeak

ſpeak to her of you." Fatal moment!—I made an excuſe to her, and left them for a ſhort time. On my return, I found her almoſt wild with delight. It gave me the higheſt pleaſure; I ſuppoſed myſelf the cauſe of her extraordinary tranſports. It was ſome time before ſhe obſerved me; F—— was ſilent, I concluded from delicacy, not chuſing to praiſe a man to his face; but ſhe repeated often, "I will! I will with pleaſure! how happy I ſhall be." When ſhe diſcovered me, ſhe was abaſhed, but I ſmiled approval, congratulating myſelf on my friend's ſucceſs. Alas! baſe villain! he had ſucceeded—but to what?—to deſtroy her virtue, and my peace for ever.

"The doctrines of *morality* and *theiſm*, like the ſummer pleaſure-boat, may bear us ſafely through the ſea of life while all the ſtormy paſſions lay aſleep; but when the ſtorm ariſes, the unequal bark ſplits on ſome obvious rock or hidden quickſand, and we are ſurely loſt. Had I but fortified her ſoul in early life with *plain religion*, I think ſhe might now be mine. O vain preſumptuous

tuous man! to what dilemmas does not thy wretched philoſophy expoſe thee?

"We ſupped together, and F—— took his leave. Eugenia complained of being fatigued, and requeſted to return to reſt: ſhe ſimply wiſhed me good night. Her coldneſs affected me; I could not be happy in permitting her thus to part with me; I took her by the hand, and preſſed her to my boſom; ſhe did not abſolutely reſiſt, but was cold indeed, nay worſe, for as her coyneſs induced me to retain her longer than I otherwiſe ſhould have done, it gave her an opportunity of manifeſting her diſpleaſure openly, which ſhe did by ſaying, "For God's ſake, let me go to bed; how can you torment me ſo." This unkindneſs aroufed my indignation—I left her abruptly, determined never to ſpeak to her again, until ſhe evinced her ſorrow for her conduct.

"After I had gone to bed, ſhe came to my door, and called me by my name—I would not anſwer. "Evremond!" ſhe exclaimed, "I am ſorry for my conduct to you; get up,

up, and I will make amends for it." I made her no reply — ſhe called me again and again. — "Go away," I ſaid; "you do not love me, I do not want you." — "Nay," ſhe replied, "but do not let us part thus; you do not know but we may have parted for ever." Words often have no meaning; I thought this ſentence was of that deſcription. Alas! I was grievouſly miſtaken — I made her no reply — ſhe burſt into tears — "Farewell, Evremond, for ever!"

"I thought ſhe had returned to bed; yet I felt an inexplicable uneaſineſs, and began to wiſh I had let her in. I could not ſleep. —I felt that I had dealt harſhly with her, and my reflections ſuggeſted to me, that unkindneſs was very ill-timed, when every effort was making to prepoſſeſs her in my favour. After ſome hours reflection, the demon of jealouſy put it into my head that ſhe would revenge herſelf on me by ſome ſecret means, if I delayed to conciliate her; I therefore aroſe, and went to the room door to awake her, and make it up. It

was

was a little after midnight, and the moon ſtood in the zenith full of ſplendour. I ſaw her door wide open—this was ſtrange; I rapped gently—I walked in ſoftly—I approached the bed-ſide in ſilence—I looked attentively to ſee if ſhe was aſleep—ſhe was not there;—ſtruck with wonder and amazement, I ſtood for ſome time motionleſs and torpid—I looked on the bed again—I looked every where in the houſe—I ſearched every where in the garden—in vain I ſought her. She could not be gone, even had ſhe willed it, how could ſhe eſcape? —the walls three toiſes high, and not a door. I looked every where again and again—I began to be frantic—my ſuſpicions whiſpered to me fears, monſtrous, like myſelf. Immerſed in a ſea of doubt and delirious phrenzy, I hurried on my clothes, and burſting from my apartment, flew to F—— to tell him what had happened.

"I found his houſekeeper ſitting up for him—he had not yet come in. "Do you know where he is?" ſaid I; "No Sir," ſhe replied: "I fear ſomething ſtrange has

happened; he came in about eleven o'clock, I thought he came to go to bed, but he ſtopped not a moment; he took ſomething out of his deſk, money I believe, and left the houſe again without ſpeaking a word." —" Ah, the villain!" I exclaimed, placing my hand upon the ſeat of my agonizing brain; " I am betrayed! undone!" The houſekeeper interrogated me — I was deaf, I was frantic, I was mad. I ran about, I knew not whither, and ſometimes I did not even recollect for whom I was in ſearch, or what had happened: but at intervals the amount and nature of my misfortune broke in upon my confuſed perceptions with a force and diſtinctneſs that awakened in my ſoul all the horrors of the damned. Eugenia! I exclaimed, falſe perfidious child! where art thou? — and thou, baſe villain F——, who by ſome deviliſh achievement haſt robbed me of her, where haſt thou conveyed her? Where am I to find her? I called up my ſteward, her father; I endeavoured to make him ſenſible of what had happened, but I was confuſed,

confuſed, and he was too old to comprehend me through any effort of his imagination. I ran to every houſe on my eſtate before day-light — every one was up, every one was in ſearch of the fugitives, for no doubt now remained that by ſome means F—— had contrived to elope with her.

"I mounted a horſe, and took the road to Ajaccio. At about a league from my own village, I ſtopped a *goat-boy*, and interrogated him. He had ſeen them at day-light, about a mile from the ſpot where we were now ſtanding; he knew the *Abbè* very well by ſight, they were walking, but the *Abbè* had two horſes by the bridle; he had made the *goat-boy* hold one of the horſes while he endeavoured to perſuade Eugenia to mount—"But the lady was ſo afraid of the horſe, Sir," ſaid the boy, "that ſhe ſcreamed, and would not come near him; ſo they left the horſes, and walked on for the town."—I waited for no more—I put ſpurs to my horſe and purſued, in

the full hope of recovering Eugenia, and puniſhing the perfidy of F——.

"I felt ſo certain of overtaking them, that I did not ſtop any one I met to make enquiries, but purſued my way at a gallop to the very gates of Ajaccio. I now reflected, but in vain. I went to the *auberge*, left my horſe, and traverſed the ſtreets all day, enquiring of every one if they had ſeen the *Abbè* F——, for he was well known—I could gain no tidings of him. Reſtleſs and uncertain, I borrowed a freſh horſe from the *Aubergiſte*, and returned to my eſtate by the ſame road I had left it, making enquiries of every one. No one had ſeen them. I ſought relief from my diſtreſs by hiding myſelf within the walls of my retreat; but every object there awakened remembrances that daſhed poiſon in my bleeding heart. Unable to remain, I burſt forth again, wandering from houſe to houſe, till night coming on, ſolicited me to be at reſt. When the mind is in violent agitation, the body muſt be in motion alſo.

My

My mind, alas! was rapid as the whirlwind, twiſting in its vortex all the paſſions of the ſoul: I therefore could not reſt, although it was night, but purſued my wandering through the fields and villages.

"I continued my fruitleſs ſearch the next day and night without taking reſt. I neither ſlept nor eat. Nature at length, in compaſſion to my ſufferings, afflicted me with a fever, that continued fifteen days. My delirium was exceſſive; no one dared to hope I would recover.

"After the fifteenth day, I gradually cooled, and became collected, but an invincible melancholy hung about me; for as no one ventured to ſpeak to me of F——, I was obliged to conclude he had not been diſcovered.

"I could not help forming a thouſand conjectures on the probable route the villain had taken with my Eugenia. I recollected that he had often mentioned *Cagliari* in *Sardinia* to me as a good place of retreat from our revolutionary troubles, and ſuſpected he might have embarked with Eu-

genia at *Ajaccio* for that port: I therefore determined on going thither direct, as the ſea voyage would at all events be ſerviceable to my health and ſpirits.

"After a delay of ſome weeks to recruit my ſtrength, I ſailed from *Ajaccio* in a *polacre*, and arrived in twenty-four hours at *Cagliari*, having had a fine ſtrong wind from the north. Immediately on landing, I made the enquiries of my ſearch, but they led to nothing. I therefore determined to return to *Ajaccio*, and ſailed from *Cagliari* as ſoon as a veſſel offered itſelf, which was on the ninth day after my arrival.

"On our return, we were chaſed into the ſtraits of *Bonifacio* by an Algerine cruiſer, and obliged to take ſhelter under the little iſland of *Madalena*: as the *Algerine* continued off the *Strait*, we ſecured our veſſel, and went on ſhore.

"The little town of *Magdelaine* was very pleaſant to me, after having been at *Sardinia*; the cleanlineſs of the houſes, the fairneſs of the inhabitants, and the French *coſtume*, rendered the change pleaſant and amuſing;

amuſing; but the impreſſion of pleaſure was momentary—care conſumed my heart, and excluded all enjoyment.

"There was no *auberge* at *Magdelaine*, I therefore was obliged to go to a common *wine-houſe*: well do I remember it. It ſtands at the northern extremity of the town, cloſe to the landing place, with its back to the ſea, its front to the ſtreet, and its north end to the place for drawing up boats. The *hoſt* was a civil man; he ſhewed me up ſtairs, and ſet a table before me, which he covered with ſome eggs and ſauſages: he was very aſſiduous, talking a great deal, and aſking me a variety of queſtions. I paid very little attention to what he ſaid, and made him few anſwers.

"In the midſt of his talk, my attention was ſuddenly arreſted by the ſighs of ſome one in a little room or cloſet very cloſe to me. "Pray what may that mean?" ſaid I. "It is a poor wretch," replied my hoſt, "that nobody knows; I picked her up at my door ſome time ago, almoſt dying with

grief and hunger, and took her in; but ſhe will eat nothing, and paſſes all her time in tears and ſorrow." — "Humph!" I exclaimed; "I hope your charity may not be thrown away." — "That cannot be," returned he, "for I do it *for the love of God.*" — "Well, well," ſaid I, "perhaps you are right; but — but what?" — my heart rebuked me at the riſing ſuggeſtion, and I held my peace. I thank God I did ſo, for I am now convinced that the motive of that man's action was the beſt that can influence human conduct.

"My hoſt left me, and I continued my repaſt. "I will take ſome of my bread," ſaid I to myſelf, "to that wretch who is in want." I reflected on the paſt, my mind was changed in a moment. "No!" I exclaimed in ſoliloquy, "I hate all human beings, *men* and *women*. Let her ſtarve! perhaps ſhe is ſome perfidious traitreſs like Eugenia, whom the ſcourge of Providence is now chaſtiſing." At this reflection, I laid down the bread, and curſed all mankind and myſelf.

In

"In a few minutes the poor wretch ſighed deeply, and exclaimed in a piteous tone, "Ah me, that I were dead!—

Alas! alas! this is a heavy world:
But for a better hope, its various ills
Could ne'er be borne. ——

O Evremond! couldſt thou but ſee me cloſe my eyes!" I ſtarted at the ſound — I knew the voice—I heard my own name— I was amazed and horror-ſtruck. I flew on wings of lightning to the door to reſcue her from death; it was my Eugenia, my once adored Eugenia! the falſe, the baſe, perfidious——I ſtarted at the thought, and turned with precipitation from my purpoſe, to eſcape the peſtilential ſighs of perfidy and pollution. I was racked by a thouſand tortures. Jealouſy and revenge urged me to abandon her — love and mercy ſolicited me to ſtay. The malign paſſions had gained the aſcendancy; I was on the point of flying; when ſhe ſighed again, and in accents of deep diſtreſs, called on my wretched name. "Evremond! Evremond!" ſhe exclaimed, "could I but ſee

thee once more, I would be content to die!" My reſentment was overcome, my heart for a moment was ſubdued. Without giving time for another emotion, I flew into the diſmal cloſet where ſhe lay, and burſting into tears, threw myſelf on her neck. The ſuddenneſs of my approach, and the unexpectedneſs of my preſence, occaſioned her to ſhriek violently, and fall into ſtrong and immediate convulſions. My hoſt and his wife, and many other people, came up; they ſuppoſed ſhe had given up the ghoſt, and they came to cloſe her eyes. I prayed of them to get me vinegar and burnt feathers, and to leave me with her alone, for ſhe was my near relation. My hoſt however remained with me for ſome hours, for every time ſhe recovered ſo as to open her eyes and behold me diſtinctly, ſhe ſhrieked and ſwooned again, and became violently convulſed.

"I ſat with her all night, but ſhe did not recover ſufficiently to ſpeak to me till the morning. About daylight ſhe ſhed tears profuſely, and was better; but eager as I might

might be to know the worſt, I forbore aſking her any queſtions for ſome time, on account of her extreme weakneſs and agitation. At length, torn by jealouſy, and urged by the keenneſs of my anguiſh, I begged her to tell me what prompted her to leave me. Her reply was a flood of tears ſhed upon my hand. This expreſſion of ſorrow and contrition only ſerved to increaſe my apprehenſions and inflame my jealouſy. "Tell me inſtantly," I exclaimed, "how did that villain F—— ſeduce you, and confeſs to me, has he not ruined you?"—"Alas! alas!" ſhe replied, "let me now die in peace. Speak not to me of F——, but let me die in peace. I wiſhed to ſee you before my eyes were cloſed in death, to confeſs all that has been done. I hope for forgiveneſs both from you and Heaven. My ſoul is innocent. Hear me patiently, and I am then content to die." She pauſed for a moment, and began the dreadful narrative as follows.

"On the evening of the night I fled,

you may recollect to have left F—— and me alone. He ſeized that opportunity of deſcribing to me the infinite beauties of the world, its faſcinating variety, its unbounded pleaſures. Warmed with the deſcription, I eagerly preſſed him to perſuade you to let me ſee things ſo extraordinary and delightful. He objected to the attempt as uſeleſs, but ſaid, that if I choſe to venture, he would undertake to bring me out to-night, and return with me before you was awake. My fooliſh heart was caught in the ſnare. I met his propoſal with tranſport. You may remember the expreſſions that were in my mouth when I perceived you ſtanding beſide me — "O, I will! I will!" How blind, how fatally blind, that you did not perceive yourſelf and me betrayed!

"When we parted to go to bed, my heart ſtruck me with a ſenſe of my own unworthineſs, for having yielded to the temptation held out to me. This was the cauſe of my coldneſs. I felt uneaſy under your careſſes and your kindneſs; I wiſhed

to

to diſengage myſelf from ſo irkſome a ſituation. After I retired to bed, I reflected upon what had paſſed, and the nature of my promiſe to F——. My conſcience reproached me, and I aroſe to gain admiſſion to your room, to tell you all, and aſk your pardon."

"Alas! my fatal folly," exclaimed the anchorite; "how much miſery do I now ſuffer for having refuſed her the reconciliation ſhe then ſolicited."

"But to continue her ſtory;—"When you drove me from your door," added ſhe, "my heart was ſeized with indignation and reſentment. I wiſhed the hour of F——'s arrival, I muſt confeſs it, I wiſhed for it moſt impatiently. I ſat at the foot of the fountain, gazing on the ſplendid moon, which had already riſen high in the heavens. With what unuſual ſenſations I felt my ſoul moved and agitated! What means this wandering of my fancy, this waking of my wiſhes, ſaid I; there is ſomething in thy light, O queen of night, that fills the heart with dangerous deſires! *and even the ſoul,*

ſoul, that never learnt to play the truant with her earthly tenement, gazing on thee, might teach her.

"F—— appeared—I ſprang to him with eagerneſs. He claſped me in his arms, and vowed he would be mine for ever. This declaration brought me to my ſenſes. I thought on you, and wiſhed he had not come. He preſſed my inſtant flight. I heſitated, forcing him to promiſe he would bring me back immediately. "I will upon my ſoul," he ſaid: "by heavens! by all that dwells in heaven and on earth, I will!" Thus did he ſwear. O baſe perfidious man! When thou doſt ſwear, perfidy is thy aim, and woman is thy victim!

"Under a ſolemn promiſe of return, I yielded my conſent, and by means of ladders he had procured, we paſſed the wall.

"Had ſome good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me view my life,
My heart had broke when I beheld the ſum
Of ills, which, one by one, I have endur'd."

"We proceeded I know not whither, but

he left me for a moment, and returned with money, which he ſaid was neceſſary in caſe of accidents. Little did I think what accidents he meant. We continued to walk for nearly two hours. I then preſſed him to return. He ſeemed to conſent, and turning round, ſaid, we ſhould ſoon arrive at our retreat. We walked till nearly day-light; my uneaſineſs became exceſſive, I deplored my fatal curioſity, I curſed the hour I had climbed the tree, and ſtill more myſelf for having ventured on the enterpriſe I was now engaged in. I beſeeched him with prayer and importunity to lead me back immediately; he amuſed me by telling me, ſometimes that we were very near, ſometimes that he had loſt himſelf, till at length the day dawned, and he confeſſed it to be now impoſſible. Confuſed, amazed, and confounded, I wept, and reproached him. My internal ſenſations were ſo acute, that all the new world ſeemed to me a blank. I thought on you, and ſighed bitterly.

"He endeavoured to conſole me by ſaying he

he would lead me to a ſafe abode, and that he would then go himſelf to you, and appeaſe your anger; that he would undertake to reconcile us to each other, and bring you to ſee me: theſe aſſurances certainly made me eaſy; I looked on him as my friend and benefactor, I permitted him to embrace me, for I thought him upright; and I returned his kiſſes, for I loved him on your account. As the ſun roſe, a man brought two horſes; they were the firſt I had ever ſeen; they terrified me very much; he wiſhed me to get upon the back of one of them, but I was too much frightened to be perſuaded; a little boy with a flock of goats held one of the horſes, while he and the man endeavoured to put me on; I ſcreamed violently, which obliged him to relinquiſh the attempt, and we continued our walk till mid-day, having left the great road the inſtant the man parted from us with the horſes," — "Ah!" I exclaimed, "this accounts for my not overtaking you." — "What!" continued ſhe, "did you think it worth your while to follow a wretch

wretch like me?" — "Do not call yourſelf *a wretch*, my dear Eugenia," returned I; "I forgive and pity you. I ſaw the *goat-boy* of whom you ſpeak a little after ſun-riſe, he told me he had ſeen you; I gallopped to *Ajaccio* in the hope of overtaking you, but alas! I was not ſo fortunate—but proceed, my love."

"Ah me!" ſhe exclaimed, "do not load me with expreſſions of your love; I am indeed unworthy of them. At noon he brought me to a little hut, where he left me to repoſe for a few hours, ſaying he would take a horſe and go to ſee you.

"At night he returned. I aſked him eagerly about you.—"Ah!" he replied, "I am afraid to tell you, Eugenia, of what has happened; Evremond ſays, he never wiſhes to ſee you more; he ſays you are unworthy of his regard, and that he never could love you; he thanks me for having taken you away, and hopes I will never think of bringing you back."—"Is it poſſible!" I exclaimed; "can Evremond be ſo baſe, ſo falſe, ſo cruel?"—"It is even ſo,"

ſo," he replied coolly; "but I will go again to-morrow, and try to ſoothe him." —"God bleſs you, my dear F——," was my reply in the fullneſs of my heart, and I poured upon him thoſe tears and kiſſes that were meant for you.

"Now, he thought was the proper time to crown his wiſhes and his villainy. He flattered my feelings — he held you up to my eyes as cruel and unworthy of my love —he proteſted that he exiſted but in me, and lived but for me — he whined, he wept, he preſſed me to his boſom; he had ſucceeded in exciting my pity, and in awaking ſenſations of love and ſympathy. This he conſidered the moment for his purpoſe; he feigned a ſudden tranſport, then catching me in his arms, endeavoured to poſſeſs himſelf of all my perſon. The leſſons of delicacy I had received in my early youth flew to my aſſiſtance; I was offended by liberties I had been unuſed to, and repelled his audacity with violence and reproach. He trembled at my ſternneſs, and begged forgiveneſs on his knees; he

he pleaded the ungovernableneſs of his paſſion, and the ardour of his love.—Subtle fiend! how artful in abjectneſs. I forgave and pitied him. Woman ſeems formed to forgive even injuries that claim their origin in love.

"My delicacy had preſerved me. But, alas! ideas of delicacy, unſupported by a ſteady ſenſe of the duties of religion, are but a very ſlender defence to chaſtity: and conſcience, that peaceful monitor, ſpeaks too low to be heard in the hour of danger.

"The next day he propoſed to go to you again, but inſinuated that it were better to let your diſpleaſure ſubſide a little. I came over to his opinion as reaſonable, and conſented to employ the intermediate time in viſiting the country.

"I will not tire you," continued ſhe, "with an account of the ſtrange impreſſions I received from my firſt intercourſe with ſociety; upon the whole, it appeared to me as a dream, and I often indulged in the hope that it was ſo, and that I ſhould awake to reality in my own bed,

bed, and meet you again in my former happineſs and ſecluſion.—Ah, vain illuſion!

"Some days paſſed ſtrangely away; more like the dream of a reſtleſs night, than actual exiſtence. During this time, the kindneſs, the attention, the reſpect of F—— was unbounded. He had regained my confidence, and eſtabliſhed himſelf in my eſteem. I often propoſed to him to make another attempt upon your heart, but did not inſiſt upon it, as he promiſed me to do it as ſoon as he thought it might be ſucceſsful. The day arrived, when he offered to undertake the miſſion; he ſaid, he now conſidered himſelf certain of ſucceſs, and that I might make up my mind to be reſtored to my lover and my friend. I thanked him kindly, and he left me.

"Figure to yourſelf, the ſweet hopes I indulged,—in the happineſs I expected,—the joy I anticipated.—I waited his return with anxiety and impatience.—I counted the hours, the minutes, the ſeconds.—At laſt he came. At the ſound of his foot my heart trembled like a bird that's newly caught.—I flew towards

towards him, to receive the joyful tidings. He ſpoke not!—the gloom upon his brow terrified me.—"Have you ſeen Evremond?" ſaid I—his anſwer was a reluctant "Yes!" I preſſed him to tell me what you ſaid.—He was ſilent.—I intreated him—it was in vain. I careſſed him, he remained ſilent and moroſe. At length, as overcome by my grief and my tears, he ſaid, "Eugenia!—Evremond will never ſee you more! and he has requeſted me alſo, to abandon you." Here he pauſed, then riſing from his ſeat walked haſtily to and fro the room, ſuddenly he ſnatched up his hat, and turning round to me, with the other hand ſtretched towards me, ſaid with a grave and ſerious tone, "Eugenia, I muſt obey my friend, we muſt part for ever!"—I caught the hand extended towards me, I fell upon my knees, I ſupplicated, I beſeeched him not to leave me. I promiſed him eternal gratitude, if he would remain and make one more effort to reſtore me to your favour. He affected to relent; and by degrees ſpoke kindly to me; but ſtill obſerved a ſpecies of reſerve,

reſerve, which I conſidered the effect of your injunctions. We continued ſome days in this ſituation, he affecting diſtance and moroſeneſs, I endeavouring to pleaſe and conciliate him.

"We were alone. I ſat upon his knee. "Make one effort more my dear F——," ſaid, "return to Evremond, and tell him I have no wiſh to live, unleſs he pardon and receive me."—He ſighed, but was ſilent.—"Tell me," I exclaimed, "what is it you have at heart, which you thus endeavour to conceal."—"Ah, Eugenia!" he replied, "you know not Evremond!—think of him no more!—he is no longer your's!—another woman now ſleeps in his perjured arms!" At this hell-hatched lie I ſhuddered, but believed.—Revenge and fury ſeized on my devoted heart, and yielded me unreſiſting to the arms of F——. He—— Oh, Evremond, ſpare me the reſt!"

"At this diſcloſure," ſaid the *Anchorite*, "my patience left me, jealouſy took poſſeſſion of my ſoul, I darted from her bed, and flew from her apartment.—After ſome minutes I re-

I returned, eager and expectant, filled with a horrid curioſity, a deſire of drinking poiſon to my ſoul.—"Well then!" ſaid I, pale with rage, and trembling at the image yet perfect in my mind, of my Eugenia in the arms of F——. "Oh let me not name it; the very thought now harrows up my ſoul. "Well then!" ſaid I, "and what then?"—"Then—" continued ſhe, "Oh aſk me no more!—let guilt and ſhame hide me from your ſight for ever, and cloſe my eyes in everlaſting night.—

"Four weeks paſſed away in loathed embraces; he had ſurpriſed my perſon by a ſtratagem; but my heart, my ſoul, were ſtill with you.—*That conſcience* which you told me would preſerve me from *evil*, but now awoke and appriſed me of my wickedneſs, when it was too late to prevent it. F—— had thrown off the maſk; he had declared the truth to me.—I reproached him for his treachery and baſeneſs.—His reply was a *ſhrug* and a *ſmile*.—I curſed him from the bottom of my heart, and left him; determined

termined to obtain your forgiveneſs, or die beneath your frowns.

"I found my way to our *retreat*—I learned you had been ſick, and that you was gone to Cagliari for the reſtoration of your health. I embarked in a veſſel to follow you, it ſprunk a leak and was obliged to put in here: friendleſs and without money, I came on ſhore and begged my bread; but I bleſs my lot which has thrown me in your way, to receive my repentant tears, and cloſe my weeping eyes.—Live and be happy, Evremond!" ſhe exclaimed—"Forgive your loſt Eugenia; and let her die in peace!"—Overcome by her ſorrow and repentance, I flew to her arms, to make her mine for ever.—What did I ſee?—The picture of F——— hanging round her neck!—As one ſuddenly ſtruck with the idea of a *ſpectre*, my blood froze within my veins, my hair ſtood on its end, my eyes were fixed, I trembled, and retreated backwards till I gained the door, then with the utmoſt precipitation fled, I know not whither.

"Toward

"Toward the close of day, the violence of my jealousy and rage abated; I reflected, that if I had never erred, Eugenia had never fallen: I determined to return to her, and seal my forgiveness with my lips; although her person had been defiled, her heart was yet uncorrupted.

"My senses being collected, I perceived myself to be on the shore of *Sardinia*, immediately opposite to the island of *Magdelaine;* the boat I had crossed in, was still near; I called to the persons in it, and lost no time in returning; the distance is not more than three miles, so that I was soon on the other side. The moment I landed from the boat, I hastened to the house, where I had left her, resolved to forgive, and forget my injuries.—Alas, it was too late!—she was gone,—she had followed me.—In vain I searched for her,—my host assisted me;—all night we searched from house to house, making enquiry of every one. Early in the morning we learned that she had embarked in a passage-boat for the town of *Bonifacio;* and that the same passage-boat had been taken

by the *Algerine* cruizer, which under cover of the night had ſtolen into the ſtraights.—Conceive my diſtreſs and agitation.—At this moment of deſpair, a large *row-galley* of the King's, I mean the King of Sardinia, for the iſland of Madelena belongs to him, came round the point to the eaſtward: its appearance gave univerſal joy; but to none ſuch ſweet ſenſations as to me.

"Many boats haſtened on board the *galley*, with intelligence of the *Infidel:* I accompanied and volunteered my ſervices in the attack. The *galley* was not leſs in length and breadth than a *frigate of war*, and contained five hundred men; it rowed fifty oars, promiſing quickly to overtake the *Infidel* and vanquiſh him.

"Full of hope, and expectation, we rowed vigorouſly during the calm of the morning. The unhappy victims of *juſtice* and the *chance of war* tugged eagerly at the oar in chains, anxious for the opportunity of regaining their liberty by their proweſs or their death. At noon a breeze ſprung up; the *Algerine* out-ſailed us. Our hopes fled like

like the wind that bore him from us.—The breeze freſhened, our oars were of no uſe to us; the *Algerine* left us faſt; we were about to give up the chaſe. At 3 P. M. we perceived two ſail ſtanding acroſs him; he hauled up, and neared us; we thought him within ſhot, and gave him a bow-gun, he returned it, but his ſhot fell ſhort as well as ours. The ſtrange ſhips ſoon diſcovered themſelves to be a Portugueſe frigate and a brig. The former cut him off, and before we could get up, obliged him to ſtrike, and got poſſeſſion. I had no doubt but my Eugenia was there, and that I ſhould now recover her. Soon, however, the Portugueſe Commodore made ſail, and left the prize in charge of the brig.

"We came up, and went on board the brig-of-war. The Madelena captives were enquired for. They had all been taken out of the Algerine by the frigate, which had made ſail for Liſbon, the time of her cruize having expired. The brig was to follow. I told my ſtory to the captain, and intreated him to permit me to go with him. He was

an Engliſhman, I recollect, his name *Mathias Welſh:* I never ſhall forget his kindneſs and humanity: with gratitude and affection, I ſhall ever remember it.

"After a tedious paſſage we arrived at Liſbon with our prize. The frigate had arrived many days before us. Immediately on our arrival, I went on board with Captain Welſh to enquire for my Eugenia: ſhe had landed with ſome other *Corſicans* and *Sardinians;* but no one knew whither they had gone.—Where is thy reality, O *Hope!* Haſt thou any exiſtence?—or art thou but the *ignis fatuus* of fools?

"I landed," continued the Anchorite, "and after many a weary ſearch, traced her to this ſpot.—Forlorn and abject, hopeleſs and in miſery, ſhe had given herſelf to deſpair, and in a moment of inſanity leaped from this fatal rock. The peaſant who ſaw the deed, deſcribed her air, her figure, her wild enthuſiaſtic look, with ſo much feeling, that he made me ſee the frantic girl before me, with her arms extended leaping from the fatal precipice calling on Evremond.—Here was the

the finiſh of my fate.—I gathered up the ſcattered bones that lay below; and in devotion to her memory, I will paſs the remainder of my days in weeping over them."

He now took the cover from the *urn;* and claſping its ſepulchral ſides round with his agitated arms, exclaimed in an agony of grief,—" Witneſs, *bleſſed ſhade*, my tears of ſorrow, and wait in patience, ſoon thy Evremond will join thee."

The Anchorite continued to embrace the *urn*, and to pour into it tears of ſorrow and regret.—I was unable to bear it; I intreated to be gone.—He attended me to the door of the *cavern;* but ſtarted back on perceiving three perſons ſtanding cloſe to us: it was my ſiſter, Mr. Bankerſtock, and a youth with a *pilgrim's* ſtaff; they ſeemed in deep converſation, and my ſiſter was in the act of giving a purſe of *moidores* to the *pilgrim.*

" Farwel, friend Evremond!" I exclaimed, drawing the *Anchorite* by the hand, a little into the light,—" Be comforted! perhaps Eugenia lives; the peaſant may have been miſtaken;"

miſtaken." —At theſe words, the *pilgrim* drew cautiouſly towards us, and obſerving the *Anchorite* attentively, exclaimed, "O God!!!" and flew into his arms.—The aſtoniſhed *Evremond* beheld his loſt *Eugenia* fainting on his neck; he preſſed her to his boſom, and poured forth tears of gratitude to *heaven*.—"I will never quit thee more," he cried, "*my child, my loved Eugenia!* thou wert ever dear to me;—I have wept over thy ſuppoſed aſhes for five long months, in ſilence and in ſorrow.—I will now rejoice in recovering thee, as it were from *death*, and return with thee to our native home, where I will love and cheriſh thee all my days." He wept as he embraced her,—ſhe hung ſilent on his boſom.—Zenobia was of the party, and wept too,—I turned my back, I could not ſtand it,—Mr. Bankerſtock drew *an acceptance* of *John Buckley's*, from his pocket-book, for one hundred pounds.—"Here," ſaid he, "old boy! take this to carry you home; and when you get to *Corſica*, you may remit it again to Liſbon, ſhould it be perfectly convenient."

We returned altogether to our hotel, and paſſed the remainder of the day in ſenſations the moſt agreeable, and reflections the moſt delightful. Early the next morning, the *wanderers* left us for Liſbon; we accompanied them part of the way, and took a moſt affectionate leave of them, on their deſcent from *Cintra*.—Fare ye well, unhappy *wanderers!*—May ye reach your native land in ſafety, and paſs the remainder of your days in *peace* and *happineſs!*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.

TALES

OF OTHER REALMS.

COLLECTED

DURING A LATE TOUR

THROUGH EUROPE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes. HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TALES

OF

OTHER REALMS.

DONNA AMINTA DE BUXEDA *.

IN my way through Spain to Corunna, to await the arrival of the Britiſh forces expected there, I had occaſion to viſit the city of Ordunna in Biſcay.

On entering the room of my hoſteſs at the Poſada, I found ſeveral people gathered round an elderly lady, who ſeemed to be ſpeaking with great emphaſis. I drew near to liſten, and, as well as I can remember, ſhe related the following intereſting particulars; but I have to regret I did not hear her from the beginning, as my commence-

* "Buxeda," S. boxtree-grove.

ment gives the ſtory the appearance of a fragment.

"Indeed, Senõr Juan," ſaid my lady to her muſic maſter, as ſhe turned over a book of Italian ſongs, which he had placed before her to practiſe, "I do not like theſe airs juſt now; let us play over the patriotic ſong I received this morning from my couſin at Madrid."

"As it may pleaſe your Excellency," replied Battiſta, taking away the book.

"Colonel Minois, my dear," ſaid Don Antonio Perez, opening the door at the ſame inſtant. At this ſudden intruſion of her huſband, leading in a French officer, my lady ſtepped back, and put on one of thoſe looks which, when a girl, ſhe learned from me as proper on ſuch occaſions.

"This gentleman," continued he, "commands the detachment of the French army which now does Ordunna the honour of a viſit in its return to France."—"Madam," ſaid the Colonel, addreſſing himſelf to my lady, and looking at the ſame time very archly

archly on me, "with the aſſiſtance of that lady, I hope in a few hours to have the good fortune to be leſs diſagreeable to you."

"I beg you will be ſeated, Sir," ſaid my lady with becoming dignity. Without more ceremony, Monſieur le Colonel drew a chair cloſe to the Lady Aminta, and took her by the hand with an exceſſive freedom, requeſting her to ſit down alſo. My lady was perfectly well bred, having had me about her from her infancy, ſo that ſhe acquieſced without the leaſt embarraſſment.

Don Antonio caſt a look on me, and placing his hand as if he felt the horns already on his forehead, made an attempt to ſay ſomething very courteous to the ſtranger, and withdrew.

"Sir," ſaid Donna Aminta to the Colonel, looking ſteadily at him, notwithſtanding his glances and impertinences, "We are very happy in ſeeing you at Ordunna, as you are ſo far on your return to France. We underſtand they have not been very civil to you at Madrid, and

that the ladies of Saragoſſa have been ſtill leſs amiable."

He replied with much gaiety, and at conſiderable length; and after a ſhort pauſe, added, with a ſmile of ſelf-approbation, "that neither Madrid nor Saragoſſa could boaſt a Donna Aminta de Buxeda."

"You are not ſure of that," ſhe replied, with a tone and manner that changed his ſmile into a look of folly; "but pray," continued ſhe, "may I aſk you how you know my family?" He heſitated in his reply, and changed colour two or three times; I obſerved him well, and plainly ſaw he was hatching a lie or a compliment. My lady repeated her queſtion, remarking that ſhe did not think her family name was known anywhere but in Granada.

"Nay," ſaid the Colonel, "by the eyes of beauty! your name is known throughout the univerſe. I aſked this route," continued he, "from Burgos, for no other reaſon than that I might have the happineſs of worſhipping at the feet of Buxeda."

He made this common place attack upon female

female vanity with much addreſs, and throwing himſelf on one knee a little before he had done ſpeaking, took my lady by the hand, and looked her in the face with an air of devotion.

" Duenna Brigida," ſaid my ſweet lady to me, " I think it is time we ſhould go to maſs; riſe, Sir," continued ſhe, " you muſt excuſe me in leaving you :" ſhe then courteſied very low, and left the room.

Monſieur le Colonel followed us very cloſely to the door, there putting a double piſtole into my hand, ſaid, " Pray for me, good lady, do !"

I did not like to receive a preſent from a ſtrange caballero, but more eſpecially from one of France, as my confeſſor had aſſured me that all the preſent great people of that country are heretics and atheiſts, who feed and fatten on the blood of good Catholicks; and that their Emperor himſelf has drank lately of the blood of His Holineſs the Pope. I however took the money with a determination not to keep it

myſelf, but as I did not know what elſe to do with it, I put it into my ſaquilio *, and followed my lady into her own room.

"I hate a Frenchman, Bridget," ſaid ſhe, "and that Colonel Mimo † more than any one I ever ſaw."

"My lady does not ſpeak his name right, although the name my lady has given him, may be very proper for ſuch a monkey; ſtill I know it is not what he called himſelf; his name I think is Minio ‡."

"If that be his name, Bridget," ſaid my lady, "it is not written on his cheeks."

"I am pleaſed to ſee my lady ſo happy in her jeſt," was my reply; "but ſhall I get the mantilla §, that we may go to church?" "Yes, my good mother,"

* "Saquilio, or ſaquillo," a little bag carried over the arm to hold the pocket handkerchief.

† "Mimo," S. a mimick. ‡ "Minio," S. red.

§ "Mantilla," a ſort of black veil worn by the ladies in Spain when they go out.

ſhe

ſhe replied, "and my baſquina too *, for it is late."

On our way to the maſs, we paſſed through crowds of French ſoldiers, who had juſt entered the town from the Burgos road: the Plaza † was quite full of them, and every ſtreet and every door. At ſuch a ſight I croſſed myſelf, and ſaid an ave maria ‡, and I am ſure my Lady Aminta did the ſame, for, God help us, they looked to me for all the world like a troop of hungry wolves, which, after having carried off the ſhepherd, were all ready to fall upon the flock.

We did not return home until it was quite noon, for my lady choſe to confeſs, to which reſolution I had nothing to oppoſe. I believe, poor thing, ſhe felt her hatred to the French ſo heavy upon her heart, that

* "Baſquina," a black upper petticoat worn by the ladies of the northern provinces of Spain when they go out.

† "Plaza," the Plaza of Orduna is a ſquare in which the market is held.

‡ "Ave Maria," a prayer to the Bleſſed Virgin.

ſhe found it neceſſary to lighten it by repentance. To love our enemies is certainly part of a Chriſtian's duty; which if we cannot comply with, we ſhould confeſs, and do penance for our diſobedience.

As we entered our own houſe, the French Colonel met us at the door; he approached my lady with more gravity than I had believed him to poſſeſs, and requeſted the honor of leading her upſtairs; ſhe gave him her hand without a word, and in an inſtant we found ourſelves in the dinner-room. Don Antonio was already there, enjoying a cigar *, agreeable to his cuſtom, before dinner. My lady and I went to change her dreſs, leaving him and the Colonel together.

On our return the gay Frenchman roſe, but Don Antonio kept his ſeat, and continued to ſmoke his cigar.

" I have juſt been obſerving to your

* " Cigarro—cigar," commonly written by the Engliſh ſegar, a little roll of tobacco leaves to be ſmoaked.

huſband,

huſband, Madam," ſaid the Colonel, "how happy he muſt be in the poſſeſſion of ſo much beauty and ſo much merit."

"Monſieur le Colonel," replied my lady, "it would ſeem that flattery is ſtill a part of French education, by ſo polite a man being ſuch an adept: pray tell me," added ſhe, "is it Talleyrand or the Emperor who has the office of flattering our beloved ſovereign now that he is in France? we know who it was that did it before he left Spain. Monſieur le Colonel," continued ſhe, with an emphaſis not to be miſunderſtood, "they who want to poſſeſs will flatter, that they may afterwards betray."

"Mi querida *" ſaid Don Antonio, laying down his cigar, "don't inſult His Excellency."

"On the contrary," ſaid the Colonel, "I admire her wit and her ſpirit:" then turning to my lady, he added, "forgive me, Donna Aminta, I beg your pardon."

The ſervants came in at this moment with dinner, ſo that I was obliged to leave the

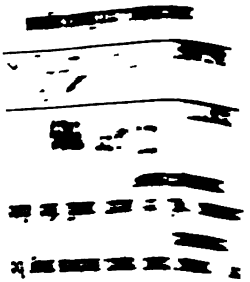
* "Mi querida," my dear.

room, although much againſt my inc
nation; but nothing is more proper tha
decorum, and a religious obſervance of th
cuſtoms of our anceſtors. I retired to m
lady's chamber, and ruminated during th
whole time of their dinner upon Monſieu
the French Colonel. I did not like Do
Antonio calling him His Excellency, an
as to his coming to my lady's houſe,
know he enquired at the Poſada * on th
other ſide of the Plaza for the perſon wh
kept the beſt table, and who had th
prettieſt wife in Ordunna. *By the eyes
beauty! your name is known throughout t
univerſe*: what hypocrites theſe vagabon
are! thought I. Oh the villain! I am
happy that my lady told him his Emper
cajoled our good and unſuſpecting Kin
I wiſh the Devil would fetch his eld
born, Napoleone, with Godoi † round his
neck and all their adherents, for the earth
was never ſo beſet with hell-hounds as it is
in theſe days.

* "Poſada," Inn.

† Godoi, the Prince of the Peace.

I am



is fellow's compliments and
make no impreſſion on
a; every drop of blood in
Spaniſh, and ſhe has always
o Don Antonio, and ſo have
e I love him, but becauſe I
ſe honour is dearer to me than
ſhe married Don Antonio,
cavalier has offered her his
have given me piſtoles * too,
is Frenchman; but as her
n proof againſt the impreſſion
s, ſo my fidelity has ever been
the impreſſion of their gold.
is a mean ſpirited miſcreant;
ike his father, the good, the
n Gonſalvo! but he is like his
the Lady Aminta had been
born to be the wife of the father, inſtead
of the ſon, Spain could not have boaſted
ſuch a couple ſince the days of Ferdinand
and Iſabella. Don Antonio, I do not like
you; not becauſe you never ſo much as

* "Piſtole," a coin worth about 18s.

gave me an aguinaldo * in all your life, but becauſe you are jealous without reaſon, and have not a ſpark of Spaniſh patriotiſm in your ſoul. If my lady could diſhonour you without diſhonouring herſelf, it would be no more than you deſerve; but that cannot be, for I never could comprehend how the proſtitution of one's own perſon ſhould make a beaſt of one's huſband. Thus I ſat, ruminating in my lady's chamber, when I was ſent for to attend her to her ſieſta †. She ſaid little to me, but lay down apparently much abſorbed in thought.

"Can I ſpeak with you, Dame Bridget," ſaid Don Antonio to me in a low tone, pretending to look for ſomething in the room; I begged my lady's leave, and followed him into the hall; where, taking me by the arm, with many hums and ha's,

* "Aguinaldo," a new year's gift; a Chriſtmas-box.

† "Sieſta," a nap after dinner, a cuſtom in Spain nd in Italy.

he

he began to ſay a great deal about the fickleneſs of women, and their natural proneneſs to intrigue. I took fire at his vile inſinuations, and would have blown the houſe about his ears in a moment, if he had not begged my pardon, and declared ſolemnly that I miſunderſtood him; that he did not mean to include any body in this houſe, that he was only going to aſk me what I thought might be the effects of ſo many French ſoldiers being at Ordunna on the riſing generation?

I deſired him to conſult his own head on that ſubject; that I believed the ſubject concerned no one leſs than himſelf, and at the ſame time oppreſſed no one more. He ſtared at me as if I had aſked him for a new manto *, then attempting to look very amiable, "Donna Brigida," ſaid he, "you are a ſenſible good woman, and I love you in my ſoul; take care of my wife, and I will remember you in my will."

I courteſied, and thanked him. "But,"

* "Manto," a ſort of cloak worn by women in Spain occaſionally.

con-

continued he, " tell me what you think about this Colonel who I am obliged to have in my houſe? I ſee plainly my wife loves him, for he always ſays ſuch fine things to her, and at dinner he drank the wine ſhe left in her glaſs; I don't like all this, my good friend: I am afraid — I am afraid, that I may have as much reaſon to be concerned about theſe French dogs being in Ordunna as any one."

" Indeed, truly," ſaid I, " Don Antonio, I muſt confeſs the French Colonel is very handſome, not that I mean to ſay his perſon is ſo much handſomer than yours, as to make a woman loſe her wits for him, but he ſays and does ſuch graceful things, that one cannot help being in love with him. " What!" he replied, " What! then you have confeſſed, eh! and I am—" he continued, trembling, and turning pale, as he eſſayed to ſpeak.

" No, no," ſaid I, " you deceive yourſelf; it is not ſo, believe me; the Lady Aminta does not love the Colonel, on the contrary ſhe hates him; but what you have

ſeen,

ſeen, and what I have ſeen, proves that he loves her."

"Seen!" he repeated earneſtly.

"Look here," ſaid I, "Don Antonio," taking the double piſtole from my ſaquilio, "this the Colonel gave to me before I went to maſs; don't you think that this is doing a handſome thing?"—"A bribe, as I live!" he exclaimed, "to betray my wife; you ſhall leave the houſe inſtantly, and as for my wife, I will put her in a convent." Here he raged, and ſtamped, and made ſuch a noiſe, that ſeveral of the ſervants from below, and the French Colonel from the ſaloon, came into the little hall where we were.

"What is the matter, pray Sir?" ſaid Monſieur; "have any of my retinue been doing amiſs?"

"Oh no," replied Don Antonio, as mild as a lamb; "I have only been ſcolding the Madre de familia *, becauſe the coffee was bad."—"That's a lie!" ſaid I to myſelf, though quite loud enough to be overheard,

* "Madre de familia," houſekeeper.

and

and turned upon my heel to return to my lady's chamber.

Before I got there, I heard the Colonel obſerve to Don Antonio, that it certainly was not true that the coffee was bad, and that therefore he was not ſurpriſed to hear me defend my point with ſuch a vehement aſſertion; that beſides, women required many indulgencies, and ſhould not be dealt with ſo harſhly.

This conduct of the Colonel made me think better of him than I expected to have done, although I could not help laughing at his miſtake.

"What is the matter, Bridget," ſaid my lady, as I entered the room. "The matter is too ridiculous, my dear lady," ſaid I, "to think of ſeriouſly; as uſual, your huſband has taken maggots into his head, which ſeem to have got wings, and as they buzz about his brain, he feels their horns goading his imagination. He ſaid that women are all faggots, which bear ignition like the ſpunk he lights his cigar with; he hinted that you had been falſe to him, and

that

that I had been privy to it. I could bear it no longer, ſo told him my mind; at which he flew into ſuch a rage, that I thought he would have ſhook down the great urn at the end of the little hall. Sebaſtian came up, and Diego came up, and Senor Don Juan Battiſta kept ſhouting from above ſtairs, which I believe brought the French Colonel in from the ſaloon. "Good God! what can be the matter?" ſaid he; "Oh nothing, an pleaſe Your Excellency," returned Don Antonio; "I am only ſcolding this woman here for giving you bad coffee after dinner."—"That's a lie," ſaid I plump.

"Oh fie, Duenna!" ſaid my lady, interrupting me, "that was not like yourſelf; you ſeem to have forgotten what you have often told me, that to give the lie is as great an outrage on good breeding, as to make the lie, is on good morals."

"My good lady," ſaid I, "he made me angry."

"That is no excuſe at all," ſhe replied.

"I acknowledge it, my dear," ſaid I, "and feel that I am wrong; forgive me, and

and we will talk of ſomething elſe." "Then Brigida," ſaid ſhe, "it is time I dreſs, for I expect the family of Aglaura with ſome friends from Vittoria to be here this evening to my tertulia *, and I ſuppoſe our French gueſt will not fail to be of the party, as I told him there would be a tertulia at my houſe this evening, to which I deſired him to invite as many of his officers as he might think proper."

"Then," ſaid I, "I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a crowd; but a crowd is always a crowd, whether it be fifty or an hundred."

"You are right, Bridget," ſaid ſhe; "one more than we wiſh for, is quite ſufficient to conſtitute a crowd, and when I am thus incommoded, I would as ſoon be in company with three hundred as with half a dozen. You had beſt ſend in the Camarera †," continued ſhe; "Roſina has a good taſte, ſhe ſhall adjuſt my hair."

* "Tertulia," accords to the rout of England, or rather to the Converſazione of Italy.

† "Camarera," Chambermaid, or rather Lady's-maid.

"You

" You are too beautiful already, my dear lady," ſaid I, " for your own peace."

" Hark you," replied ſhe, " Brigida, I am going to fight the French to-night: call Roſina now, and I will tell you more of my thoughts to-morrow."

With my aſſiſtance Roſina ſoon dreſſed my lady's hair, which was naturally long and beautiful; no ornament was added to it, but one large pearl above the forehead; her robe of black muſlin was elegantly fitted on by myſelf, and with my own hands I adjuſted round her neck the roſary of Virgin's-tears *, which, with its crucifix, hung devoutly on her boſom. As ſhe aroſe from her toilet, the pearl upon her brow looked like the frozen tear which the Angel of Grace converted to a brilliant for the diadem of Pity. " God bleſs you, my child!" ſaid I.—" O que belleza!" † exclaimed Roſina, putting her hands together.

* " Virgins-tears," the berries of an Indian plant; they are like the eggs of the wren in ſize and figure, and of the colour of twilight.

† " O que belleza!" O what beauty!

There

There is ſomething divine in beauty, that inſpires the old with admiration, and the young with rapture.

" Well, Brigida," ſaid my lady, " we will go into the ſaloon; Roſina," continued ſhe, " tell Senor Juan I attend him there."

On entering the ſaloon, we met Don Antonio; he had juſt riſen from his ſieſta. " I ſalute you, Don Antonio," ſaid my lady; " but what's the matter, my dear, you look ſo out of humour?"—" You are a ſtrumpet," he replied; " at leaſt in your heart you are, but I will take care of you."

" Are you not aſhamed of yourſelf, Sir," ſhe replied firmly, " to hold ſuch language to your wife? jealouſy, I know, is the cauſe of this, but every thing is an object fitted to arouſe your vile ſuſpicions, and to let looſe your jealouſy on me and on yourſelf; have you not had proofs ſufficient of my fidelity?"

" I have taken care that you ſhould have

have no opportunity to be otherwiſe," he replied.

"Fie, fie! Don Antonio," ſaid my lady; "if you have no reſpect for the wife of Perez, have at leaſt ſome for the daughter of Buxeda."—"That very name," cried he, "carries intrigue along with it."

"That's only an ill-founded jeſt, Sir," replied my lady; "and as I hope for ſalvation, your ſuſpicions are as unworthy as your jeſt."

"Then my beloved Aminta," ſaid he, fawningly, "we will be friends; I believe I may have ſaid a little too much; let us forget every thing that is paſt, and love each other as we have ever done."

"To be friends with you, Don Antonio, I have no objection," ſhe replied; "the decorum of matrimony requires it; but ever to love you as I have done, is perfectly impoſſible; the fine thread which tied our affections together has been too often broken by your brutality to me, ever to admit of its being tied again."—"Nay, Aminta," he ſaid, "where are all the tender feelings

feelings for which you are ſo much praiſed? can you be ſo cruel as to ſtand with me on trifles?"

"You know my ſentiments," ſhe replied; "you muſt never expect from me more than common duty; *that* I will religiouſly obſerve for my own ſake; whether you are happy or otherwiſe, depends upon yourſelf."

"How cool you are," ſaid Don Antonio; "there's really no argument I can manage againſt you."—"Becauſe I am always temperate," ſhe replied; "you are always either too cold or too hot."—"Give me a kiſs, dear," ſaid the ſtupid, ſottiſh, jealous, Don Antonio. "If I do," ſaid the Lady Aminta, "may I be falſe to you." As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſat down to the pianoforte, but ſhe did not play; ſhe put her elbow on the keys, and hung her cheek upon her hand. He put on the capote *, and walked down ſtairs.

"What a brute!" cried I, as he went out.

* "Capote," an upper coat or cloak, alſo an auſtere look or air. *Barretti's Dict.*

"Duenna,"

"Duenna," ſaid my lady, "I beg you would ſpare ſuch exclamations."

At this moment, Senor Juan Battiſta, my lady's muſic and Italian maſter, bowed at the door of the ſaloon, requeſting permiſſion to attend her. "Indeed I am not much in humour for muſic, Senor Juan," ſaid ſhe; "but come in, the tertulia is to be here to-night, and of courſe you and I muſt contribute ſomething to the amuſement of the company."

"I am entirely at Your Excellency's diſpoſal," he replied, "and kiſs your hand."

I never could underſtand why Senor Juan always called both Don Antonio and my lady "Your Excellency." They called Donna Aminta's father Excellency at Granada, but then he was governor of the caſtle. But I believe every thing is Excellency among the Italians, for Senor Juan tells me, that in his own country they call him Signor Don Giovanni Battiſta. Now, how Giovanni can be Juan, or a muſic-maſter a Don, is to me a riddle; but

but that which is a cat in one country is a cake in another *. I however longed to know what they would call me in Italy; ſo taking this fair opportunity of gratifying my curioſity, "Pray, Senor Juan," ſaid I, "as you always call my lady Excellency, I beg you will give me alſo the title proper to me from an Italian, when you addreſs me." "Illuſtriſſima ſi †!" ſaid the Signor Don Giovanni Battiſta, making a profound bow. "O gran Dios!" I exclaimed, "that's the way to addreſs a biſhop in Spain ‡." "Senor Juan," ſaid my lady, "while you are with us, do not for the future endeavour to expreſs your reſpect for me by a title properly not my own." "My lady means that reproof to me," ſaid I. "No, Brigida," ſhe replied; "your

* "Gato," Spaniſh, cat: "gâteau," French, cake.

† "Illuſtriſſima," a mode of addreſs in Italy to female perſons of inferior condition, not women of rank, all of whom are addreſſed by the title of "Eccellenza."

‡ The biſhops of Spain are addreſſed in Spaniſh, "Illuſtriſima," there being no difference between the two words, excepting in the orthography.

jeſt

jeſt is very innocent; but ſomething with reſpect to this manner of addreſs ſtrikes me now, which I will mention to you bye-and bye. Sit down, Senor Juan," continued my lady, "that we may play over the patriotic ſong I received this morning from my couſin at Madrid." Senor Juan played, my lady ſang; I had my diſtaff in my hand, but could not ſpin a thread for dancing: juſt as they came to the part, "Viva Fernando! muera Napoleon*!" the French Colonel preſented himſelf. An impulſe which I could not reſtrain ſent the diſtaff at his head; it flew like lightning from my hand, as I repeated with much vehemence, "Viva Fernando! muera Napoleon!"

At this extravagance of mine, my lady ceaſed the ſong, and began to laugh; but ſeeing the Colonel, whom ſhe now underſtood to have been the object of my fury, "Duenna," ſaid ſhe, "I will ſend you away to Granada for this conduct, as

* "Viva Fernando! muera Napoleon!" Life to Ferdinand! death to Napoleon!

I hope to live; what can you mean by it?"

"As I hope to be ſaved, my dear lady," I replied, "I could not help it."—"May I intercede for her, Madam?" ſaid the Colonel; "ſhe has my pardon, let me intreat for her your's."

"Upon condition that ſhe begs your pardon," replied my lady.

"She has it already, my dear Madam," rejoined the Colonel; "you know it is only for that which we have not, that it becomes neceſſary to intreat, and I am afraid I have to intreat your forgiveneſs for this my intruſion."

"Indeed Monſieur le Colonel," ſaid my lady, "it is an awkward accident altogether; but if you are not offended, I believe no one elſe has reaſon to complain."

During all this, Senor Juan continued the ſymphony, ſo that we ſcarcely could gather what each other ſaid. "Stop," ſaid my lady to him, holding up her finger; then

then reſuming her diſcourſe to the Colonel—"I thought," ſaid ſhe, "we were to have had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſome of your officers; why have you not brought them with you?"

"You muſt excuſe them to-night," he replied; "they are all employed in ſeeing the troops properly lodged in their reſpective quarters. But," continued he, "don't let my coming in put an end to your mirth; whatever it was, let me partake in it."

"That I ſuſpect you will never do," replied my lady, making a ſign at the ſame time to Senor Juan that he might retire.

I was going to follow him, for I was piqued at Donna Aminta's threat, and really began to think the Colonel a cavalier of an excellent temper and of very ſuperior breeding.

"Remain where you are, Duenna Brigida," ſaid ſhe, ſomewhat auſterely.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," I

replied, "I thought your wiſh was to be alone."

"Monſieur," ſaid ſhe, turning to the Colonel, "you are a Frenchman; ſtill it is not becoming in me to inſult you under my own roof; and however indignant I may feel as a Spaniard at the conduct of your country towards mine, yet I truſt I never ſhall forget what I owe to good manners and to myſelf, and I have only to requeſt that you will act as candidly towards me." I did not underſtand what my lady could mean by this addreſs; but love has quicker perceptions than either duty or affection. "Be aſſured, Madam," replied the Colonel, "act or ſpeak as you may in my preſence, I will neither denounce you nor find fault with you."

"What pledge will you give me for that?" ſaid my lady.

"Anything you may pleaſe to require of me," replied the Colonel.

"Indeed!" ſaid my lady; "then I will put you to the proof." She took the Colonel's

lonel's arm, and walked to the other end of the ſaloon.

I could not hear exactly what ſhe ſaid, but I gathered ſufficient to know that it was ſome queſtion ſhe put to him about the French Field-Marſhal Ney; the Colonel ſtarted at the queſtion, and placing his hand upon his forehead, ſaid, "I dare not."— "Well, well," ſhe replied, "it is of no conſequence," turning from him.

"But," ſaid he, "what uſe do you mean to make of the information?"

"Whatever I pleaſe," ſhe replied, "excepting the diſcovery of the author of it."

He remained much agitated, intimating that he would wiſh me to leave the room. I withdrew into the little hall, and in about half a minute, my lady came out to me. "Bridget," ſaid ſhe, "you muſt never mention a word of what you have ſeen or heard this night to any living ſoul."

"Never! my dear lady," ſaid I; "you know me too well to ſuppoſe me capable of it: you know I have not a ſpark of curioſity about me; and as for remembering or

repeating any thing that is ſaid or done, you know I never did — but what was it he had to ſay to you, my lady?"

"That's mum, Bridget," ſhe replied, ſmiling, and walked away to the library, taking a wax-light in her hand.

As ſhe did not deſire me to follow her, I felt a ſtrange deſire to ſee if the Colonel had any thing to ſay, that would take the veil from the myſterious half minute.

"Sir," ſaid I, going into the ſaloon, "my lady will be here in a moment; ſhe is only gone to ſee if the moon keeps her place in the heavens, as formerly; for we are afraid that you French will run away with every thing from Spain."

"I wiſh Duenna," replied the Colonel, "that I could run away with *her!* and, here! come here!" continued he, "if you will aſſiſt me, I will give you a purſe of three hundred double piſtoles."

I heſitated.—"Will you?" rejoined he, with much earneſtneſs and emotion; "here!" ſaid he, putting a handful of gold pieces into my hand, as ſome one was heard coming

coming towards the ſaloon; "take this, as an earneſt of the future."—Now I was in a great fright, becauſe my lady might as well be caught with him alone, as I to be ſo ſurpriſed; I therefore bruſhed away along the balcony, and down the winding ſtaircaſe, into the garden; for I had no other way of getting back to the little hall unſeen.

I had very imperfectly collected my ſenſes, on arriving at the garden porch, when I was confounded by obſerving my lady and a man, not far from me, in cloſe converſe, among the vines; I approached as near as I could, not from curioſity, but duty; and hid myſelf behind the great mulberry tree, cloſe to where they ſtood:

"Now," ſays ſhe, "Diego, you underſtand me; and here are three hard dollars for you; ſet off immediately, and do not return until you ſee my uncle the general; you muſt remember him at my father's, when you was a boy; now be ſure you give the walnut into his own hands, with fifty-one others, which you muſt get by the way; he will know what it means; and you will wait

his pleaſure. I think," continued ſhe, "you will certainly find him at Valmaſeda, or at fartheſt, at Bilboa."

"There is ſomething more than meat in this walnut, and pleaſe my lady," ſaid Diego.

"There is, Diego! and take thou care of it, as thou wouldſt of thine own ſoul."

Now I was all on the fidgets; but I dared not ſtay any longer where I was; ſo ſlipping along, back to the garden porch, I remained there to obſerve what more might paſs; but could underſtand nothing further, excepting that my lady gave him two hard dollars more, and he departed. On this, I made the beſt of my way up ſtairs; ruminating on what there might be in this buſineſs; particularly in the walnut given to Diego.

I had ſcarcely ſeated myſelf in the little hall, when Donna Aminta made her appearance from the library. "Have you been here ever ſince, Bridget?" ſaid ſhe.

"Oh yes, my lady," ſaid I, certainly.—"Has my lady been reading all this time?" ſaid I. "No, Bridget," ſhe replied, "I have

have been writing a little; and have ſent away my billet-doux; but remember, Bridget, you muſt never let a word out of your mouth reſpecting any thing."

"Oh no, God bleſs you my lady," ſaid I; "but, what is that the Colonel has given to you, that you ſend to your uncle in a nut-ſhell?"

"What do you mean Duenna?" ſaid my lady; "explain this myſtery to me immediately."

"I dare not, madam," I replied.

"If you love me, my dear Duenna"—ſhe repeated this with ſo much ſweetneſs, that I immediately confeſſed all; even the receiving the gold.

"Then you have ſold me, Bridget, at laſt," ſhe replied; "but you have forgotten one material part of the bargain, which is the want of my own conſent."

"No, my lady," ſaid I, "I have made no promiſe either for you nor for myſelf; I only received the gold from the Colonel, to let him ſee that his civilities to myſelf were not unacceptable: and, I am ſure, as to

liſtening in the garden, I was conſtrained to that, by accident, not by curioſity; ſtill I would give all the gold I got from the Colonel, ſo little do I value it, to know what my lady gave Diego in the nut-ſhell."—"Well, well!" replied my lady, "only keep in mind Bridget, that honeſty is always the beſt policy, and you ſhall know every thing."

Donna Carolina D'Aglaura, with ſome other ladies, were announced. My lady met them in the great hall, and accompanied them to the ſaloon, where the French Colonel, Don Antonio, and a male relation of his, were already waiting.

After the uſual ceremonies, a little converſation followed, ſomewhat general, but altogether frivolous. Some attempts were made at jocularity, but in vain; for the evening paſſed ſlowly and irkſomely away, each being occupied by ſome particular thought foreign to the converſation.

Don Antonio cogitated upon the colour of jealouſy;—the French Colonel on the quiver of Cupid, as lodged in the eye of beauty;—Donna Aminta conſidered her

project for ſerving the public cauſe;—Don Pedro Perez calculated the poſſibilities of joining General Romana's army to-morrow, at Leon;—Donna Carolina entertained the pleaſureable hope of finding her houſe untenanted by the French, on her return to Vittoria, as it was underſtood they were retreating in all directions.

Thus circumſtanced, (at leaſt I have often thought ſo ſince, that I then read their muſings;) Don Antonio and his kinſman begged to be excuſed for an hour; they would return to ſupper.

About an hour after their departure, Donna Carolina pleaded her intended return to Vittoria, on the morrow, as an excuſe for taking leave.—Donna Aminta embraced her tenderly, ſaying to the Colonel, "Will you, Colonel, do me the favour to ſee my friend and her family home?" "Moſt certainly," he replied; and left the room with the whole party.

Now that Donna Aminta and I were alone; "Pray my dear lady," ſaid I, "do tell me, if it were a ring the Colonel gave

you as the pledge of his love, which you aſked him for; and why you ſent it to your uncle?"

"To get another one made exactly like it for you, Bridget;" ſhe replied; "and then, if you have a mind, you may have the beſtower, for I have no mind to have him myſelf, my dear Duenna, I do aſſure you."

"Well now, really," ſaid I, "that is a conceit indeed! it is like the ſtory of the two rings in the ballad of the Mooriſh Queen.—I am ſure you muſt have been thinking on that."

"I hope it may turn out as well," ſhe replied; "but at preſent, Bridget, do ſee that the cook has ſomething good for Don Antonio's ſupper; as there is no other way to his good humour but through the kitchen."

Hurrying away, I put them all right in the kitchen in a trice; they were aſleep when I went up ſtairs*, but I ſoon made

* "Up ſtairs"—It is the general cuſtom in Spain to have the kitchen in the higheſt part of the houſe, to avoid the vapor of the cookery.

Maſter

Maſter Pablo ſtir his ſtumps, the olla-podrida* was burning, and the cat had ran away with the beſt fiſh on the dreſſer. I knocked the faquin's‡ head againſt the wall, and treated Maſter Pablo, the cook, with a flap in the face, from the tail of an eel that lay on the table beſide him. In five minutes all was attention to the ſupper; ſo that I returned after a very ſhort abſence to my lady; for in truth, as matters ſtood now, I did not like to leave her long alone.

I found her with a book before her, but not reading a line. She ſat with her head leaning on her hand, and was apparently in deep thought. "Is my lady making a poſy for the ring?" ſaid I.

"Did you ſpeak, Bridget?" ſaid ſhe, looking up.

"Aye; I thought ſo," was my reply,—"what did you think, Bridget?" ſaid my lady.

"That a pretty ring deſerves a pretty poſy, my lady."

* "Olla-podrida"—A ſort of hodge-podge.

‡ "Faquin"—A hewer of wood and drawer of water—a porter.

"Then

"Then, Bridget," ſhe replied, "we will have "Fidelidad †!" — "that ſhall be our motto, Duenna Brigida,—at leaſt it ſhall be mine."

"Then if it is to be yours, my lady," anſwered I, "it muſt be mine alſo; for you know, both rings are to be exactly alike."

"As like, Bridget," ſaid my lady, "as the two ſides of a walnut-ſhell."

Our diſcourſe at this point was interrupted by a noiſe on the ſtairs, followed by the ſudden appearance of Don Antonio without his hat, holding in his hand a drawn ſword, that looked bloody as he flouriſhed it about the room. "If ever he cuckolds another, I am a liar, that's all!" He vociferated up and down;—then running furiouſly up to Donna Aminta, as he took ſomething off the ſword point; "Here!" he exclaimed, "here is a piece of his liver,—look at it!—look at it!—wouldſt eat it?—Women and vultures, they ſay, fatten on carrion!"—"By all this," ſaid my lady, riſing from her ſeat, "I ſuppoſe I am to

† "Fidelidad"—Fidelity.

underſtand

underſtand you have murdered Monſieur Minois. "You are then," added ſhe, "a monſter indeed!"

"You would have made me ſo," he returned, "had he lived perhaps until to-morrow; but I have ſent him to keep his aſſignations in hell."

"For this act, then," ſaid my lady, "I do abhor you, Don Antonio Perez; for in ſuch a man there cannot be one drop of Spaniſh blood, that has not been baſely adulterated by the Moor."

"I am Gonſalvo's ſon!!!" he bellowed loud enough to be heard at the court-houſe. "I wiſh you were like him," replied my lady, mildly.

"For that, I care not;" ſaid he, "all I mind is, I killed him fairly; it was a tilt, a challenge; no ambuſh; I did it at the ſecond longe,—and when he fell, he confeſſed all; but as he was dying, he looked at me as if he would ſwallow up his words again;—yet I have them.—He told me, that you, Miſtreſs Brigida, was to have let him in to your own room this night; where that

that lady, that fair, immaculate, ice of milk, from the cold mountains of Granada, was to find a place of warmer aſpect than the boſom of her huſband."—As he ſpoke my lady ſtared at me, and I at him; if he had not had a ſword in his hand I would have torn his eyes out.—I knew it was a lie, and ſaid ſo; but my lady ſhook her head.

"Yes!" continued he, "thou wouldſt make me a beaſt! but who's the beaſt now? it is the dead dog under the piazzas; go!" continued he, ſhaking his ſword at Donna Aminta, "go! and ſmell to him!" At this moment the French Colonel himſelf entered the ſaloon. Don Antonio, hearing a foot behind, looked ſuddenly round, and as ſuddenly dropped the ſword from his hand; his knees began to knock together, and his hair got up like the briſtles of an angry boar—but he was not now angry, he was frightened.

The Colonel ſtood amazed, and looked as if indeed he had juſt riſen from the dead. I muſt confeſs I felt myſelf in a ſtrange quandary at the ſight of him.—My lady gazed

firſt

firſt at Don Antonio, then at the Colonel.—"Some one," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing the latter, in a pathetic tone of voice, and pointing to her huſband, "has loſt his life this night, by the hands of that unhappy man,—and moſt likely it is a French officer. Here," continued ſhe, kneeling before the Colonel, "let me intreat your good offices to ſave him, although his deſign, I believe, was to have murdered yourſelf."

"Riſe, ſweet Angel!" ſaid the Colonel, as a tear ſtole on his eye; "diſpel your fears; there is no one hurt, I know the ſtory." My lady aroſe, fixing her eyes on Don Antonio, who, as ſhe looked at him, gradually brought his breech upon the floor; for his knees ſhook ſo under him that he could not ſtand any longer.

"Come, come," ſaid the Colonel, taking Don Antonio by the hand, "get up!—Don Pedro has put a joke on you; I did not ſuppoſe, however, it could have gone this length; but you merit it; for ſo good and ſo brave a man did not deſerve to be ſent on ſuch an errand. When he met me, diſguiſed by your

your capote and hat, I ſaluted him for you.'" —"Draw, villain," ſaid he "that I may revenge my injured honour!"—I denied that I had ever injured him.—He called me raſcal, liar, coward.—I appealed to heaven for the truth of what I had ſaid, and prayed him not to urge me by abuſe, for I would rather chuſe to die than kill the huſband of Aminta.—"You are the vileſt ſlave on earth!" he replied, "you are a Frenchman, and Napoleon is your maſter, draw, villain! and let me have your heart."—"I am a Frenchman, it is true," I replied; "but I am not a ſlave to Napoleon; I will not draw upon you, Don Antonio; I would not injure a dog belonging to the country of Donna Aminta; you may allay your jealouſy with my blood, if you wiſh it; but I declare to God that I have not, nor do I believe I now could bring myſelf to diſhonour your wife; although I muſt confeſs I cannot but love her. On her account, every one in Spain is dear to me; her friends are my friends, and her enemies are my enemies. I would rather ſee Napoleon die than do

Lady

Lady Aminta any injury."—"Having ſaid thus much," continued the Colonel, "my antagoniſt diſcovered himſelf not to be Don Antonio."

"No!" cried Don Pedro, from behind the ſaloon door, "It was Don Pedro, and here he is."

"Welcome Don Pedro!" ſaid the Colonel.

"I have been laughing ready to die in the hall," cried Pedro, "ever ſince the ſecond act of this comic tragedy began."

"I am not well pleaſed at ſome part of this buſineſs, Don Pedro," ſaid my lady; "nor do I think any part of it a laughing matter."

"Nay!" replied the Don, "when I found from what the Colonel ſaid, that my couſin Antonio had groſsly impoſed upon himſelf and me, I naturally explained to the Colonel, and embraced him as our common friend. On our way from the place of rencontre, I ſuggeſted to him my idea of puniſhing my couſin for credulity, which had put me on a piece of folly, or rather of madneſs, that might have coſt one or both of us

our

our lives." The Colonel remarked that I had better explain the matter to your huſband, ſeriouſly; I ſaid I would do that afterwards; we then parted, and I returned to Don Antonio, who waited for me in the ſtable of the Poſſada. I gave him the naked ſword as I entered; ſaying, "there! you may now ſleep eaſy; you are ſafe, and he is ſafe."—"Dead!" he replied.—"Aye, dead!" ſaid I, "dead as I would wiſh him."—"Where did you find him?" he interrogated.—"In the piazza of the Plaza," ſaid I.—"Where did you leave him?" he rejoined.—"Not exactly where I found him," I replied;—"I brought him along with me into the ſtreet."—"There will be a noiſe about it," he ſaid. "Yes," ſaid I, "and you had better go one way to ſee if you can get ſome of your friends to conceal him, and I'll go another; for hide him we muſt, ſooner or later, I ſtrongly ſuſpect."—"Well! well!" he replied eagerly, and ſomewhat in a fright; "go you! go you! and I'll run and ſee what I can do this way."—Off he ſet, with the ſword under his coat; and I immediately

immediately followed him, for fear he ſhould breathe the ſtory to any one, not our friends; but finding he made ſtraight for the houſe, my mind was ſet at eaſe; and I got very near to him as he entered the court-door. There was a table rather in the way on which ſome rolls of chocolate lay, that had been drying and forgotten. He made a cut at the table with his ſword, right among the chocolate, which flew about his own ears like a ſhower of mud; in attempting to avoid it, he fell over the table, and off dropt his hat: I almoſt died with laughing. He recovered himſelf and ran furiouſly up ſtairs; I followed as cloſely as I could, and lodged myſelf behind that door; through the crevice of which, I have had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing as good a ſcene as ever was imagined by Lopez de Vega."

During this recital, Don Antonio was ſtrongly agitated by a mixed ſenſation of fear, ſhame, hatred, and revenge. The cauſe of the firſt was gone by, but its effect continued; the ſecond owned no other parent, than helpleſs diſgrace; the third embraced

braced no leſs an object than every thing exiſting, excepting meat, drink, ſleep, and cigars. But Don Pedro was intended to be the victim of the laſt.

In this ſtate he ſtood, with a countenance like the faded leaf of an autumnal cabbage; when the Colonel taking him by the hand, ſaid with an air of friendſhip, and honeſty; "Don Antonio, I hope, we are now all friends."

"I am glad," replied Don Antonio, "to ſee your Excellency alive."—"I return you the compliment," ſaid the Colonel.

"We will go to ſupper," rejoined Don Antonio, keeping hold of the Colonel's hand—"but I will never forgive you, Mr. Pedro," continued he, "as long as I live."—"Then," ſaid Don Pedro, "may my liver turn to a chocolate cake if I care."

Donna Aminta poured out ſome tumblers of wine and helped them round, reconciling the parties by her kind interpoſition: "Come," ſaid ſhe, putting their hands together, "Friendſhip and Fidelity!"—"That is our motto, my lady," ſaid I (remember

it was I the Duenna who ſaid that). "Yes, Bridget," rejoined ſhe, "and you ſhall take ſome wine too."—The male parties then embraced one another; while my lady and I kiſſed our own lips for joy *.

Supper was announced; my lady begged the Colonel's permiſſion to admit me to the room; to which he very politely aſſented, obſerving that there were few gentlewomen living, for whom he had a higher reſpect than for the Duenna Brigida. My lady thanked him, while I courtſied and looked amiable.

The ſoup was already on the table; ſo we took our ſeats. I at the corner, with my lady on my left hand, and Don Antonio on my right. Don Pedro ſat between my lady and the Colonel; but I have not told you where the Colonel ſat; however I think it is not difficult to find out: wherever he ſat he offered to help the ſoup, but Don Pedro inſiſted on doing the honors.—We all took of it excepting Don Antonio.

* In Spain and Italy, perſons of different ſexes never embrace or kiſs in public.

The

The Colonel, who did not know his ſurly humour, thought he muſt be indiſpoſed; his ſuſpicions were however ſoon removed, by ſeeing the demonſtrations he made upon ſome larded larks, which were brought in immediately after the ſoup. Theſe he devoured in an inſtant, together with a diſh of paſtelitos*, and a plate of ſalpicon†; and then he aſked if there was not an olla.

"O certainly Senor," ſaid I, "will you have it ſerved up juſt now?" "Why not?" ſaid he.

"Becauſe," ſaid I, "there is a fine diſh of *entrannas de gallinas*‡, a preſent this afternoon from the country." "Entrannas de Gallinas!" he repeated, licking his chops,

* "Paſtelito"—A little pye—"A petit pâtè."

† "Salpicon"—Cold meat ſliced, with ſalt, vinegar, oil, and pepper—or anchovies in vinegar and oil, with ſhredded parſley—in ſhort, any thing ſalt and piquant.

‡ "Entranna de Gallina,"—Literally "the entrails of a hen," but the diſh is in general compoſed of many hearts, gizzards, and livers of poultry, together with all the young eggs, ſtewed with parſley and butter, or rather cream, with yolks of eggs in it, acidulated by a little lemon—it is never made with oil.

and

and looking as innocent as a ſucking babe with the nipple in its mouth; "Entrannas de gallinas!—Colonel, what do you think of that?—Livers as big as my—thumb—I'll warrant you."

"Like a chocolate roll, Colonel," ſaid Don Pedro.

"Now Pedro," ſaid Don Antonio, "my dear couſin, will you never let me reſt about that nonſenſe on the ſword's point? Let us drink wine together, and forget the paſt. Come Aminta, mia querida!" continued he, "you ſhall drink ſome too; and the Colonel will join in the general feſtivity."

"With all my heart," replied the graceful Frenchman. The entrannas quickly made its appearance; and was really very delicious. Don Antonio firſt devoured it with his eyes, and then with his jaws; giving ſcarcely a morſel to any one but himſelf. My lady and I, affecting not to like it, refuſed to be helped; and when Don Pedro found there would be none for him after the Colonel was ſerved, begged that ſomething

elſe might be brought on the table,—as for his part he never eat chocolate for ſupper."

This made us all ſmile; and Don Antonio laughed aloud; feeling, as I ſuppoſe, that he had the ſubſtantial part of the joke on his ſide.

The olla potrida was brought in; but no one could touch it, from the ſinge; indeed it was quite burnt, notwithſtanding the hint I gave Maſter Pablo reſpecting it. The olla being ſpoiled, afforded good fun for Don Antonio on this occaſion, as the diſh of *entrannas* had ſo taken away his appetite, that he had no mind to it. But we had to thank our friends in the country for his pleaſantry; otherwiſe, the burning of the olla would have been the ſource of an hour's abuſe, to every one to whom he dared open his mouth.

A roaſted fowl was now ſerved up, and a brace of partridges; the partridges were very good, although not larded, but he did not think ſo; however, Don Pedro and I eat nearly one between us.

"Well!"

"Well!" ſaid Don Antonio, "the *entrannas* were certainly very good, but I have not ſupped—I hope you have a fiſh."

"I believe the cat ran away with it," ſaid my lady.

"The devil ſhe did!" replied Don Antonio; "then ſhe ſhall never run away with another, for I will have her killed, and ſend her carcaſe as a preſent to the Poſada to feed hungry travellers with."

"My dear," ſaid Donna Aminta, "the Poſadas do not do thoſe things now; nor do I believe," continued ſhe, "that they ever did; the belief of it is founded on an idle ſtory, raiſed by a countryman of the Colonel*, who took many other liberties with the Spaniſh character."

Don Pedro ſupported my lady's poſition: the Colonel acquieſced in it: Don Antonio defended his point, and was juſt boiling up into a rage, when the fiſh made its appearance. At the ſight of it, he ſubſided like the boiling of its own pot when the cook raiſed up the lid to take it out. "Apropos!"

* Monſieur Le Sage in his Gil Blas.

ſaid the Colonel, "if it be a ſerene day to-morrow, Donna Carolina will conſider her-ſelf highly honoured if you will ſee her to the foot of the hill, on her way to Vittoria."

"It will not only be a pleaſure, but a duty," replied my lady.

"I hope I may flatter myſelf with the happineſs of being of the party;" rejoined the Colonel. My lady heſitated.

"O certainly," ſaid Don Antonio; "why does the fooliſh girl wait for my approbation? The Colonel ſhall certainly go; and you and I will be their eſcorts, Pedro, aye?"

"For my part," replied Don Pedro, "I certainly ſhould like to be of the party; but there is a paramount duty calls me to-morrow."

"Where?" cried Don Antonio.—Don Pedro looked at the Colonel; who ſaid inſtantly, "If it be any thing in which I can ſerve you, command me without reſerve."—"You belong to the French army!" ſaid Don Pedro.

"We will ſay no more at preſent," replied the Colonel.

"I be-

"I believe they may take away," whiſpered my lady to Don Antonio. "All but the wine," he replied. "Take away all but the wine!" ſhe repeated; "and then leave us alone."

"What is that for?" ſaid Don Antonio.

"Do you want any thing more, my dear?" replied Donna Aminta.

"No!" ſaid he, "only the cigars."

"Bring thoſe naſty cigars, Sebaſtian," ſaid my lady, "and then you may retire, and tell Roſina to have the bed candles ready; and attend in my chamber with mine."

Sebaſtian brought the cigars, and took his leave; bowing as one "bien criado*" ought to bow.

"Now, Don Pedro," ſaid the Colonel, "now that we are alone, I confeſs to you that I am ſo much loſt to every deſire but that of ſerving this family and its friends, that you may command the Frenchman to ſerve the Spaniard."

* "Criado"— A ſervant; but "bien criado" ſpecifies well-bred.

"That is ſtrange!" ſaid Don Pedro.

"It is nevertheleſs true," replied the Colonel.

"God preſerve you to your purpoſe, if it be good," ſaid I.

"Thank you, Duenna," he replied, "for I value much the prayer of the pious."

"Will you take a cigar, Colonel," ſaid Don Antonio.

"No," he replied; "I am much obliged to you; that is an accompliſhment I never could attain."—Then reſuming his diſcourſe to Don Pedro, and taking him by the hand, "Tell me frankly—there is ſomething in my power which you want."

"There is!" replied the young Perez; "but I do not like to put myſelf under an obligation to a ſtranger; and to be honeſt with you," continued he, "I do not like to put myſelf in the power of a man holding a commiſſion, nay I may ſay a command, in the French army."

The Colonel made no reply, but looked at my lady.—She certainly underſtood him, whatever he might mean; which I thought

thought very odd as they had not been acquainted above thirteen hours; but I believe ſomething paſſed in the myſterious half-minute, which gave birth to a confidence not to be acquired by the ordinary communications of vulgar minds in half a century. —"Yes!" ſaid he, "I'll anſwer for your ſafety, couſin."

"And ſo will I—what is it?" ſaid Don Antonio.

Don Pedro fixed his eyes upon my lady, and then wrote ſomething upon a ſlip of paper, which he gave to the Colonel; who no ſooner caſt his eyes upon it, than he remarked, "Very well! I thought ſo; if you will accompany me to my room on your way to bed, you ſhall have it; and we will there talk over ſome matters that may be uſeful to you hereafter."—"What! are you going to pray?" ſaid Don Antonio.

"Yes! I ſhall do that too," replied Don Pedro.

"We ſhall ſee you in the morning before you go, Pedro," ſaid my lady, riſing.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Then good night, Coz.; good night, Senor Colonel; and good night, Don Antonio." The couſin and the Colonel returned the ſalute, but Don Antonio retained his ſeat and his cigar.

There had been ſuch a noiſe in the houſe all day, that ſleep ſeemed ſcared from my pillow. For from the hour I kiſſed my lady's hand at night, until I aroſe in the morning, I did nothing but turn, and toſs, and build caſtles in Andaluſia *.

Not being able to ſleep, I got up at the dawn of day; and as ſoon as it was clear-light, went into my lady's apartment, to ſee that her morning things were all ready to put on. I was ſurpriſed to find her already out of bed, ſtanding by the window which faces the eaſt; the bluſh of Aurora hung

* "To build caſtles in Andaluſia," anſwers to the Engliſh expreſſion, "To build caſtles in the air."—It came into uſe in Spain ſoon after the diſcovery of South America; and owes its origin to the conſequences of that event.—"We will go to Mexico for wealth, and return and build our caſtles in Andaluſia," was the common expreſſion of adventurers from Cadiz, in the 16th century.

upon

upon her cheek, and as ſhe ſmiled upon me, I thought it was the ſun.—Such is the cheering influence of beauty adorned by goodneſs.

"We ſhall have an agreeable walk this morning, Duenna; the day is fine, and I hope," ſaid ſhe, "that the Deity ſmiles propitious upon Spain."

"That it may pleaſe him," ſaid I, "to bleſs my lady! and this, my wretched country!" ſhe rejoined, putting her hands together as ſhe raiſed them to heaven.

In an hour the houſe was all on foot.—Special care had been taken to have the chocolate good and rich this morning, of which I ſerved the Colonel myſelf to a cup that the ſpoon ſtood an end in.—He had been accuſtomed to eat chocolate in Spain, ſo that he took the ſpoon out, and dipping in the end of his dried toaſts, ſoon finiſhed it.

"Thank you, Duenna," ſaid he, "it is really very good." I courteſied, and began to take my own.

"Will you have the goodneſs to give me an hour," ſaid the Colonel; "it is proper

that I ſhould attend the parade, to give out ſome orders written laſt night." As he ſaid this, he looked ſteadfaſtly at my lady. She uttered no audible reply; but made a ſign of aſſent to him with her head; on which he picked up his hat and ſword, and was off in a moment.

In about an hour Donna Carolina came, with her daughter, and a male couſin.—"O what a charming day, my dear Aminta!" ſhe ſaid,—"we ſhall have ſuch a delightful walk to the head of the valley, that I hope you will accompany us; for I have deſired the ſervant with the mules to go on before."

"Don Antonio!" ſaid my lady, "are you ready?"

"No!" ſaid he, "I wont go!—Couſin Pedro will go with you! but where is the Colonel?" continued he, "I thought he was to have been of the party. However, I begin to think he is a wiſe man, ſomething like myſelf." "As you pleaſe," ſaid my lady. "Are you ready, Don Pedro?" continued ſhe.

"Perfectly!"

"Perfectly;" he replied, adding, "it was time that we go."—He then embraced his couſin Don Antonio, and left the room with the party, of which I had the honour to be one.

We met the Colonel juſt after we had paſſed the Plaza; or rather, he having ſeen us go by, overtook us.

"I have been fortunate," ſaid he.

"Indeed, I am glad you have joined us;" ſaid my lady. "I think we ſhall have a pleaſant walk."—"Pray Seignor," ſaid Donna Carolina, "do you know if the French have retreated from Vittoria yet? My letters ſay they were to go this morning."

"Indeed Madam," replied the Colonel, "I am not in the ſecret; I only know what my orders are."

"And pray, Sir," ſaid the Donna Carolina, "what may they be?"

"To keep them ſecret, Madam," he replied.

"I give you credit for your anſwer, Colonel," ſaid Don Pedro.—Donna Caro-

lina consumed the whole time of the walk in asking questions about the enemy's movements; all of which, the Colonel very dexterously avoided, without giving offence.

Just as we reached the foot of the hill, she turned to Donna Aminta, whispering, "I never saw any one like you! you have no curiosity; now if that gentleman were in the house with me, I would ask him all the questions in the world; for he is the most proper cavalier, I ever saw come out of France." Then, without loosing a breath, "Apropos, Colonel," she cried: "is it true that a French grenadier at Estella * took a child by the feet and dashed its brains out against the step of a door, because the mother would not submit to brutal violence."

"I am sorry," said he, "to be obliged to confess that it is true."

"And does the wretch live?" said Lady Aminta, looking with excessive displeasure on the Colonel.

"I have no reason to believe otherwise,"

* "Estella,"—A town in Navarre.

he

he replied; "the conduct of the town had placed it out of the pale of military protection."

"Where is thy arm, O God?" exclaimed my lady—"unto what hour doſt thou reſerve thy vengeance!"

"In that hour, preſerve us Heaven!" replied the Colonel.

"Aye, you may well ſay that," cried Donna Carolina, exultingly;—while I, more ſedate in my abhorrence, ſaid an Ave Maria. —Don Pedro ſmiled; the other young ſpark laughed; and Miſs fell into a violent fit of coughing. If this was meant at me, I wiſh ſhe had choaked.—All at length were calm—and here we were to part.

"I muſt be going, Couſin," ſaid Don Pedro; "this is my road!" pointing to the right, where the path aſcends the hill at the head of the valley, to Burgos.

"Are you going to Burgos?" enquired Donna Carolina.

"No," ſaid he, "I am only going part of the way; I then ſhall turn to the weſtward."—As he finiſhed ſpeaking, the Colonel

onel took him by the arm, and they went aſide for a few minutes; during which time Donna Carolina occupied herſelf in perſuading my lady to accompany her to the top of the hill; and to ſhew ſhe would take no apology, which my lady offered abundantly, to be excuſed, the ſervant and mules were ordered to proceed.

Don Pedro took his leave, and we proceeded to mount the hill to the left. It became very ſteep and difficult after a few minutes walk; and although the day was not warm, there being a fine breeze from the north, up the valley, yet we had occaſion many times to halt before we reached the ſummit.

The valley expanded itſelf beautifully beneath, while the hills that ſurrounded it preſented themſelves to us on every ſide.—This ſcenery would have drawn ſome fine obſervations from my lady, if the Colonel had not been with us; and moſt likely from the Colonel himſelf, if Donna Carolina had not peſtered him ſo inceſſantly with queſtions.

After an hour's climbing, we found ourſelves on the ſummit; perched like flies upon the edge of a China baſon, looking down upon the landſcape in colours, lying below.

Donna Carolina mounted her mule, and ſo did her couſin, and her daughter.—I don't mean that they all three mounted the ſame mule, which every body knows might be; and I know no pleaſanter travelling, than three on a mule for a ſhort diſtance; but the Aglauras are too great folks for that; yet for my part, I do not ſee why two ladies ſhould be aſhamed to ſit each in an arm-chair ſlung on the oppoſite ſide of a mule, with a gentleman on his back between them, any more than they ſhould be aſhamed to dance a fandango.—However, the Aglauras took an affectionate leave of Donna Aminta, and ſet off for Vittoria; a ride of of about five hours; that is, about twenty miles.

"You muſt be fatigued," ſaid the Colonel to my lady, "will you take my arm as we return."

"That

"That is not the cuſtom in Spain," ſhe replied; "we muſt be content to act as other people do, in ordinary matters."

"Well my lady," ſaid I, "if you wont profit by the Colonel's arm, I will; for I am ready to drop with fatigue."—"That is right Duenna," ſaid he, "I ſee you are a woman of ſpirit."

We had ſcarcely deſcended ten feet, when I felt the cramp in my left foot, a thing I have been ſubject to ever ſince I trod upon a cock's egg, when a girl.—"God bleſs me," ſaid I, "I can go no further; I have got the cramp in my foot.

"Sit down, Bridget," ſaid my lady.

"Let me help you to that little hillock," ſaid the Colonel, "you will ſit there ſoft." —I limped along, till he ſet me down upon a bank of moſs, below the branches of an immenſe oak tree. There was but one remedy for my complaint, and that was, to beat the ſole of the foot well with its own ſhoe, which I did,—I was ſoon in a condition to walk, but my lady deſired me to reſt a little.

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," ſaid the Colonel, "Duenna, I am much indebted to you for this happy occaſion. I feel a pleaſure in this moment, Donna Aminta," continued he, "that I cannot expreſs; and, perhaps, as it is the moſt delightful I have ever experienced in my paſt life, ſo it may be the happieſt of my whole exiſtence;—you have inſpired me with a ſentiment that has extolled my ſoul above itſelf, which makes me feel, that I love you without deſiring to poſſeſs you; but perhaps it is for the ſame reaſon that ambition is content to worſhip heaven."

"For God's ſake, Monſieur Minois, do not talk to me thus!" ſaid my lady; "for Love is not to be tempted in any ſhape,—you deceive yourſelf," continued ſhe, "there is no ſafety with reſpect to him but in flight: therefore let us go!"

"Stay but awhile," he ſaid, "and let us enjoy the innocent delight of gazing on this lovely ſcene; lovely to me indeed, with you ſo nigh.—How tranquil is the boſom of that ſpacious valley, ſtretched beneath us like a mighty amphitheatre, whoſe walls

walls reach up to heaven.—Look on the various colours of the fields, whoſe happy ſtream haſtens to fill Aminta's bath—ſweet angel, when thou deſcendeſt to trouble the waters, I would wait there to be healed by them!"

My lady interrupted him, "You are dangerous, Monſieur Minois—you would flatter me into folly—you have diſcovered that you are not diſagreeable to me, and therefore you would profit by my good opinion of you. But believe me, the attempt is vain; for I ſhould not think myſelf worthy to live, if I could not deny myſelf the deareſt wiſh in life, if it were oppoſed by my duty to my God."

"Nay," he replied, "but for whom do you cheriſh, with ſo much ſanctity, all your friendſhip, and all your love?—he who now calls you wife is moſt unworthy of it."—"Who is it that is faultleſs?" ſhe obſerved. "Caſt your eye upon your own errors, and then learn to pardon others."

"I would not offend you, for the world," he ſaid; "that which I have ventured on your ear

ear, is nothing new; it has been the opinion of the wife in all ages; I will not quote the Patriarchs or other authorities of the Eaſt, but I will relate a page of Taſſo to you, that I think may amuſe you; particularly as it is my own tranſlation."—"Well Colonel," ſaid my lady, "ſetting the queſtion on one ſide, I ſhould like to hear your tranſlation. I admire Taſſo as a poet; but when I read his works I keep in mind that I am reading poetry; that is, fiction you know, —for poetry can only appear ſplendid when arrayed in fiction; and that perhaps is the reaſon why poets deal ſo much in love."

"Heavens, what a ſoul!" he exclaimed, rather in an under breath.

"Come, begin!" ſhe rejoined.

"I cannot recollect the beginning," he replied.

"What paſſage do you allude to?" ſaid my lady.

"To the deſcription of Almida's Bird, with its ſong among the trees of the enchanted garden."

"I will endeavour," ſhe replied, "to bring

bring it to your memory.—I think it begins thus:

"Vezzoſi Augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova laſcivette note."

"Is that where you would begin?"—"I will begin there if you pleaſe," ſaid he; "but as I find you are ſo intimate with the original, I feel afraid of expoſing my preſumption, in the place of ſhewing my talents."—"Nay," ſaid my lady, "Colonel, if you have no deſire beyond that of pleaſing me, I think I ſhall be pleaſed;—and, if I could be certain that you would be contented with my friendſhip, I would not withhold it from you; but I will be candid with you, in the aſſurance, that as long as I perceive you to be intent upon inſpiring me with feelings of love, I will cautiouſly withhold from you all ſentiments of friendſhip."

"Then," ſaid the Colonel, covering his face with a handkerchief, to hide his emotion; "then," ſaid he, offering her his hand, "let me embrace the ſtrand on which my hopes lie ſhipwrecked!—Thy friendſhip is a boon too rich to loſe for hopes of paradiſe."

diſe."—"Colonel," reſumed my lady, giving him her hand, which he bathed in tears, "I am ſerious in every word I have ſpoken to you; for believe me, it is the beſt part of my character to be ſteady and uniform in every buſineſs of my life. I feel that I am rather blameable in having contracted ſo unripe a friendſhip, as I now have done; but we live in ſuch times, that life is too ſhort to act one's part in, by the old rules of caution and propriety."

"I ſwear to you!" ſaid he.

"Nay! do not ſwear," interrupted ſhe, "for oaths and faithleſſneſs follow each other, like the ſubſtance and the ſhadow."

I now remarked to my lady, that it was full time we ſhould return; that we had come much farther than we intended; and that Don Antonio would be waiting dinner for us.

"Very true," ſaid ſhe, getting up; "it is indeed time that we ſhould be gone."

The Colonel then aroſe; and we made good haſte down the hill. The walk home was pleaſant; but very little converſation took place to the purpoſe of my ſtory, excepting

cepting that my lady at intervals, preſſed the Colonel to repeat his tranſlation of Taſſo, which he as often declined; ſaying that he would preſent it to her ſome other time.

On our arrival at home, an officer with diſpatches awaited the Colonel. Don Antonio was out, and it was not quite dinner time; ſo all ſeemed to be right.

The Colonel retired into the balcony opening the packets; but returned to us ſoon afterwards ſaying to the officer, "Very well; ſend the Adjutant to me."—The officer bowed and withdrew.

He ſeemed penſive after the officer went out, and ſpoke not a word for ſome minutes; during which my lady looked at him as I never ſaw her look at a man in my life. Bleſs me! thought I to myſelf, what can this mean?—He raiſed his eyes from the object on which they had been fixed, during his meditation, and gazing on my lady, ſaid, "We have no time to loſe!"—upon which they exchanged a look or two, and immediately ſhe roſe up, "Bridget!" ſaid ſhe, "leave us alone for a few miuutes."

I re-

I remarked to her that there could be nothing between them which I might not know with ſafety; that my ſecrecy was only exceeded by my fidelity—ſhe made no reply, but pointed to the door with her finger.

"O ho!" ſaid I to myſelf, "is it come to this?"—ſo courteſied, and left the room.

As ſoon as I got clear out, I bruſhed through the hall, went round by the Chineſe ſaloon, and placed myſelf oppoſite to a crack in the falſe door, whence I could hear every thing that was ſaid, and ſee every thing that might be done. Not that I had any curioſity, nor did I care what they were going to ſay, or to do: but I went there, becauſe I think a third perſon proper on all occaſions; for as my grandmother uſed to ſay, "there never were two together yet, but there was a third; and where it is not a human creature, it is the devil:" ſo I went to make a third to keep off Satan.

I applied my ear to the chink, after looking two or three times through it, to make ſure that my eyes did not deceive me; for of all the ſenſes, the ſight is the leaſt to be depended

depended on, for truth and accuracy. However, having ſatisfied myſelf, I put my ear cloſe to the crevice, and heard my lady ſay "for God's ſake"—"O ho!" ſaid I to myſelf, taking away my ear, and putting my eye in its ſtead to the crack in the door; but I ſaw nothing that could throw any light upon the nature of the interview; nor could I make head or tail of what they ſaid, for they ſpoke by fragments; however I kept my poſt to keep off Satan.

And ſo it was, for not a word was uttered by either of them, that the recording-angel might not have heard without a frown; nor a thing done, that the inſpecting-ſpirit might not have pourtrayed on heaven's tapeſtry without a bluſh.

Seeing my lady go out of the door, I ran to her chamber; where I put on a very ſulky look, as ſhe came into it.—"Bridget!" ſaid ſhe, taking me by the hand, "bear with me for a little; you ſhall know all my ſecrets, in a day or two."

I pretended to be made eaſy by this declaration; ſo kiſſed her hand.

"Tell

"Tell me," ſaid ſhe, "have you heard any thing of Diego?"

"No Senora," I replied, "that is exactly what I wiſh to hear."

"Enquire, Duenna," ſaid my lady.

"I believe then," anſwered I, "you are the only perſon to enquire of."

"Nay, nay!" ſhe replied, "go and aſk Sebaſtian, if he be returned; for I expect him hourly."

"O, I am glad of that!" I exclaimed, and walked out.

"On my way, I took a peep at the Colonel, to ſee what he was about, and found him buſied in writing, ſurrounded by papers.—Diego was not returned; but Don Antonio was, and in a very good humour, contrary to cuſtom. "So the French are all going to leave us, Dame Bridget," ſaid he.

"Good God!" ſaid I.

"Why you ſeem to take it to heart," he obſerved; "I ſuppoſe," continued he, "the Colonel has been generous."

"On this I flew at him; and if my lady

had not interpoſed (who was brought to us by the noiſe) the conſequences to his eye-ſight might have been viſible to every one but himſelf. He was afraid I would tell my lady what he had inſinuated; ſo holding out his hand to me, he ſaid, "Come, Duenna, don't let us quarrel."

"I turned up my face at him, as a mark of my indignation; and left him and madonna together. They walked towards the ſaloon where the Colonel was, while I returned to my lady's room. Now all that I thought upon this occaſion ſhall be told another time; for if I were to tell it now, it would look like propheſy; which I do not wiſh to be thought guilty of, for fear of its being confounded with witchcraft.

"After dinner my lady came to her ſieſta, during which ſhe was very thoughtful, and ſparing of her converſation: I attributed this to the departure of the French, or rather of their Colonel. "So," ſaid I, "they are going away."

"Yes Bridget," ſaid ſhe, "thank God they are! — but," continued ſhe, "I am afraid

afraid not for good." At this moment Roſina came in, and ſaid Diego was come. "Bring him up!" exclaimed my lady, jumping up from the bed. "Into your bed-room?" I obſerved to her, with wonder.

"Yes!" ſhe replied, "here or any where."—In a moment Roſina returned with Diego, who brought a letter, which my lady ſnatched from him, putting her finger on her lips; "Remember," ſaid ſhe, "Diego!" "I will, my dear lady," he replied; but ſtood ſtill. I believe he was as eager as myſelf to know what was in the letter—but my lady hurried over it, and precipitately left the room. I followed her as cloſely as I could, to the ſaloon, where the Colonel had been ſitting. I believe it was for him ſhe was looking, but he had gone out ſoon after dinner. She paced the room with great anxiety for about half an hour, and then ſat down to the piano; ſhe played a few notes of the patriotic ſong; then got up, ſtood motionleſs, lifted her hand above her head, and then began again to walk up and down with a very quick pace.

"At this juncture the Colonel came in.—My lady ran to him with the letter, which ſhe had put in her boſom; "Here," ſaid ſhe, "I am afraid it is all over; he will not believe it!"

"The Colonel took the letter and read, "*I thank you for your information, but it is quite incorrect; the enemy are retreating in every direction, and I ſhall follow up the advantages I have gained—52,000? it is impoſſible!—May God preſerve you for many years.—From your affectionate uncle,* B.

"There is but one thing for it now," ſaid the Colonel; "I have ordered all the troops from Ordunna, agreeably to my orders; but I have not given the route which was pointed out; I have ſent them out of the way of the impending buſineſs; but I fear the trap is too well placed, for us to break the ſpring of it; ſince your uncle will not believe that it is laid. There is," continued he, "but one thing for it now, and that is, that I go to him myſelf. My own company is ſo attached to me that I am convinced I can perſuade them to join in the cauſe of the Patriots.

Patriots. They are all Tyroleſe; and as ſuch, know how ſacred a thing is liberty; and how great a villain that man is, who wreſted it from them, and who is now endeavouring to tear it from the Spaniards."

"May God bleſs you," ſaid my lady, as ſhe threw herſelf upon his neck in tears. The Colonel took out his handkerchief to wipe them away, but could not ſee them for his own—thus, without a word, they ſtood; and I believe, in innocence, taſted the moſt refined pleaſure of exalted friendſhip.

"I will go and prepare for my departure," ſaid he, collecting himſelf; "and you muſt be ſo kind as to order Diego to accompany me, that I may ſend him on before, occaſionally." "In the mean time," continued he, drawing a paper from his ſleeve, "here is the little piece of tranſlation I promiſed to you; you can read it when you have nothing better to do." My lady took it from him with marked complaiſance, and put it in her boſom. The Colonel then obſerved, there was no time to be loſt; and that to arrive time enough to prevent the

ſnare, he propoſed ſetting off at 10 o'clock that night, with ſeventy of his detatchment, who had attached themſelves to his perſon; ſo that he begged a letter might be ready by that time for the Spaniſh General, her uncle.

"My lady took him by the hand with more pleaſure in her countenance than ever I ſaw before in the face of any one, and walked down ſtairs with him, continuing all the way to hold him by the hand; a piece of inprudence I ſhould not have ſuſpected her capable of.—Thought I to myſelf as they paſſed my hiding hole, if you meet Don Antonio now, what a precious exploſion we ſhall have: however they encountered nobody, and ſhe returned in high ſpirits.

"About 10 o'clock Don Antonio came home, and found my lady and myſelf in the ſaloon. She had been writing; but was now playing and ſinging. She had very handſomely told me all I knew before; but there was ſtill a ſtrangeneſs in the matter, the drift of which I could not comprehend.

"Well my dear," ſaid Don Antonio, "it gives

gives me great pleaſure to ſee you join in the general ſenſation of the day; for I was afraid that the departure of our gueſt might not be altogether agreeable to you."

"He told me," replied my lady, "that he would go at 10 o'clock this night. I ſhall be glad when he is gone," continued ſhe, "but I am not uneaſy; for I am ſure he will keep his word."—"It is juſt ten now," ſaid Don Antonio.

"And there he is!" returned ſhe, ſeeing him enter the door.—"Welcome, Colonel!" ſaid Don Antonio. "I have only come to take leave," he replied; "I am juſt going."

"Nay, you ſhall not go before ſupper," ſaid Perez. "I cannot ſtay one moment," rejoined the Colonel.—"You muſt ſtay ſupper," repeated Don Antonio, embracing him.—"Excuſe me, my dear friend," replied the Colonel, "I cannot delay."

"Let him go," ſaid my lady, "perhaps he cannot ſtay."

"How do you know any thing about it? replied her huſband angrily.—There it is Colonel," continued he; "now that you are

going away, you may ſee who really are your friends amongſt us."

"Then," rejoined my lady, "as you are ſo very kind, let us ſee you produce ſome of your liqueur de Barbade, and drink to the Colonel's health before he goes."

"Well I will," ſaid Don Antonio, and immediately went out of the ſaloon into the ſtudy, where he kept this precious ſtuff locked up.

"The inſtant he turned his back, my lady drew a letter from her boſom, which ſhe had written in the early part of the evening, and put it into the Colonel's hand: they ſeemed to have forgotten that I was in the room; for on receiving it, he kiſſed the hand that gave it to him; ſaying, "We will meet again, I truſt, under more propitious circumſtances."

"May it pleaſe God," ſhe replied, "to crown our wiſhes!"—They now looked at each other as if they would wiſh to ſay, or wiſh to do ſomething, which they did not dare; but they neither ſaid nor did anything, but continued to hold each other's hands,

hands, looking I cannot tell how.—"Farewell!" ſaid my lady, burſting from him—he ſtruck his hand upon his forehead as ſhe fled, and ſunk upon the chair that ſtood next to him.

"In a few minutes Don Antonio returned with a flaſk, but he ſolicited the Colonel in vain to taſte of it, who turning round to me as Don Antonio drank his health, ſaid, "Farewell, Duenna!" then taking a gold ring from his finger which he gave to me; he embraced Don Antonio, and took his leave.

"Where is Donna Aminta?" ſaid her huſband to me, as ſoon as the Colonel had gone down ſtairs.

"In her chamber," I replied; "where elſe ſhould ſhe be?"

"I ſhould like to ſee her then," continued he; "for there is no knowing what ſchemes there may be againſt me."

"O," ſaid I, "if you ſuſpect any thing, come along with me." I now walked as ſlowly as poſſible towards my lady's room,

ſo that he loſt all patience before we got there; which was juſt what pleaſed me.

"We found my lady ſitting in the dark; but the candle which I carried in my hand, ſhewed her to be very much engaged in thought.

"When Don Antonio found ſhe was there, he apologized by ſaying he only wiſhed to know, when ſhe would deſire to ſup. "I am not very well," ſaid ſhe, "Duenna, I would like to go to bed."—He left us, and my lady proceeded to undreſs, and hurried herſelf to reſt. But never could I imagine her reaſons for it, unleſs it was to get rid of me; and God knows there was no occaſion for that, as I was already in the ſecret; however I kiſſed her hand, and retired to bed alſo.

"In the morning ſhe called me to matins*, which was the reverſe of our cuſtom. She looked as if ſhe had ſlept little, although ſhe went to bed early; "It is late, Duenna,"

* "Matins"—Morning Prayer.

ſaid ſhe, "although it be dark; the day is gloomy." I aroſe immediately; and certainly we were in church before any body. I felt the morning very cold; and was very glad when we returned home to our chocolate. I took mine with great pleaſure, but my lady turned her cup round and round, and ſtirred it twenty times; and then, after dipping the toaſt, ſhe left it there, and ſet down the cup. "I do not care for it, Bridget," ſaid ſhe—"Tell Senor Juan I wiſh to ſpeak to him."

"I obeyed; and in about a quarter of an hour Senor Juan made his appearance. "I kiſs your Excellency's hand," ſaid he; "pray command me."

"Have the goodneſs, then," ſhe replied, "to go through the town enquiring for all ſorts of public Biſcay news."

"I will do it willingly," ſaid he, and withdrew.

"Now, Bridget," ſaid my lady, "we will go to our country garden, and there paſs away the forenoon; I will take my guitar,

and you your ſpindle, that we may amuſe ourſelves, if we can."

"That is well put in," ſaid I.—The ſun came out as we left the houſe, which made our walk extremely pleaſant; for the morning had been dark and lowering, with a cold eaſt wind. It was 9 o'clock when we entered the garden, where we amuſed ourſelves counting the bunches upon a muſcadine vine, during the greater part of the forenoon.

"This is endleſs work," ſaid my lady; "I have no genius for counting barley-corns." Now I counted the bunches over and over again patiently, while my lady walked up and down the gravel walk before me: "How many do you think there are?" ſaid I.

"After deliberating ſome time, "Perhaps ſix hundred and ſixty-ſix," replied my lady.

"No indeed," ſaid I, "this good vine is not the beaſt in the apocalypſe."

"I wiſh it were," exclaimed my lady, "we would ſoon root him out, even if he had

had fourteen crowns, and twenty horns; and every crown and every horn were marked Napoleon."

"God ſave us my lady!" ſaid I, croſſing myſelf; "I always have the horrors when any one ſpeaks of the devil."

"Come away, Duenna; let us talk no more of it," ſaid ſhe; "come away and help me to pull ſome laurel, and to gather a few roſes, that to-morrow I may have a garland wove ready for ——"

"For whom my lady?" ſaid I, eagerly.— "For a friend of ours, Duenna," ſhe replied, "for a friend of our country!"

"The Colonel, my life on it!" I exclaimed—"Not a word, Bridget," ſaid ſhe.

"O, I am ſo glad," ſaid I, claſping her in my arms; "now I underſtand the myſtery of your love."

"Nay, Bridget," ſhe replied, "do not miſlead yourſelf! I do not love him; for if I were inclined, I dare not; my ſoul will never entertain any improper ſentiment, although the heart ſhould preſent it with the moſt

moſt flattering recommendations."—" But you looked at him as if you could love him;" I replied—" Perhaps I did, Bridget," ſaid ſhe; " but you make no diſtinction between the action and the perſon; it is abundantly common," continued ſhe, " to abhor an action, and yet to love the perſon guilty of it. I own it to be my caſe with Don Antonio. Now pray tell me, if I can ſeparate Don Antonio and his actions, why not Monſieur Minois?"

" You are perhaps right my child," I replied; " but remember what you ſaid yourſelf to the Colonel, about the great danger of tempting love, in any ſhape."

" Depend upon it, Duenna," ſhe replied, " it is a miſtake to ſay that love overcomes all things; and that he is the tyrant of our liberty; it is but a weak ſtratagem which lovers uſe to excuſe their own faults, by attributing them to fate and neceſſity."

" I cannot argue with you, my dear lady," ſaid I; " but pray keep in mind the fable of the moth and the waxen taper."

" She made no reply, but ſmiled; then taking

taking a paper from her boſom, ſhe ſaid, "Neither you nor Almira's bird have any influence over my ſentiments, Duenna."—"Pray my lady, what ſays Almira's bird to it?" ſaid I.

"You ſhall hear," replied ſhe, as tranſlated by the Colonel from the original.—"We will fancy ourſelves, Bridget," continued ſhe, "at this moment in the enchanted garden, where

"Charm'd by the power of love the feather'd tribe
In varied ſong, th' empaſſion'd look deſcribe,
The love-ſick gales imbibe th' enchanting ſong
And groves and rivulets the notes prolong.
If huſh'd the birds, in high reſponſes theſe
Send back the muſic from the trembling trees.
Or chance, or art, whatever be that reigns,
It adds new beauties to their native ſtrains.

With purpled beak in various colours dreſs'd,
One bird conſpicuous moves among the reſt;
His tongue untied, his finely parted voice
The ſpeech of mankind utters as his choice;
By matchleſs art, or magic's pow'rful ſong,
He holds in wonder all the liſt'ning throng:
The birds around their various carols ceaſe,
And all the bluſt'ring winds are huſh'd in peace.

Behold!

fall,

Behold! (he ſung) yon early budding roſe,
Its virgin bloſſom modeſtly diſcloſe;
Scarcely beheld, the bluſhing red reveals
A ſtore of beauty which the leaf conceals.
But now again behold in broad diſplay,
Its ample boſom flaunting in the day;
No longer now the envious dames admire,
Nor youths enraptur'd ſicken with deſire.

Thus life's gay green but bloſſoms for one day,
And ev'ry flow'r that blows ſoon fades away;
Returning April ſheds its dews in vain,
The green to waken, and the leaf to ſtain.
With early morn then let us ſeek the roſe,
And pluck its freſhneſs, as its freſhneſs grows;
"Gather the roſe of love, while yet thou may'ſt,
"Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd *."

"Well, it is very pretty, Duenna," ſaid ſhe, folding the paper; "and let us walk to *pluck the roſe*, and to gather the laurel. But I will mix no myrtle with my garland, I aſſure you. Would to God that I could in reality entwine it with the olive!"

"I do not know how I could make the miſtake, but ſo it was, that I pulled cypreſs"

* Canto xvi. Taſſo.—Ed. Paris, 1805.

inſtead

inſtead of laurel, and brought it to her.—She took it from me, then looking wiſtfully at me, dropped it on the ground, and burſt into tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "my lady, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" ſhe replied, recovering herſelf: "a ſudden thought ſtruck me that almoſt overwhelmed me; but it aroſe, I preſume, from fooliſh and ſuperſtitious ideas; I will think no more of it. But we will have ſome of this," continued ſhe, going to a laurel tree, cloſe to her, and pulling off ſome of its young twigs with leaves on them.

"What would you do with that?" ſaid I; "it is Aconite."

"You know nothing about it, I ſee;" ſaid my lady, rather diſpleaſed at me; "come along, we will go home."

"I was determined to have what I pulled alſo; ſo I picked up the branch ſhe had let fall, and inſiſted upon taking it with us.

"We arrived juſt time enough for dinner, but my lady ſat at table like the ſtatue of thought feeding upon itſelf. She would not

at

eat any thing; notwithſtanding all the intreaties of Don Antonio and myſelf. Once or twice ſhe put a bit of bread into her mouth, but ſhe ſeemed to forget that ſhe had done ſo; ſometimes ſhe eſſayed to ſpeak, but her diſcourſe and thoughts ſeemed too much oppoſed to each other, to permit her to engage on common topics.

"Don Antonio took his cigar; and my lady and I returned to her room. "I will not lay down, Bridget," ſaid ſhe, "for I cannot reſt; but I'll tell you what I would do: bring me out my father and my mother's hair from the wardrobe, that I may amuſe myſelf in unplaiting and combing it."

"Dear my lady!" ſaid I, "what puts ſuch a fancy into your head, as to think of combing dead people's hair? Roſina will do it at any time you chuſe; and there is no chance of its making her melancholy."

"I am rather unhappy; though I don't know for why, Duenna," ſhe replied; "and I think looking at the hair of my father and mother may comfort me."

"If ſo my dear," ſaid I, "you ſhall be obliged;"

obliged;" ſo ſaying, I went to the wardrobe and brought it out.

"Now, Bridget," ſaid ſhe, "ſend for Roſina to do up my own hair, while I amuſe myſelf in combing this." I immediately called Roſina, who ſet about her work; but after ſhe had taken out the braids, and let the hair fall, ſhe was deſired to leave it, and help to comb the long treſſes of the dead. By my aſſiſtance they were ſoon ſet in order, and looked what they were, the true and genuine proofs of Iberian blood *."

"My lady tied that part of them together which grows neareſt the head, and hung them thus united around her own neck; ſhe ſtood up to admire their length, and indeed it was admirable; for they hung down to her feet like a ſable tippet, ſuch as you may have ſeen worn by ſome beautiful maiden of England or of Ruſſia.—As ſhe ſtood, her figure engaged me much, but her thoughts

* The Spaniards preſerve the hair of their anceſtors, as a proof that their blood is not mixed with that of the Moors.

ſtill

ſtill more; I would have given the world to have known what paſſed in her mind as ſhe gazed upon the dark treſſes of her parents; but whatever it was, her ſoul ſeemed unuſually occupied: perhaps it was filled with a preſentiment of its own fate.

"The door of the chamber opened; I thought it was by accident, and went to ſhut it; when to my aſtoniſhment I beheld Diego, pale and dirty, looking like a ghoſt eſcaped from a charnel-houſe. "What ails you?" ſaid I.—He ſpoke not a word, but opened his mouth as though he would.—"Who is it?" ſaid my lady.

"Diego, the picture of death, Senora!" I replied.

"She flew inſtantly to the door, and catching him by the arm, looked him eagerly in the face, and ſhook her head.—"It is all over then!" ſhe ſaid.—He made no anſwer, but with a hand trembling and pale drew a paper from his breaſt and gave it to her.—She looked at it for a moment, then dropt it from her head exclaiming, "O my God!" and ſunk upon the floor.

While

While Roſina ran for water, I picked up the paper and read it.

" *My dear child, farewell! before this can*
" *reach you I ſhall be no more; my wounds*
" *are mortal, but that concerns me little: your*
" *friend is wounded and taken priſoner; he*
" *was, alas! too late; the information you*
" *gave me was too true, but it is now finiſhed;*
" *the day is loſt, and with it perhaps the*
" *freedom of our country.—Viva Ferdinando!!*

Farewell, Farewell, my Child!

BUXEDA.

Vittaro, Nov. 7th, 1808.

" My lady raiſed herſelf on one hand, and with the other ſeemed as if ſhe would bruſh away ſomething in the air that floated before her eyes:—Roſina and I helped her to the bed-ſide, but ſhe would not ſit down, continuing to look wildly round, until ſhe fixed her eyes upon Diego; when ſeeming to collect herſelf, ſhe ſaid, " Where is the letter I ſaw juſt now, Diego?"—Diego ſtood like a ſtatue, and knew nothing; but I, who had the letter, put it into her hand:

ſhe

ſhe read it over and over again; every now and then putting her hand to and from before her eyes, as if to bruſh away ſomething that interrupted the ſight.

"O Diego!" ſhe exclaimed wildly, "tell me where did he die?"

"No one is dead my lady," replied Diego, ſcarcely intelligible; "but, but," continued he, "they are bringing the Colonel, tied with ropes, to Ordunna; where they ſay he is to be ſhot this night."

"Merciful God!" ſhe exclaimed—"and my uncle?"

"I ſaw him laſt my lady, when he gave me this letter; he was then laying on a large table in the poſſada, at Vittaro; he gave me alſo his purſe; there it is!" continued Diego, throwing it on the floor; "and he ſaid to me, God bleſs you Diego, thou art the ſon of an honeſt man."

"God help me, I did not know what to make of all this, but I ſaw plainly there was ſorrow enough in it.—Poor Roſina hung upon the lady Aminta's arm, and cried aloud; Diego did not move; but my lady, looking

looking ſtrangely upon him, took him by the head and kiſſed him.—God bleſs me! how I wondered at her.—But when ſhe turned round to me and told me that I had married Godoi, and was a traitor, I trembled; for I ſaw that her mind was diſordered.

"Roſina expoſtulated with her, "Don't you know your own Duenna, dear my lady?" ſaid ſhe; but ſo wild were my lady's looks, that Roſina felt afraid, and trembled.—I preſſed her hand, and went upon my knees: on which ſhe raiſed me up, with an air of kindneſs; ſaying, "Come my mother, let us ſeek him."—She was leading me to the door, when I intreated her to ſtop a little; ſhe ſeemed perſuaded, and turned towards the toilet, twirling the hair that hung over her ſhoulder round and round her arms, catching up ſome of the fragments of the flowers and ſhrubs that we had brought in with us in the morning.

"Here!" ſaid ſhe to Roſina, giving her a roſe; "put that in your boſom and wrap patience round the thorn—we will go, my mother,

mother, now," ſhe repeated, bruſhing my face with ſome ſprigs of the laurel which ſhe held in her hand; then ſtarting ſuddenly, ſhe threw them down, exclaiming, "I will none of you, my mother told me in a dream laſt night that you are Aconite."

"God ſave you, my lady!" ſaid I, "it is night, may I pray you to go to bed."—"I am not dead," ſhe replied, "why bury me?—I am going to a wedding,—will you go too?—if not, ſtay here, and I will ſend for you."

"God keep us in our ſenſes," thought I to myſelf; then looking at her, full of ſuch a thought, I was overcome, and burſt into violent hyſterics.

"What happened for ſome time, I know not; but when I recovered, I found myſelf alone, and heard a dreadful noiſe in the ſtreets. I endeavoured to collect myſelf, and immediately ran from room to room in purſuit of my unfortunate lady. A great light through the ſtreet, and the noiſe of a vaſt tumult, drew me to the rails of the balcony; from whence I ſaw the Colonel,

laying on a cart, almoſt lifeleſs, and bloody; with his hands tied behind him; he was in the midſt of ſoldiers, horſe and foot.—I thought perhaps that my lady had ſeen the ſame ſight, and that it had driven her to deſpair; I therefore looked among the crowd for her, but to no purpoſe.—I then hunted all over the houſe for ſomebody, but no one was to be found; what was to be done? I knew not; but feeling myſelf unable to remain one moment longer in ſuſpenſe, I ran out of doors, and made immediately for the Plaza.

"Seeing that I could not get through the croud when I arrived there, I went round to the Poſada, whoſe balconies over look it on the oppoſite ſide; when I came to the door, I could not immediately get in, by reaſon of the crowd, through which they were carrying the body of the deceaſed Colonel.—I now underſtood the meaning of the muſketry I had heard when firſt approaching the Plaza; and of the great crowd in every part of it. I preſſed through after the body, and followed it up ſtairs into the great room, where they carried it. The moment they had ſet

it down I diſcovered my lady coming towards it; ſhe did not ſtart at the ſight, but ſat down by it without emotion; then lifting the eye-lids of the deceaſed, with her fingers, "Don't you know me?" ſhe exclaimed; "you did not uſe to look at me thus."—Then pauſing and caſting her eyes up and down the body.—"Ah!" ſhe ſaid, ſhaking her head, "I ſee it has rained blood in Spain this day."—On which ſhe aroſe ſuddenly, and catching him by the hand, ſaid, "Come with me, Minois! I have laurels for you! Buxeda ſent them by Diego;" then kneeling ſhe took her uncle's letter, and tearing it into little ſtrips, ſtuck it in his hair with a few green ſprigs that ſhe held in her hand. "And here are roſes for you!" ſhe ſaid, pulling off the leaves of a roſe, and ſticking them on his cheeks—"but they will fade too," continued ſhe; "give them to me again; and I will go and bring you lillies — Stop then!" ſhe ſaid, wiping his face with the long hair that hung over her ſhoulders, "ſtop!" ſaid ſhe, "ſtop and do not move, until I come again."

"Alas,

"Alas, poor lady!" continued the Duenna, "oppreſſed by the fate of her friend, her relation, and her country, ſhe now wanders about the road and the gardens, ſinging broken pieces of Italian muſic, and gathering the leaves of ſhrubs and flowers. I attend cloſe to her in all her walks, and have ſucceeded this morning in prevailing on her to come in here to reſt herſelf—There ſhe lies, poor thing," continued ſhe, "wrapt in the arms of ſleep; and may her ſlumber be ſoft and refreſhing, for ſhe was the ſweeteſt lady that ever eyes beheld on Spaniſh ground!"

I ſaw tears in the eyes of all who ſtood round the Duenna; and as I turned away at the finiſh of her ſtory, I gazed wiſtfully on her unfortunate lady, who lay upon a couch at the entrance of the room—her hair was looſe and diſhevelled—her boſom was bare—and as ſhe ſlept, ſhe ſigh'd deeply.—"May God comfort you, poor thing!" ſaid I, as the tear of pity ſtarted in my eye, and hurried me from a ſcene ſo ſorrowful.

THE
COTTAGERS OF GLARUS.

LED into Switzerland by the ſame purſuits that have induced me to viſit moſt countries of Europe, I was enticed into the little canton of Glarus, by a motive foreign to the particular object of my travels; it was to indulge in the deſire of beholding a ſpot where liberty with a ſingle arm had hurled the ſlaviſh army of Auſtria headlong into the valley of death.

As I ſtood upon a grey ſtone near to the village of Noefels, looking around me with an eye illumined by the ardour of patriotiſm, I fancied the ſpirits of the three hundred heroes to be hovering around me, and hailing me a welcome, as a native of that country where patriotiſm continues to dwell active and availing againſt the tyrant of Europe.

I was enjoying thoſe reveries, and others which carry us with irreſiſtible velocity back

to

to the remoteſt periods of antiquity, and place our exiſtence with that of our forefathers; when the voice of a ſtranger awoke me from my trance, and brought me back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"You are ſtanding on the ſtone," ſaid he, "that killed Vallimond the Duke's brother; it is ſacred to liberty, and ſhould not be trampled upon." At his rebuke, I quitted my elevated ſtation; aſſuring him, that no one was more inclined to do honour to the ſtone upon which I had been ſtanding, than myſelf; that I had viſited the canton of Glarus entirely to gratify my unbounded love for liberty; and that I had taſted a pleaſure in ſo doing, which I ſhould ever recollect with enthuſiaſm and gratitude. He received my aſſurances like a man who believes what you profeſs, and, as a token of ſuch belief, offered me his aſſiſtance and friendſhip: I accepted his offer with frankneſs, becauſe I believed him ſincere, and aſked the favour of him to give me ſome idea of the battle.

"Many wonderful things are related of

it," ſaid he, "but I do not believe any thing beyond the ſimple fact. The ignorance and ſuperſtition that pervaded this canton before the reformation have tranſmitted to us innumerable ſtories of angels aſſiſting the three hundred men of Glarus, and the fifty Switzers, who defeated the fifteen thouſand Auſtrians on this memorable ſpot, in the year 1388; and they relate it was the archangel Gabriel who threw the ſtone you ſee before you. But it is not neceſſary," continued he, "to acknowledge the aid of any angel but the angel of liberty, to enable us to believe the overthrow of the enemy,—for with ſuch help alone, my forefathers have frequently, both ſince and before that period, defeated the immenſe armies of France and Germany, of Burgundy, and of Italy."

I inſtantly perceived by this ſuccinct view of the ſubject, that I was in the preſence of a man whoſe mind was ſtrong and enlightened; and that Switzerland ſtill contained a model of wiſdom and ſimplicity.

Before I made my obſervations on what he

he had ſaid, I looked on him with much attention, and felt the impreſſion which his ſentiments had inſpired take deeper root as I contemplated his healthful look, his modeſt attire, and his ſilvery locks, which the hand of time had ſprinkled on his manly brow.

After paying a due compliment to the valour of the Swiſs, I thanked him for his information; and begged to know if he thought I could reach Rapperſchwyl that night, as I was now on my way to Zuric.

"Nay!" ſaid he, "you ſaid you had come expreſsly to viſit Glarus; and you have ſcarcely ſet foot in the canton when you propoſe quitting it. If you will favour me," continued he, holding out his hand to me, "with your ſociety at my humble cottage for a few days, you will confer a great pleaſure on me, and on my neighbours; for the people in the village, near to which I live, are remarkably hoſpitable and kind to ſtrangers."

The manner of his invitation was too impreſſive to be reſiſted by a perſon, whoſe in-

clination was already gained, and whoſe time was in a great meaſure at his own diſpoſal; I therefore accepted it, with the ſame frankneſs he offered it; and deferred my journey northward to a future day.

"This is a delightful ſituation!" ſaid I; "how beautifully the lake of Wallenſtadt expands itſelf between the cloud-capt mountains that bound it on the north and ſouth." "That is the cauſe," he replied, "of the agreeable wind we now feel from the eaſtward; it follows the courſe of the ſun from the hour of its riſing, until he ſets behind the weſtern mountains of Glarus; unleſs the day be overcaſt, and then it blows in any direction. But I perceive," continued he, "that it is near upon noon; and I have promiſed to dine with an old friend, at the Burgh, on my way home. If you think you can walk two miles in two hours, we may yet be in time; for although one o'clock is the hour at which he uſually dines, he will certainly wait an hour longer for me, as he knows I was to leave Sargans this morning, a diſtance of nearly two miles

of

of walking, and three of boating from Noefels."

I remarked he muſt have been very early up to come ſo great a diſtance; "it muſt be nearly nine French leagues," ſaid I.

"Thereabouts," he replied, "but if we would not loſe our dinners, we muſt walk more than three French leagues in the next two hours, for I do not think that three of their leaguese are qual to two of our miles."

"I will accompany you," ſaid I, "if I can."

"It were a ſhame," he replied, "if a man in the prime of life cannot keep pace with a man of ſeventy."

He now ſtepped out at a round pace; and although I had accuſtomed myſelf to pedeſtrian exerciſes, I found it required both a longer and a quicker ſtep than I was maſter of, to keep pace with him: I was not however willing to lag behind, which obliged me to run at intervals. This delighted the venerable inhabitant of the mountains ſo much, that he joked me upon it; obſerving, that a perſon who could run ſo well, had no

occaſion to know how to walk. "Rather," replied I, half out of breath, for the day was very warm, and we had loſt the breeze of the lake of Wallenſtadt, by advancing between the mountains towards Glarus; "rather ſay that a perſon who can walk ſo well as you do, has no occaſion to run."

"It is all habit," he remarked, ſlackening his pace; "we are the children of habit as much as we are the children of nature; if you had been bred among the Alps, and I in the boſom of ſome flat and extended country, and we had met as we now have done, I ſhould have been the ſloweſt on the road, not you. Depend upon it," continued he, "men are every where the ſame under the ſame circumſtances; and that it is from peculiarity of climate, territory, government, and relative ſituation of neighbouring nations that diſtinctions ariſe among mankind. Civil and religious liberty are fond to dwell together, while tyranny and ſuperſtition are equally inſeparable. Health and longevity inhabit the regions of the Alps, the Appenines and the Pyrenees; while

while premature old age and infirmity crawl about the ſtreets of Paris and of Vienna."

We were now not far from the Burgh of Glarus; we had paſſed through the village of Meſtal, and purſued our way through a narrow valley, rich in paſture and fruit trees. The mountains on each ſide are ſteep and craggy, cloathed with foreſt trees of every deſcription; and pouring forth torrents of water in innumerable ſtreams, which run into the river below: it is called the Lynth, and takes its riſe from the glaciers not far diſtant from the village of Ruti."

"This river runs into the lake of Zuric?" ſaid I to my companion.

"Yes," he replied, "and takes its riſe immediately above my cot, in the mountains of Glarus, where I hope you and I will be to-night. It is almoſt incredible," continued he, "that in the autumn, we catch ſalmon in the Lynth, after having paſſed through the lake of Zuric, from the German ocean, a diſtance, taking the curves of the Rhine, the Aar, and the Limmat, of nearly five

hundred miles." I obſerved that it was ſtrange the ſalmon ſhould reach Zuric and not Conſtance. "Not at all," he replied; "there is a fall of nearly ſixty feet below Schaffhauſen, at Lauffen, where the ſalmon are ſeen in the month of Auguſt, making deſperate but vain attempts to aſcend the cataract: but," continued he, "at ſome advanced period of time, the lake of Conſtance as well as the lake of Zuric, will be filled with ſalmon; and they will even find their way into the country of the Griſſons. Tradition informs us that the fal at Lauffen was once three hundred feet perpendicular; and an eminent writer of the ſeventeenth century mentions it as being in his time an hundred feet; it is now reduced to ſixty feet; and as ſoon as it is worn down by the friction of the water, and the ſtones that are continually paſſing over it, to twenty or thirty feet, the ſalmon will be able to paſs; for they aſcend many very ſteep falls before they enter the lake of Zuric."

This converſation brought us to Glarus; nor was I diſpleaſed to find myſelf arrived there;

there; for the quickneſs of the walk had taken away much from the pleaſure I otherwiſe ſhould have derived from the converſation of my venerable companion.

Juſt before we entered the houſe of his friend, he aſked me if I were a Roman Catholic. I anſwered in the negative.—"Well then," continued he, "I think it proper to mention to you that our hoſt Gaſper Steinbock is of that perſuaſion; and therefore I wiſh to caution you againſt ſaying any thing diſreſpectful of the Pope, or Romiſh inſtitutions. We are very cautious at Glarus not to offend on that head; for ſo many diſſenſions have ariſen, and ſo much blood has been ſpilt in the other cantons, in conſequence of religious differences, that here we make a point of allowing every perſon to think and pray unqueſtioned and unmoleſted; and ſuch is our practical harmony on that ſcore, that we of the Reformed Church, and they of the old, uſe the ſame places of worſhip, and adminiſter public affairs conjointly in the ſame council, without riſk to civil or religious liberty on either ſide.

ſide. On the contrary, you may depend on it," continued he, "if there be two or more religious ſects in any country, and the one be favoured and the other oppreſſed, that which is oppreſſed will continually foment inteſtine broils in that country, and favour the invaſion of a foreign enemy on the firſt favourable opportunity."

I was ſtruck with the ſingularity of the fact he had ſtated to me, and the juſtice of the remark he made upon it. I turned my mind towards my own country and felt how peculiarly it was applicable. I wiſhed that the inhabitants of the Britiſh iſles could bring themſelves to act and think on this point like the inhabitants of Glarus; and that the moſt elevated ranks were neceſſarily united to the moſt enlightened and unprejudiced underſtandings.

The houſe of Gaſper Steinbock was very neat, built of wood, in the cottage ſtyle, and remarkably clean and cheerful within its walls. We found the family, which conſiſted of our hoſt, his wife, and two daughters, waiting dinner for their friend, whom they ſaluted

by the name of Johannen Kypſeler, the young women ſhrunk back at my preſence, and would have retired if my friend had not interpoſed; his courteſy and influence ſoon adjuſted the matter, and we all took our ſeats round a well-covered table.

The table-linen was remarkably fine, but the bread was rather coarſe, the trout however and the kid were delicious: the deſert conſiſted of goat's milk formed into a light curd which we eat with cream; and this comfortable repaſt was further ſweetened by an innocent but intereſting converſation.

Dinner being finiſhed, my friend Kypſeler propoſed that we ſhould proceed to Ruti, a diſtance of nearly three German miles. I felt very tired from my race at noon from Noefels to Glarus, and really wiſhed to remain where I was for the remainder of the day. He perceived my ſituation, and requeſted his friend Steinbock to take care of me until to-morrow; adding that he was under promiſe to his wife to return to-night, or he would ſtay alſo. He then took leave of us, inviting the family

to

to accompany me to Ruti; and desiring me not to forget to keep them in mind of the invitation. After the departure of our friend, my host shewed me his cabinet of books, and requested me to amuse myself, for he was obliged to go out on business. I looked over several volumes, and was surprised to find a goat's head drawn on the blank leaf preceding the title page of each. I had a little volume in my hand entitled "Les deux Habitants de Lozanne," a novel of the seventeenth century, when Marianne the younger daughter came towards me, saying, that her mother would be much gratified if I would read to them while they were setting the warp of a muslin web. I was delighted with this request, which seemed to open at once the bosom of the family and admit me into its joys and pleasures. I therefore replied to the sweet messenger with an air of unaffected gratification, and followed her with the book I held in my hand. "What book have you there?" said the old lady, as I entered the other end of the house. I told her it was a French novel,

novel, or rather a Swiſs novel written in French. "We underſtand French very imperfectly," ſhe cried, "excepting that minx there," pointing to Marianne, "who was educated in a convent at Schweitz."

It was however reſolved that I ſhould read it; or at leaſt a Ballad it contained, which Marianne recommended as very beautiful and eaſy to be underſtood; they accordingly ſet about their work; and I, faithful to my taſk, not only read the Ballad, but the greater part of the whole novel before the duſkineſs of twilight put a period to our ſeveral employments.

The girls now put away the baſket that held the balls of cotton thread, from which they had been forming the baſis of their web, and aſked their mother to allow them to go and walk. "Certainly my children," ſhe replied, "go and make yourſelves happy 'till ſupper time; and take your gueſt with you, and ſhew him how the young people of Glarus paſs their evenings."

I was too happy in the opportunity of mixing in the rural amuſements of my amiable

able young friends, not to accept the offer with alacrity and joy. I was ready in a moment, but the young ladies neceſſarily had ſome few arrangements to make; they changed their jackets, which were of grey cloth without ſleeves, and in their ſtead put on red ones, faſtened before with ſilver bobbins and blue ribbons, the ſleeves of the chemiſe being turned back and tied above the elbows with ribbons of the ſame colour; their petticoats were very ſhort reaching not lower than the calf of the leg; they were of a fine mazarine colour with ſcarlet borders; Marianne wore a hat of ſtraw, which ſhe had put on in ſo arch a manner that it gave to her whole appearance an enchanting intereſt not to be deſcribed.

"Allons!" ſaid ſhe with much gaiety, "vous avez d'ennui en nous attendant!"

"If I had any," I replied, "I am now amply repaid for it by your preſence."

The ſky was ſerene and beautiful, and the cool zephyr gave a freſhneſs to the air, that rendered the evening at once exhilarating and delightful. We left the houſe inſtantly and ſoon found

found ourſelves beyond the confines of the town, directing our courſe to the banks of the river: we there joined a party of young people collected together on a little flat, made by the inundation of ſome remote period, but not covered with graſs, on which they were preparing to dance; while the banks that encompaſſed it on the ſide oppoſite to the river invited to repoſe and reſt, thoſe who preferred indolence to exerciſe. I yielded the hand of Marianne to a youth of her own age; and contented myſelf with looking on, ſtretched upon the velvet cover of the adjacent hillock. One couple began the dance by whirling each other round, the man placing his right arm round the waiſt of his partner, holding his left at the ſame time behind him, while ſhe leaning her left hand upon his right ſhoulder caught his left arm with her right hand; in this poſition, obſerving a quick rotary movement, they made the circuit of the flat piece of ground ſeveral times; till at length, quite out of breath, they ſtood ſtill; and another couple began; ſoon however a ſecond,

cond and a third couple followed the firſt, and not long after many more; the pipe and tabor playing all the time with much vivacity. I had never ſeen the Valtz of Switzerland before, ſo that I was much entertained by the diverſion, and charmed by the muſic; which although ſimple was highly pleaſing, particularly the Valtz de Galemberg and the Rentz des Vaches.

The dance had continued nearly an hour, when I was ſurpriſed by the moſt magnificent ſcene I had ever beheld. A bright light appeared ſuddenly on the ſummits of the whole chain of Alps oppoſite to me; gradually increaſing in ſplendour and extenſion, until it illuminated the whole valley.

I had not the leaſt conception of the cauſe of this ſublime and wonderful phenomenon, until I beheld the moon in all her majeſty, looking from amidſt the virgin ſnows on the ſummit of Mount Gtingel; the irradiations of lunar light now beamed from hill to hill, from glacier to glacier, producing

producing a galaxy that at once filled my eye with wonder and delight.

The dance ceaſed about nine o'clock; and I returned with Marianne and Gertrude highly gratified by the incidents of the evening. On our return we found the old lady reading a homily, and my hoſt their father employing repairing a croſs-bow for his youngeſt ſon.

"Girls, I have been looking for you this hour," ſaid the mother as we entered the houſe, "where have you been?"—"At the river dancing, ma'am," replied Marianne; "and the night is ſo fine we could not prevail on ourſelves to return ſooner."

During the converſation between the mother and daughters, my hoſt preſſed me to drink ſome milk after my long walk; the girls had moſt occaſion for it, being fatigued and warm, which gave me an opportunity of ſhewing my gallantry by paſſing it to them untouched; they drank and returned the bowl to me ſweetened by the roſy lips of female beauty.

We now ſat down to a frugal yet ſumptuous

Un tort de chaume le couvre;
Et l'Hermite hoſpitalier
Pouſſe un loquet qui les ouvre
L'humble porte du foyer.

Devant lui ſon chien folatre
Et partage ſa gaitè;
Le grillon chante dans l'atre
Etincellant de clarté.
Mais helas! rien n'a des charmes
Pour ſon hote malheureux,
Rien ne peut tarir les larmes
Qui s' échappent de ſes yeux.

L'Hermite voit la triſteſſe
Et voudroit la ſoulager;
" D'où vient l'ennui qui te preſſe?"
Dit il au jeune etranger;
" Eſt-ce une amitié trahie?
Eſt-ce un amour dedaigné?
Ou la miſere ennemie,
Qui te rende infortuné?

Helas! tous les biens du monde
Sont peu daignes de mes voeux;
Et l' inceníé qui s'y joint
Eſt plus mepriſable qu' eux.
L'Amitié s' il en eſt une,
N'eſt qu'un fantôme impoſteur;
Un vent qui ſuit la fortune,
Et s'eloigne du malheur.

L'amour

" L'amour eſt plus vain encore
C'eſt un eclat emprunté;
Un nom faux dont ſe decore
L'ambitieuſe beauté:
On ne voit l'amour fidelle,
S'il daigne quitter les cieux,
Qu'en nid de la tourterelle
Qu'il echauffe de ſes feux.

" Va, crois moi, deviens plus ſage,
Mepriſe un ſex trompeur!"
L'hote emu de ce langage
S'embellit par ſa rougeur;
Son front ou la candeur brille,
Les yeux, ſa bouche, et ſon ſein,
Font reconnoitre une fille
Dans le charmant Peleria.

" Voyez, dit elle, une amante
Qui cherche en vain le repos;
Voyez une fille errante
Dont l'amour cauſe les maux:
Long tems ſuperbe inhumaine
Ignorant du prix d'un cœur;
A fuir une tendre chaine,
J'avois mit tout mon bonheur.

" Dans cette foule volage
Qui venoit groſſir mon cœur,
Raimond m'offroit ſon hommage,
Sans m'oſer parler d'amour:

Le ciel etoit dans ſon ame,
Le lis qui s'ouvre au matin
N'eſt pas plus pur que la flame
Que s'allumoit dans ſon ſein.

" Sa naiſſance etoit commune,
Raimond ſans bien, ſans emploi,
N'avoit qu'un cœur pour fortune
Mais ce cœur fut tout a moi:
Las de mon ingratitude
Il me quitte pour toujours;
Et dans une ſolitude
Il alla finir ſes jours.

" Maintenant déſeſpérée
Victime d'un fol orgueil,
Je m'en vais dans la contrée
Qui renferme ſon cercueil;
Là, je n'ai point d'autre envie
Que de mourir a ſes pieds,
Payant les jours de ma vie
Ceux qu'il m'a ſacrifiés,"

" Non! non!" dit Raimond lui même,
En la ſerrant dans ſes bras,
" Non, celui que ton cœur aime
N'a point ſubi trépas;
Regarde, O mon Angeline,
Cher objet de mes regrets,
Regarde, O Fille divine,
Cet amant qui tu plurois."

Angeline

Angeline eſt dans l'ivreſſe
Sa tranſport coupe ſa voix:
" Ah!" dit elle, avec tendreſſe
Eſt ce toi que je revois?
Vivons, mourons, l'un pour l'autre
Il ne faut plus nous quitter;
Qu'un ſeul trépas ſoit le nôtre
Qu'aurons nous a regretter."

We all admired the Ballad very much. But Marianne contended againſt ſome of the ſentiments which I thought the moſt juſt and beautiful. I begged of her to repeat the lines over again, which denominated Friendſhip a phantom; and Love an illuſion, only to be found in the neſt of the dove. " What do you think of thoſe ſtanzas, Marianne?" ſaid I.

" That they are very beautiful;" ſhe replied, " but I hope," continued ſhe, " that before you leave the canton of Glarus you will be obliged to acknowledge, that the ſentiments they contain are rather the offſpring of individual diſappointment than of general feeling."

I did not inſiſt longer on the ſubject, as

it would have been paying an ill compliment to the friendſhip I had already experienced; beſides I did not wiſh to riſk an offence to my fair opponent, by ſpeaking lightly of the exiſtence of that paſſion which the ladies conſider as peculiarly under their protection. "Apropos!" ſaid I, waving the ſubject; "what means the goats-head in all your books? is it your creſt Mr. Steinbock?"

"It is the head of the firſt of the family," he replied, with a ſmile, his wife looked grave at him for the reply; but the girls began to laugh: "How do you mean?" ſaid I.

"Did you never ſee the Bouquetin?" ſaid Marianne to me.

"Hold your tongue, Miſs Impertinence!" ſaid her mother.

I did not know what to make of the jeſt, until my hoſt explained to me that the Swiſs and Germans call the Bouquetin or Mountain-goat, STEINBOCK; the explanation would have made me ſmile had I not been afraid of giving offence to the old lady.

I was conſidering on the invitation of our friend Johannen Kypſeler, when my hoſt ſaid to me, "you muſt not leave us to-morrow; I will ſend a hind to my friends with a meſſage, to ſay you and I and the girls, will come the day after, and ſpend a few days at his mountain cot, if you can ſleep upon dried moſs and ferns."

I was too much delighted with the proſpect of ſuch an excurſion to heſitate a moment in giving my unconditional aſſent; ſo that the affair was readily arranged, and we retired to reſt. I paſſed the morning of the next day with my hoſt in viſiting ſome cotton and ſilk looms, of which there were ſome hundreds in the Canton; and was much pleaſed with the ingenuity of the people at work; and highly gratified to obſerve that they reaped the fruits of their labour, by enjoying the profits of it undiſturbed, in rural peacefulneſs and frugal abundance.

"I will ſhew you the head of my anceſtors;" ſaid Gaſpar Steinbock to me, as we paſſed the town-hall of Glarus, "if you

will ſtep in with me; at leaſt, I will ſhew you his antlers."

"I had never met with the horns of the Bouquetin, and therefore was glad of this opportunity. They did not however come up to my expectation; for the longeſt of the two did not exceed three feet in length. "The animal," ſaid my companion, "to which theſe horns belonged, was killed by a croſs-bow ſome centuries ago on the Alps of Glarus; but for a century paſt," continued he, "I believe the only Steinbocks to be found in this Canton have inhabited the burgh and not the mountains."

On our return home, we found dinner waiting for us; after which, he and I, with his younger ſon went to a lake at the foot of the Schweitz mountains to amuſe ourſelves in angling. We arrived at the lake before three o'clock, and yet the ſun had ſo far ſet behind the mountains of Schweitz, that a complete ſhadow was thrown over the whole ſurface of the water; this was favourable to our ſport, ſo that in about an hour we killed ſeventeen trouts, one of which weighed

weighed five pounds. They were beautifully ſpeckled on the back, and when boiled preſented either a deep pink or an orange coloured meat, more delicious than any thing of the trout kind I had ever met with.

We returned with our ſport before it was dark, and found the family preparing for our expedition to the mountains.

"*Vous etes un pêcheur donc,*" ſaid Marianne gaily, as I entered the door with the largeſt of the trout hanging by the gills to a twig of birch: "*Quel peché ai je fait?*" replied I, jeſting, "*Point de peché mais une belle pêche vous avez fait!*" ſhe replied, adding, "and if you will give it to me, I will have it made ready for ſupper."

Gertrude although naturally ſilent, ſeemed more ſo this evening than uſual. I ventured to aſk her if ſhe were unwell? at which ſhe bluſhed and made me a confuſed anſwer.

"She is in love with you," ſaid her ſiſter, archly, "and Mamma wiſhes her to remain at home inſtead of going to the mountain; and that is what is the matter

with her." "How can you be ſo ſilly and ſo ill natured, Marianne!" exclaimed Gertrude, turning her head from us over the back of the chair on which ſhe ſat; "You call me ill-natured," replied Marianne, "have I not offered to ſtay at home with Mamma in your ſtead?"

"Be happy children!" ſaid my hoſt, "we will all go together, mother and all; and when we return it will only be neceſſary that ye ſhould be doubly diligent and induſtrious."

The old lady ſeemed to like the propoſition; and we parted for the night, mutually congratulating each other on the happy proſpect of to-morrow's journey.

I aroſe with the ſun, and found both the girls already up, breakfaſt was ready; and in an hour we all ſet forward on foot for Ruti: the father carried a rifle in his hand, the old lady a flaſk of French brandy, each of the girls had a bundle, and young Pepin the ſon, ran before us with his croſs-bow in his hand, and a ſatchel with books ſlung acroſs his ſhoulder.

During

During the firſt hour of our walk, the mountains on each ſide of us ſeemed ready to kiſs each other by their approaching contiguity; while the river between, roared along, as if in haſte to eſcape the fate of annihilation. The valley now began to open; and the rich paſtures and numerous cottages rendered our journey truly intereſting and delightful. We called at ſeveral hamlets in our way, all of which were remarkable for the neatneſs of their houſes, and the charming luxuriance of the trees and water-falls that every where appeared behind them on the face of the mountains.

At length we arrived at the village of Ruti, after having eaten cherries and milk at every houſe we viſited on the road; for in the canton of Glarus, and indeed throughout Switzerland, it is a great want of politeneſs to refuſe the offerings of hoſpitality. Our friend Johannen Kypſeler met us at the village, and received us with that kindneſs of manner, which ſprings from a heartfelt pleaſure, not known to the intercourſe of the polite world. "You are late,"

ſaid he, embracing us all round, "it is already noon, and I wiſhed to ſee you at my cottage before that time, to give us daylight to reach the cot on the mountain."

"It may be noon at Baſle, Gaffer," ſaid Marianne, "but I am ſure it is not yet eleven o'clock at Glarus."

"How do you know that ſtory chicken?" replied the venerable cottager.—"Every body knows," continued ſhe, "that the people of Baſle are ſo fooliſh that they think the ſun may err, but that their clocks cannot."

"The truth is," ſaid our friend Kypſeler, "that the ſteeple of Baſle has inclined from its true poſition; and that the dial therefore gives a falſe ſhadow: many attempts have been made by the magiſtrates to alter it; but public prejudice will not permit any innovation, for fear of overturning their liberties and the ſtate."

A walk of half an hour from the village, brought us to the cottage of our friend and guide: it is a low hut built of wood, with a large penthouſe roof covered with ſlates; behind it, and on each ſide, the beach trees grow

grow thick, and to an immenſe ſize; and immediately over it, a prodigious torrent of water falls from the impending mountain, whoſe declivities are wooded by a hanging grove of beech and pine-trees: this cataract falls from rock to rock, foaming down the ſteep with irreſiſtible violence, until it reaches a reſervoir below; whence it hurries along to ſwell the river Lynth, which takes its riſe from the glaciers of Glarus, and purſues its courſe through the valley ſurrounded by mountains capt with eternal ſnow.

I ſtood for a moment to gaze upon this ſublime ſcene, where the God of nature preſides in awful majeſty. It reminded me of Gray's deſcription of La Grande Chartreuſe in his famous latin ode, *O tu*, &c.

O thou! whate'er thou art, thy name reveal,
Whom theſe abodes adore, theſe woods conceal:
No pow'rleſs God thou art who fills theſe floods,
And reigns protector of theſe ancient woods.
The pathleſs rocks, the vaſt impending ſteps,
And mountains riſing in eternal heaps,
The floods freſh ruſhing from the mountains height,
And ſhad'wy foreſts darker than the night,

Confeſs the God, proclaim it his domain;
His omnipreſence own, and feel his reign.

"If it were not for that grove of beech-trees," ſaid my friend Kypſeler, "the tremendous maſſes of ſnow and ice that ſometimes roll down from the mountains, would ſweep away the little cottage we live in; they are called Avalanches," continued he, "and ſometimes exceed in magnitude the cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome."

"It is the ſnow-ghoſt that throws them down," ſaid Gertrude, "whenever it perceives a falſe friend or a faithleſs lover paſſing beneath; and at no other time."

"If that be true child," replied the mother of Gertrude, "Johannen Kypſeler has no occaſion for a beech wood behind his houſe to protect him; for he has been as true a lover, and is as ſincere a friend as ever entered the church of Glarus; he and his wife," continued ſhe, "are models for young people to copy after."

Our hoſt had ſtepped a few paces before us when Madame Steinboch paid this juſt tribute to his virtues.

My

My mind was full of the dreadful idea of one of theſe falling maſſes of ice and ſnow when we arrived at the door of the cottage; and at that moment Marianne cried out AVALANCHE!!! I was the only one caught by the jeſt; I looked up and ſtepped back with precipitation; which action made the whole party merry at my expence. They bantered me on an evil conſcience, and inſiſted upon knowing what fair one I had betrayed or forſaken.

The cottage of Kypſeler, in conformity with the general neatneſs of the Swiſs in their domeſtic economy, was a pattern of cleanlineſs and ſimplicity. We did not delay long at the repaſt provided for us, as we had to climb ſome very ſteep rocks before the approach of night. Kypſeler's family were all at the monntain-cot, with the cattle and the goats, according to their cuſtom during two months in every ſummer, to make butter and cheeſe from the milk of the cattle while they paſtured in the mountains; a neighbouring widow woman and her daughter took care of his houſe, in the abſence

abſence of his own family; and did the buſineſs of it ſo well, that I really miſtook them for his own wife and daughter, until the matter was explained to me.

"How do you truſt your houſe and all your keys to the mercy of other people, Mr. Kypſeler?" ſaid I, to our hoſt, as we left the cottage to proceed to the mountain. "God bleſs you!" he replied, "when you viſit the canton of Schweitz you may ſee ſhops with no perſon attending in them, but merely the goods with the price marked on each article; any perſon who wiſhes to buy, takes away what he may want and leaves the money in its ſtead. You have been in Schweitz, Marianne," continued our hoſt, addreſſing himſelf to the youngeſt daughter of Steinboch; "you muſt recollect ſhops where any one may take away what he pleaſes." "Perfectly well," ſhe replied, "I remember when I was a little girl to have ſeen a whole row of them on the road ſide through the valley of Muotta; my aunt took me into one of them and bought me half an ell of pink ribbond, which ſhe mea-

ſured ſo ſhort that it was of no uſe to me; I am ſure there is not any ſhop woman in Glarus would have the conſcience to give ſuch ſhort meaſure as my good aunt did to her own niece."

This anecdote made the private virtues of the Swiſs as much the objects of my eſteem, as their public ones had been that of my admiration. Indeed private virtue is the only baſis upon which public greatneſs can be permanently built; and they who expect to find public virtue where there is a want of domeſtic integrity, are like the Perſian who attempted to carry bricks to the top of an enchanted caſtle, to raiſe a tower upon it: the ſpell broke and his fabric fell to the ground. I found the aſcent become more ſteep as I receded from the cottage; and it increaſed in difficulty every ſtep. In about two hours we paſſed over a covered bridge, under which the immenſe torrents paſs, that thunder from the glaciers down the perpendicular face of the impending mountain. By degrees I felt myſelf advancing into a new world: the ſteepneſs of the craggs, the projection

jection of the precipices, the narrowneſs of the paths, the roaring of the cataracts, the immenſity of the mountains, and the approach of twilight rendered the ſcene at once awful and ſublime.

After having climbed during two hours longer, we found ourſelves on a beautiful little green ſpot, where the goats and cows of our hoſt were collected together, by his family and ſervants, who were milking them for the evening. He kiſſed his wife and daughter, and ſhook hands with his ſervants; the family of Glarus followed his example; the mutual greetings were full of kindneſs and affection; and were ſcarcely terminated when the daughter of our hoſt came up to me with her pail of milk." "Take ſome warm milk," ſaid ſhe, "you will find it very refreſhing after your fatigue." I received the pail from her hand with a ſuitable compliment, and returned it to her again, remarking, that the Alps of Glarus ſeemed to produce the fineſt milk and the ſweeteſt women in Switzerland. This gallantry ſurpriſed and alarmed her; I

was

was ſorry I had ventured it: but the remark was extorted from me by the whiteneſs of the milk and the delicacy of its flavour, which indeed was truly exquiſite; then, ſuch was the beauty of the fair daughter of Kypſeler, that ſhe looked like the ſummer roſe breaking from its bud amidſt the ſnows of Siberia.

The lowing of the cattle, and the bleating of the goats, as they returned to their paſturage, echoed and re-echoed with an incredible murmur. I miſtook it for the falling of water. After this matter had been explained to me, we adjourned to the cot of the mountain, which was but a few paces from the milking place. Its ſtructure ſeemed curious, being built of a double row of ſtakes and watlings, filled in between with a ſpecies of moſs, and thatched over with the ſame materials; the length of it ſurpriſed me, being nearly eighty feet; it looked altogether like a natural hillock covered with moſs and ferns. We entered it on the ſouth ſide, but it had another door on the north where the dairy was kept, and whoſe ſides were not ſtuffed like the reſt, leaving the

the baſket work of the ſtakes and wattings pervious to the air to keep the apartment cool for the benefit of the milk, its cheeſe, and butter. I viſited this dairy, which was cleanlineſs itſelf; the milk tubs were as white as chalk, and each was covered with a large ſmoth ſlate from the quarries of Serfnt; a valley which is ſeparated from the upper part of the canton of Glarus by the Freyburg mountains.

The converſation during the whole evening, was of that neighbourly kind, which holds forth little intereſt, beyond the circle of its influence; we were however all very gay, and very happy, and retired to our beds of fern, with a full diſpoſition to ſleep; having made a hearty ſupper of bread, cheeſe, honey, milk, and a ſort of preſerve made with honey and the berries of the mountain aſh. Before the break of day Gaſpar Steinbock awoke me, aſking me if I would accompany him and his friend Kypfeler among the higher mountains, to look for a chamois or the marmots. I knew by report the fatigue incident to the chaſe amidſt

amidſt the ſnows and precipices of the Alps, and being ſenſible of my own incapacity for ſuch an undertaking, I felt myſelf obliged, although with much reluctance, to decline the invitation. Our hoſt had dreſſed himſelf and was already near to us, when I made my apology to our friend of Glarus.—"Well, well," ſaid Kypſeler, "I will tell you how it ſhall be: my daughter Conſtance and our friend's two daughters, ſhall accompany you about noon to the foot of the Glaciers, where we will meet you; and then we will all dine together upon the ice, or near it."

"And we will bring Pepin with us," ſaid I. "God bleſs you!" replied his father, "he goes with us; and will keep on foot without a murmur from morning till dark night."

Surpriſing indeed, that I in the prime of life ſhould feel myſelf unable to keep pace in athletic exerciſes, with a man of ſeventy and a boy of twelve years of age! But when we reflect on the force of habit, the ſurpriſe ceaſes; and we are obliged to acknowledge

that "the tree will grow as firſt we bend the twig."

After the milking of the cows in the morning, we all fell to the churn, which afforded much amuſement to the girls. We worked two and two, and whenever I ſeemed tired, Gertrude offered to relieve me out of her turn. "I told you ſo," ſaid Marianne, "ſhe would not be ſo ready, if you were her brother." This miſchievous inſinuation prevented me giving up my place, although my arms ached to ſuch a degree, I was ready to drop with pain and fatigue. Miſs Marplot perceiving my ſituation, watched her ſiſter's eye until it turned another way, then flew ſuddenly to the churn-ſtaff, exclaiming, "don't be jealous ſiſter!" this occaſioned a laugh from every one but Gertrude.

The wit and ſprightlineſs of Marianne, were the genuine offſprings of a fine genius, and of a heart not too ſuſceptible of love; yet too well adapted I ſuſpect, for receiving impreſſions never to be obliterated. While on the other hand, her ſiſter ſilent and thoughtful

thoughtful, ſeemed to be ſuſceptible of thoſe ſhallow impreſſions only, with which ſome hearts are completely covered, but by which they are never penetrated beyond the regions of ſelfiſhneſs and deſire.

After our mornings work we all went to a ſpring that guſhes from the rock; and there bathed our arms and cooled our faces in the limpid ſtream; I did not think the experiment very ſafe, but the race we had back to the cot prevented the poſſibility of taking cold. He now packed up ſome proviſions for the hunters; and ſet forward with great ſpirit for the Glaciers. I found the path very ſteep and difficult, frequently having occaſion for aſſiſtance from my fair companions.

At one place where there was a tuft of moſs and lichens below me, the daughter of Kypſeler and Marianne began to whiſper, and ſuddenly puſhed me over a little buſh backward down the hill, upon the plot of moſs below: I certainly did not hurt myſelf by the fall; but in their attempt to puſh

Gertrude

the other rival beauties." "No!" replied Marianne, "but it is both of you."

We all then looked fooliſh, for it was the fact. After a few moments pauſe, ſhe reſumed very gravely "but to be ſerious with you, Mr. Eugenius, I wiſh to put you on your guard againſt thoſe two girls; for my ſiſter has confeſſed to me, that ſhe and Conſtance Kypſeler are in poſſeſſion of a ſecret to make men love them. It is a philter compoſed of ſome ſorts of herbs boiled in milk."

"There muſt have been ſome of thoſe herbs boiled in that milk you gave me yeſterday, lovely Conſtance," ſaid I, "was there not?" She turned away her head and laughed, while I caught her by the hand and pulled her towards me, to ſee the bluſh of beauty deepen on her cheek.

"Sit ſtill," ſaid Gertrude, to me, "and don't mind their nonſenſe; I am not like them; I will not plague you as they do."

"But ſhe will give you a philter!" they both exclaimed, burſting forth into ſo violent

lent a laughter, that they diſconcerted Gertrude not a little.

After their mirth, which brought tears into their eyes by its exceſs, ſubſided, I entreated Miſs Marianne to give me ſome idea of the ingredients, neceſſary to make one of theſe charm-working mixtures, termed philters.

"Aſk Gertrude!!!" they both cried, falling again into immoderate laughter. "Well, I will tell you;" ſaid Marianne, ſtifling her ſmiles.—She then began to enumerate many things, the names of which I was an utter ſtranger to; but which, no doubt, had ſtrange ſignifications, or alluſions, in the Swiſs patois, as Gertrude was forced into a riſibility like her ſiſter's, at the bare mention of ſeveral of them, and in which the other two joined with redoubled violence. At length, however, the ſtorm of laughter ceaſed, and Gertrude told me with great compoſure, that ſhe had a receipt for a philter that was infallible; but that if ſhe could not gain the heart of a man ſhe might love, without ſuch help, ſhe would rather die in celibacy; "It is however," continued ſhe,

a valuable thing; and I will tell you how it is to be made. It was bought from the widow of Doctor Michael Schuppach, of Langenau, in the canton of Berne; he was known by the name of the Phyſician of the Mountain; my father remembers him well; he has not been dead many years."—"God bleſs you, Gertrude," ſaid Marianne, interrupting her, "don't be ſo proſaic; you will give us the birth, parentage, and education of the Doctor, inſtead of his recipe. There is nothing under heaven," continued ſhe, "ſo tireſome and annoying to me, as uſeleſs digreſſions and long ſtories."

"Now, can't you let me alone ſiſter?" replied Gertrude; "I'm ſure Ido not ſpeak ſo often, that you ſhould interrupt me." "No, I grant that," ſaid her ſiſter; "but when you once begin to ſpeak, you never know when to be done."

This little altercation nearly deprived me of Dr. Schuppach's famous noſtrum; but the lovely Conſtance interpoſed her ſweet mediation, and Gertrude proceeded in her own way, relating many things about the widow

widow of the doctor, and the perſon to whom ſhe ſold the recipe, with a ſcore of anecdotes of its ſucceſs. "My father will tell you," ſaid ſhe, "that one of the daughters of the bailiff of the iſland of St. Peter, in the lake of Bienne, gave it to the heretic Rouſſeau; and put him in ſuch a way, that when he was obliged to quit the canton of Berne, by an order from the council, he prayed to be impriſoned where he was, for life, rather than leave the place of his enchantment."—All her ſtories, and the laſt anecdote more particularly, which I knew in part to be true, made me anxious to know this famous compoſition, which I thought, no doubt, was of the ſame nature with that given by Circe to the wandering Ulyſſes.

"Here is the recipe," ſaid Gertrude, as ſhe finiſhed the tale of Rouſſeau; and taking a paper from a huſwife ſhe had in her pocket, made of the ſkin of ſome animal. I was curious to know what the ſkin was; but to do much we ſhould be content to do only one thing at a time; I therefore pre-

pared to liſten to the recipe for making the philter.

"Take," ſaid ſhe, reading the paper, "ſeven penny weights of fine flour, ſeven pieces of bay-ſalt, ſeven white ſnails, ſeven wood-pigeon eggs, the flowers of ſeven plants of leopard's bane, (arnica montana) and ſeven ſpoonsful of the milk of a chamois: beat theſe ingredients together, and make them into a cake, to be baked before the fire, ſtanding upright againſt a white ſtone: the whole of it muſt be eaten within ſeven days, by the perſon to be infatuated, which being done it will never fail *." The girls all turned their eyes on me to obſerve what impreſſion the diſcloſure of this wonderful ſecret might have upon me; for certainly they believed in the efficacy of philters; at leaſt they did not entirely diſallow their preternatural agency.

* As ſome of the ingredients in this recipe are rank poiſon, how dreadful muſt have been the conſequences to the perſon who applied it; when ſhe witneſſed the death of her lover, rather than his encreaſed love.

"My

"My dear Gertrude!" ſaid I, "tear that infamous paper. There is one ingredient in it that is highly miſchievous; and ſhould you ever be ſilly enough to exhibit the magical cake to any one, it may perhaps tranſport the unhappy mortal to the regions of death, inſtead of waking in him an increaſe of celeſtial fire. I will tell you a ſtory," continued I, "of an unfortunate woman who poiſoned her lover in a ſimilar attempt, by a vain endeavour to make him love her, more than he was diſpoſed naturally to do.

"Did it happen at Glarus?" ſaid Conſtance."

"No! ſweet Conſtance; it happened in Greece; a country very like your own, renowned for the valour of its men, and the beauty of its women.

"Oh, I ſhould like to hear it;" ſaid Marianne; "but don't make it long, for you already know I hate long ſtories. But come," continued ſhe, "begin; you ſhall tell it all day if you like."

"Divine Marianne," ſaid I, "there was

a youth of Greece, beautiful and young as that ſweetheart of yours, who danced with you laſt night by the river; his name was Polydorus, and he was enamoured of Phania, a maid as fair as the queen of love, but far leſs fair than you."

"Nay!" ſaid Marianne, interrupting me, "compare the lovers to yourſelf and Gertrude; it will be more ſuitable; particularly if the lady gives her paramour a charm."

I ſmiled and proceeded.—"This fair maid was not inſenſible to the paſſion of her lover; which awakened a flame in her boſom, that produced a reciprocal but more ardent attachment. She was young and beautiful; endowed with great ſuſceptibility, and poſſeſſing an ingenuous diſpoſition and pleaſing manners. But being endued with only a moderate portion of intellect, ſhe loved without knowing why; and was ignorant how to retain the affection of thoſe by whom ſhe wiſhed to be beloved. She did not know how to vary or embelliſh her native charms; or how to ſecure the conqueſts thoſe charms had made by the neceſſary

ceſſary improvement of her perſonal attractions, and mental acquirements. Moments there are which even lovers muſt employ in intellectual pleaſures, or enjoyment itſelf will pall upon the fated appetite.

"On the other hand, Polydorus was quick and animated; had a reſtleſs and active mind; was equally impatient of knowledge and of pleaſure; diverſifying his purſuits to every object of taſte and ſcience. He paſſed with equal rapidity from ſtudy to pleaſure, and from pleaſure to buſineſs.

"Seduced at firſt by the beauty of Phania, and the ſweetneſs of her manners, he gave her credit for every mental accompliſhment; the abſence of which the blindneſs of love concealed, or his partiality ſupplied. But after poſſeſſion and enjoyment, he became wearied by an unintereſting clack of converſation; and was deſirous of inſpiring his beloved with a taſte for polite literature. With this view, he read to her the beſt authors and pointed out their beauties. But he beſtowed his labours on a ſterile and ungrateful ſoil. For Phania only liſtened

through complaiſance; while abſence and repeated yawning evinced her inaptitude for learning, or the enjoyment of literary pleaſures. His viſits became ſhorter and leſs frequent, and he always made ſome excuſe to go away.

"As a lover's eye ſuffers no appearance of indifference to eſcape unobſerved, ſhe reproached him for his coldneſs; ſometimes in the tender language of ſenſibility; ſometimes with the keenneſs of ſeverity. But prayers and reproaches, eſpecially when accompanied by ill-humour, only give birth to diſſimulation, without reſtoring love. The tender Phania in deſpair at the inefficacy of her endeavour, determined to recur o a more certain means; and as ignorance is ever allied with credulity and ſuperſtition, ſhe applied to an old woman, who, as ſhe heard, made philters to excite love; one of which ſhe purchaſed, and was promiſed the moſt infallible ſucceſs. The old woman told her at the ſame time that a young man whom ſhe had cauſed to eat ſome cakes, prepared in a peculiar manner, felt a daily paroxyſm of love, which

continued

continued a whole hour without intermiſſion.

" The potion was made as follows:—She began by invoking all the infernal deities; then put ſome vipers into a pot, boiled them together with ſeveral herbs, the bones of frogs, hippomanes, human blood, and other deteſtable ingredients.

" Having procured this execrable potion, Phania waited with anxiety till Polydorus, who was ſubject to a ſickneſs at the ſtomach, ſhould complain of the return of his complaint. She then offered it to him as an Elixir of ſpecific properties, calculated to remove his diſeaſe. Polydorus long refuſed it, being averſe to every kind of quackery; but at length overcome by her entreaties, he conſented to drink it. The old hag, doubtleſs, had put ſome herb into it, perhaps leopard's-bane; the deleterious qualities of which ſhe might not know, for Polydorus preſently perceived he was poiſoned. He was attacked with an increaſed pain at the ſtomach, reaching, and ſtrong convulſions; his bowels were violently affected, and his

blood ſeemed on fire. "Ah Phania!" ſaid he, "what have you done?—you have poiſoned me, and death is already at my heart."

"Phania turned pale, and was filled with alarm; yet ſhe ſtill flattered herſelf it was only a momentary effect of the philter. In the mean while the urgency of the ſymptoms increaſed, the poiſon raged with redoubled fury, and the unfortunate Polydorus was almoſt conſumed with its violence. "I am dying!" cried he, "I am dying!—what have I done?—Oh what have I done, Phania, that you ſhould thus ſo cruelly deſtroy me?"

"At theſe words Phania, wild with deſpair, threw herſelf on his neck, preſſed him to her boſom, and fainted in his arms.—At length recovering her ſenſes and her ſtrength, ſaid, "O Polydorus! yes, I am thy murderer—thy innocent murderer—I loved thee! I adored thee! O let me inhale the poiſon and die with thee!—the wretch has barbarouſly deceived me, and inſtead of a philter has given me a poiſon!—Oh do but grant me one look of forgiveneſs! O pardon the crime I have committed!" Her ſobs ſtifled her voice,

while

while Polydorus, who now diſcovered her innocence, and perceiving her grief, raiſed his eyes, and with a languiſhing look, gave her his hand, ſaying, with a dying voice, "My dear Phania, I forgive you! yes, I forgive you, I forgive you! may'ſt thou be happy!"—He had no ſooner uttered theſe words than he expired. The deſolate Phania, pale and diſtracted, ſnatched a poinard from his girdle and plunged it in her boſom. The attendants flew to her relief in vain; the warm blood guſhed impetuouſly from the wound, and ſhe expired upon the boſom of her murdered lover."

"Tear that abominable paper, Gertrude!" ſaid her lovely ſiſter, as ſhe wiped away a tear that ſtole ſecretly down her cheek. But Gertrude did not hear her, for ſhe had been violently agitated during the whole recital, particularly at the concluſion. Poor Conſtance ſob'd aloud, and aſked me, with much kindneſs, if they were my friends.

"No, my dear," ſaid I; "it is an event that happened two thouſand years ago."

"It may nevertheleſs be true," obſerved

Marianne, "and I am glad we have heard it; for it confirms me in my opinion of the wickedneſs of ſuch inventions, and the dreadful conſequences they generally produce."

Gertrude acknowledged the danger ſhe had been reſcued from; and, tearing the paper into a thouſand pieces, "I did intend," ſaid ſhe, "I now confeſs it, to uſe this recipe ſome day or other; but from what I have heard, I never will; and I thank God my eyes have been opened to the danger."

We were all at this moment extremely ſerious; and Conſtance was yet wiping the tears from her eyes, when the Chaſſeurs made a ſudden appearance, round the rock to which we were ſitting. Our feelings were tranſported inſtantly from the extreme of gravity to that of joy; we all flew to embrace our friends, who were loaded with the chaſe.

The venerable cottager of Glarus bore acroſs his ſhoulder a full-grown Chamois; it was a pretty creature, more like an antilope than a goat. I have its forelegs at this

this moment in my poſſeſſion; they are ſhod with ſilver, and make the handles to a carving knife and fork. The Burgher Steinboch had killed a bearded vulture, or as ſome call it a golden eagle; however, eagle or vulture, it was an aſtoniſhing bird, not meaſuring leſs than nine feet between the tips of its expanded wings. Young Pepin had in his hand a couple of little animals, whoſe ſkins reſembled that uſed by his ſiſter for a huſwife. He told me they were called marmots; that they lived together in families, in ſubterraneous artificial dwellings, where they ſleep all huddled up in a heap together during the whole winter; but from which they come forth on the returning ſummer, and feed upon certain herbs and roots in the mountains. He had ſhot them both with his croſs-bow, and begged that I would accept of their ſkins to make me a pair of fur gloves. "We eat them ſometimes," ſaid he, "but not when we ſee ſuch good fare as I ſee ſpread before us."

The girls were highly delighted with the eagle, whoſe wings they would have cut off,

to

to make feather-bruſhes for the ſhelves of their reſpective homes; but Steinboch inſiſted on carrying it to Glarus without mutilation. After our curioſity was ſatisfied in looking at the victims of the chace, we ſat down to a cold collation, which we found extremely delicious; as well from the native exquiſiteneſs of the viands, as from thoſe incomparable ingredients, fatigue and hunger.

"This repaſt," ſaid Kypſeler, "reminds me of an event not a little curious that happened on this very ſpot more than half a century ago. A woman called Rebecca lived with her huſband in the ſame mountain cot from whence we came this morning. One day he took it into his head to go into the higher mountains in purſuit of the Chamois; but by ſome misfortune did not return that night. His wife and family watched and waited for him with inexpreſſible anxiety and grief, fearing that either he had falleh into a chaſm among the glaciers, or that becoming lame he had fallen a prey to bears and wolves.

"In

"In the morning the family went in different directions in ſearch of him; and his wife purſued the way to where we now are, with an infant in her arms, faſtened up in a lamb's ſkin to preſerve it from the cold; for it was the month of September when this curious circumſtance happened: a period of the year at which, of late years, we deſert the mountains entirely.

"Worn out by fatigue of watching, of grieving, and of traverſing the mountains, ſhe ſat down where we now ſit, and fell aſleep: the infant lay cloſe to her, wrapped up carefully in the lamb's ſkin.

"When ſhe awoke the child was gone. Figure to yourſelf the ſituation of the unhappy mother; frantic with deſpair ſhe tore her cloaths, and accuſed heaven of cruelty and injuſtice; ſhe flew from rock to rock; from precipice to precipice; but that heaven which ſhe accuſed of cruelty, reſtrained the frequent impulſe, of committing ſelf-deſtruction. She returned again to the ſpot where ſhe had loſt the child, determining to waſte her life in waiting its reſtoration; ſhe

ſhe knelt down on this very ſtone and prayed to God to ſhew her his power and mercy in reſtoring to her arms the huſband and the infant of her boſom.

"In the ſame inſtant ſhe perceived them both ſtanding before her; overcome by ſurpriſe, and wonder, and joy, ſhe vainly endeavoured to fly to embrace them; deprived of motion by the ſudden affection of her mind, ſhe dropt ſenſeleſs at the feet of her huſband. He uſed a thouſand efforts to reſtore her, but all were fruitleſs, until he thought of putting the infant's mouth to the nipple of its mother; this expedient gradually reſtored her circulation and her faculties; but when ſhe perceived ſhe had the infant in her arms, ſhe bleſſed God and burſt into tears.

"My dear Rebecca!" ſaid her huſband, "I am the cauſe of your unhappy ſituation, but at the ſame time of your deliverance from a dreadful calamity; it was not accident I confeſs, but greedineſs that detained me from home. I had killed four chamois, and not being willing to leave any of them behind,

hind, I carried them two and two alternately acroſs the glaciers. Overtaken by night, I repoſed in a cave; and was proceeding this morning with the fruits of my chaſe, when I beheld a large bearded vulture alight near the two carcaſes I had juſt quitted. I perceived ſomething like a lamb in the bird's talons; then ſtalking carefully along towards the ſpot where it alighted, I took aim with my gun from behind a rock and fired. A dreadful cry from the wounded bird inſtantly followed the report of my muſket, and I ran to complete its deſtruction with my ice-ſtaff. But judge my ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment when I ſaw my infant ſprawling on the ground, with the lamb's-ſkin nearly ſtripped off it! I caught it up in my arms, and finding it not hurt, returned thanks to God, and inſtantly haſtened homewards to reſtore it to your boſom."

When Kypſeler had finiſhed the relation, I expreſſed an anxiety to know the fate of a child ſo miraculouſly preſerved. The girls laughed, and Steinboch ſmiled. "That will make another ſtory ſome day," ſaid

ſaid Kypſeler, "at preſent we muſt think of returning home."

As they were collecting the fragments of the repaſt, I whiſpered to Marianne that I ſuſpected the ſtory to be only a fiction. "It is firmly believed," ſhe replied, "by every body in the canton."

"But what became of the child?" ſaid I.

"There it is!" ſhe rejoined, pointing to Kypſeler himſelf: at this diſcovery I held my tongue, and taking Marianne's hand joined the reſt of the party who had already began their march. We deſcended to the little green plot on which the mountain cottage was erected, without any accident; but I was ſurpriſed to find myſelf already there, before I thought myſelf half way. I believe we returned by a different route, for I paſſed a ſcene of horror and deſolation, ſo impreſſive, that it could not have eſcaped my notice had it lain in my path during our aſcent in the morning.

About half way between the place fixed for our repaſt and the mountain-cot, we deſcended

aſcended along a bare ſlippery rock of ſlate, through a moſt barren region, amidſt a chaos of pointed rocks, and fallen avalanches, intermixed with ſmall patches of ruſſet herbage; on our right-hand, the foot of a glacier appeared at the diſtance of about half a mile, pouring an immenſe torrent of water from beneath its arched roof, over a hideous precipice of five hundred feet elevation; the roaring of this cataract, the dreary wildneſs of the objects moſt contiguous to me, the endleſs extenſion of the field of ice that opened itſelf to my view, and the peaked mountains covered with everlaſting ſnow, that ſurrounded me on all ſides, filled my mind with ſentiments correſpondent to the impreſſions, made by images ſo vaſt and wonderful, ſo awful and ſublime. I felt the preſence of that Almighty Being, "*who divided the ſea by his ſtrength — the habitation of whoſe throne are juſtice and judgment; and in the preſence of whom ſit Mercy and Truth, for evermore.*"

Notwithſtanding our fatigue, after the cows were milked, a dance was propoſed; in

in which the hinds and other ſervants were permitted to join; our hoſt was the muſician; he played with much taſte and ſpirit on a little three-ſtringed fiddle called a rubeck: the moon ſhone at an early hour, and gave a delightful animation to the ſcene. I joined in the Valtz, but ſoon became ſo giddy by the whirling movement that I was obliged to give it up and ſit down. When the dance finiſhed we ſupped together in the open air, and retired to reſt.

I regretted much that my engagements at Zuric called on me to quit this enchanting ſpot ſo ſoon; the more ſo, as a tender attachment had begun to warm my heart with love:—Sweet girl! I yet feel thine image living there, and when the monſter of oppreſſion ſhall be deſtroyed, I will reviſit thee in thy peaceful glen, and paſs the remainder of my days with thee in obſcurity and happineſs.

In the morning, I took an affectionate leave of the two families, and was more afflicted tha I thought it poſſible to be in parting with people ſo lately known to me; but the avenue to my heart had been laid open by the

the ſweet intercourſe of innocent freedoms in amuſement and converſation; ſuch as the inhabitants of more refined regions could not venture to allow. The vicious and the artful are moſt prone to caution and ſuſpicion. I have every where obſerved that when external appearances are moſt ſcrupulouſly regarded, internal diſorder has moſt univerſally prevailed. In Italy you cannot venture to ſalute a woman with a kiſs, or to give her your arm in public, although you ſhould be her friend and intimate acquaintance; in private it is otherwiſe. In England our female friends do not heſitate to take us by the arm, or to receive the marks of our regard on their ſweet and modeſt lips, in the preſence of their acquaintance; while, on the other hand, in private and alone, they would repel with indignation the freedoms they permit in public; and like the women of Switzerland, evince thereby that virtue does not always accord with external appearances.

Both the families accompanied me to the path that deſcends from the plot of ground

on

on which the mountain cot was built; they repeatedly ſhook me by the hand, expreſſing their hope that I would return at ſome future period to ſee them again. I betrayed my feelings at the laſt adieu, and promiſed the lovely miſtreſs of my ſoul by a tear and a look, that my farewell was not for ever.

Our hoſt and my friend Steinboch inſiſted on eſcorting me to the Pantenbruck; a bridge of one arch over the river Lynth, very ſoon after its egreſs from the arched vault of the field of ice that gives it birth. We arrived at this wonderful bridge about an hour after we left the cot. I looked over the precipice on which one end of it reſts, the depth is prodigious, and the torrent that roars through its arch rages with irreſiſtible fury. At this place Gaſper Steinboch embraced me, ſaying, he would not leave me ſo ſoon, had he not promiſed to return to aſſiſt in the conſtruction of a new cheeſe preſs, which he had invented. I loaded him with remembrances to thoſe we had left behind, and purſued my journey with Kypſeler alone.

"How happy you live here, my dear friend," said I; "how much I envy you; would to God the time were arrived when I shall be master of my own conduct and property: I should wish then to quit the world, and finish my days in the canton of Glarus."

"We are indeed happy," replied the venerable cottager, "if the exclusion of care and envy, and the possession of health, plenty and obscurity can make us so."

"You have forgotten to add," said I, "virtue, and liberty."

"Alas!" exclaimed my companion, "I fear the integrity of my countrymen is no more; and that Liberty, scared at the deformity of Vice, is about to take wing and fly from the cantons of Switzerland forever! We still retain liberty of conscience, it is true; and the magistracy of our respective cantons, and their bailliwicks; but the revolutions of Geneva, the oppression of the Grisons, and the institution of a supreme Landamann at Friburg, may be looked upon

on as preludes to the total deſtruction of our deareſt privileges.

" The innovations of tyranny are gradual and inſinuative; thoſe of liberty inſtantaneous and open. Our bannerets no longer guard the liberties of the people; and they who aſſume the office and functions of deputies to the diet of Friburg, are no others than creatures forced upon Switzerland by the corruption and venality of her ſons. Depend upon it, my young friend," continued he, " that while a free country is true to itſelf, no foreign power can injure or oppreſs it; but the moment its inhabitants become corrupt and vicious, they will ſell the deareſt intereſts of the ſtate for their private advantages."

" I am ſorry to have reaſon," ſaid I, " to admit the juſtice of your remarks; and to deplore with you the degeneracy of patriotiſm and virtue. I truſt, however that the houſe of Hapſburgh *, and the country of its anceſtors, as well as that which it now governs, ſhall yet riſe ſuperior to the ſtorm; and ſee the dæmon that directs it,

* The preſent Emperor of Auſtria.

proſtrate

proſtrate at the feet of regenerated Europe."

"Another age of barbariſm is more likely to happen," replied the ſage and intelligent Kypſeler. "Printing may in vain ſtruggle to perpetuate literature, and iſolated patriotiſm may from time to time raiſe her voice amidſt the mountains of Switzerland or Iberia; or retire in ſeeming ſecurity to the Britiſh Iſles; but the all-deſolating hand of vice and corruption ſhall at laſt involve the world again in ignorance and ſlavery: the ſciences and the arts ſhall fade away; a new ſuperſtition ſhall ariſe; and the whole earth ſhall ſleep for a ſeaſon, and dream frightfully; until regenerated mankind, uncorrupted by ſophiſtry and luxury, ſhall awake from the torpor of their anceſtors, and reſtore to life, Liberty and the Sciences."

There was ſomething ſo awfully prophetic in this view of the ſubject, that I felt my blood chill as I liſtened to him: I fancied myſelf already in the abodes of Superſtition, of Tyranny, and of Ignorance my ſoul

ſunk within me at the thought; and as I felt my blood recoil to my heart, I put my hands together and exclaimed with Voltaire, "O Dieu! nous en preſerve."

"We will talk no more of it," ſaid I, "my dear friend; rather tell me you will be happy to receive me again, amidſt the enviable mountains of Glarus; and I will take my chance of finding Liberty unfettered and Virtue uncorrupted." I now led him to underſtand that I felt a powerful attachment to his daughter; and that if he would not oppoſe my views, it was my intention to return on a future day to ſolicit her hand in marriage."

"I will not oppoſe it," ſaid he, "ſhould my daughter love you, and I think," continued he, "from ſomething I have obſerved, I think it poſſible ſhe may; I have no prejudice againſt ſtrangers as ſuch; if he be virtuous and intelligent, it is all I wiſh for in any man; and as to choice in matrimony, I know of no perſon beyond the parties whoſe happineſs and miſery are involved in it, that have a right to interfere. A man

may

may as well presume to direct the religious tenets of his wife, whose soul is peculiarly her own, and in no way his, as a father compel his daughter to marry whom he pleases. I will relate to you," continued he, "the history of myself and my dear Teresa, the wife of my bosom, who has been my delight and solace for nearly half a century.

"Teresa was the daughter of a Roman Catholic burgher at Glarus, named Kylermann; while my father as well as myself were Calvanists: but my father was a great stickler for the doctrines of Zuingle, and held in detestation Romish rites, and all they who professed them. Of late we are less bigotted, and the Calvanists and Catholics live together in perfect unity and peace.

"The father of Teresa was wealthy; but having had a large family, as the daughters grew up he sent them to a convent in the bailliwick of Utznack; the territory you will pass through in your way to Zuric.

"At an early age his daughter Teresa and I became passionately fond of each other; we met continually in the fields, and

on the banks of the river; whenever our parents would permit us to be out of doors; but I dared not go to her father's houſe; neither dared ſhe come to mine.

"Soon after ſhe had obtained her thirteenth year, ſhe was taken ill with the meaſles, and ſeveral days elapſed without my ſeeing her. I walked continually round her houſe in the intervals of ſchool hours; and ſometimes managed to convey ſome fruit to her by a little girl of our acquaintance. Her father frequently drove me from the door by ſetting a dog at me that he had had given to him by a Frenchman; but this did not deter me from hovering round the abode of my beloved Tereſa: it was the month of May, and the weather was warm and delightful for the ſeaſon; all the little folks were abroad in the fields but my unfortunate Tereſa; I felt myſelf eſtranged and forſaken; yet ſometimes I made excurſions abroad with my ſchool-fellows; but it was only to give myſelf an opportunity of plucking ſome violets and other flowers to make a

chaplet

chaplet for the feveriſh temples of my beloved.

" One day, as my little confidant was receiving a ſtring of flowers from my hand near the houſe of Tereſa, her father, who was a brutiſh man, ſet the dog at me; but inſtead of falling upon me, it flew at my little friend and threw her down. I had my croſs-bow in my hand ready ſet, and as the monſter ſtood with his fore paw on the neck of the trembling Maria, I ſent an iron ſpike at him which pierced his heart, and brought him lifeleſs to the ground. Mr. Kylermann would have beaten me; but many people ſtanding by, ſaw the tranſaction and interfered; indeed ſuch was the indignation of the neighbours on the occaſion, that I trembled for fear they would maltreat him; during the threatened affray, his wife, who was a woman of a mild diſpoſition, took Maria and myſelf into the houſe; where I remained with my lovely Tereſa until the tumult ſubſided out of doors, and Mr. Kylermann returned. I was then obliged to ſneak off for fear he might be angry with Tereſa on

my account; he however ſaid nothing to me, but walked up and down the houſe calling on the Santa Maria, and biting his lips.

"When Tereſa recovered, her father ſent her away to the convent of St. Agatha, in the bailliwick of Utznack. I now feared we were ſeparated for ever; although on parting we vowed eternal fidelity and love. Very ſoon after her departure, my father perceived that I loathed my food and paid no attention to my book, that I was indifferent to pleaſure, and betrayed, in his opinion, ſtrong ſymptoms of idiotiſm; indeed in about three months I was reduced to ſuch a ſtate of mental and corporeal imbecility, that I ſcarcely knew whether I exiſted or not. "Our ſon," ſaid my father to his wife, "is more like a native of the Vallois, than of Glarus; he is already an idiot, and I expect by and bye to ſee a huge *goiter* grow beneath his chin." "My dear!" replied my mother, "there is ſomething on the lad's mind; ſend him to Zuric to my ſiſter; it may be of ſervice to him." The

propoſition was adopted by my father; and it was reſolved to ſend me off in a few days.

"My female friend and confidant Maria Schipnal, had been in the habit of going once in every three weeks to ſee Tereſa at St. Agatha's; the diſtance not being more than four German miles. This good girl had done us many good offices by carrying meſſages to and fro; and her periodical viſit to the convent always relieved my mind for a day or two after her return. This regular alleviation of my melancholy, induced the Doctor to believe he had diſcovered a new ſpecies of fatuity, whoſe lucid intervals occurred from the twentieth to the twenty ſecond day; he publiſhed an account of this new diſeaſe in the Medical Journals of Munich; which ſome years afterwards afforded my wife and me a good deal of diverſion at his expence.

"When my departure for Zuric was decided upon, I made a point of ſeeing Maria to ſuggeſt a plan of getting me into the convent. She met my propoſals with zeal; and entered warmly into my ideas on the

ſcheme. The ſervice I had done her when aſſailed by Kylermann's dog; the love ſhe bore Tereſa; and the alluring motive of doing a kindneſs to a friend, induced her readily and at once to engage in an enterpriſe full of danger to herſelf and Tereſa.

"Maria Schipnal was about my own age and rather tall; it occurred to me, therefore, that her cloaths would fit me pretty exactly; and, as I was not quite fifteen, neither my voice nor my chin could betray me. I imparted theſe ideas to her, as ſuggeſting the means of getting me into the convent. "We will do it," ſaid ſhe, "in ſpite of the Lady Abbeſs; and you ſhall once more have the happineſs of ſeeing the girl you love."—I thanked her with a kiſs and a tear; for the extatic thought of ſeeing my Tereſa had lighted up my ſoul with that ſacred ſpark of vital fire, which ſpeaks involuntarily in the eye, and trembles intuitively on the lips.

"It was arranged that Maria ſhould beg leave of her parents to go to St. Agatha's a day or two previous to my departure for Zuric;

Zuric; that on her arrival at the convent, ſhe ſhould ſay ſhe expected a young woman to come for her in a day or two, to return with her to Glarus; while at the ſame time, ſhe ſhould appriſe Tereſa of my intended viſit. She ſupplied me with a ſtraw bonnet, a jerkin, a chemiſe with plaited ſleeves to turn back; two petticoats, a pair of red ſtockings, and ribbands for my ſhoes.

"The proſpect of this interview enlivened me ſo much, that my father began to think there would be no occaſion to ſend me to Zuric; but the moment he mentioned the caſe, my eye loſt its luſtre, and my hilarity entirely forſook me: ſeeing this, he again conſented to ſend me off; which he did the next morning, with a letter to a perſon near the village of Teuken to procure me a paſſage in a boat along the lake to Zuric.

"I took leave of my parents before they were up, and ſet off, with the rapidity of thought. I however ſoon walked myſelf out of breath; for I had ſuffered much in my ſtrength by the deſpondency that had

overwhelmed me during the laſt four or five months. I reſted myſelf a little at the village of Noefels; and then purſued my journey without waiting to eat or drink. About noon I turned off the road to Teuken, leaving it on the left; and about three o'clock in the afternoon, reached the Burgh of Utznack.

"The convent is not above the diſtance of a cannon-ſhot from the town. It now became a matter of conſideration how I ſhould ſhift my cloathes and character; after maturely weighing all the riſks of this and that place, I walked to the beech wood at the foot of the mountains to the weſt of the town, and there changed my dreſs; tying my own cloathes in a bundle, which I hid in the hollow of an old elm tree.

"Thus equipped, I bent my courſe towards the convent. A little before ſun-ſet I arrived at the great gate, which being yet open, I entered without ceremony. Within it, I found a ſort of hall, in the walls of which were ſeveral windows ſecured and fortified by croſs bars of iron both on the inſide

inſide and outſide of the wall. I looked round me diligently, and obſerved two perſons, veiled, ſtand behind one of the lattices. "Pray have the goodneſs," ſaid I, "to tell me if one Maria Schipnal is here?" "Is ſhe a Novice?" ſaid one of the perſons. "No," I replied, "ſhe is a viſitor from Glarus." "She was here this moment with the Novice Kylermann," exclaimed the ſecond perſon; "and ſaid ſhe had been expecting a young woman theſe two days to call on her. I will ſend for her," continued ſhe, "and in the meantime you had better come in."

"I accepted the invitation; and for the firſt time in my life found myſelf within the hallowed walls of a monaſtery. My heart beat with anxiety and apprehenſion; and ſuch was my confuſion that I do not recollect what the venerable Nun ſaid to me, ſome time after the door was opened; excepting that ſhe praiſed the happineſs of a monaſtic life, and endeavoured to perſuade me to ſerve the holy ſiſterhood. I was very ſilent, ſcarcely making a reply beyond yes

and no to her queſtions; which ſhe miſtook for ruſtic baſhfulneſs and female timidity.

"In about half an hour Maria and my beloved Tereſa came flying along the aiſle hand in hand; they embraced me kindly; and as Tereſa hung upon my neck, one of the two nuns who had gone to call Maria, returned, ſaying the Lady Abbeſs deſired to ſee me.—"Don't be afraid," ſaid Tereſa whiſpering.—I was however very much afraid; for I did not know what ordeal I might have to undergo, or what might be the conſequences of a diſcovery.

"Mind your courteſy," ſaid Maria to me whiſpering, "and croſs yourſelf, when the Lady Abbeſs aſks you to renounce the world and Satan." Theſe hints were neceſſary, and I profited by them.

So ſoon as I was uſhered into the preſence of her ladyſhip, I bent my knees almoſt to the ground three times; which made three very deep and elegant courteſeys; for I allowed a ſufficient time between the ſink and the riſe, to give elegance and grace to my pretended character. "That's

a good

a good girl," ſaid her ladyſhip, "come near to me, my dear.—I am glad to ſee you at the convent,—you are welcome to viſit your neighbour Schipnal; ſhe will tell you what a happy ſtate the life of a Religieuſe is; and you will have an opportunity of ſeeing it yourſelf. She has promiſed me," continued her ladyſhip, "to aſk her parents to permit her to come here, to follow the laudable example of Tereſa Kylermann; and I hope you will do the ſame."

"I could not make her any anſwer, but held down my head. She then drew me towards her, and patting my cheek, ſaid it would be a pity to expoſe ſo much innocence to the world. "Promiſe me to renounce the world and Satan!" continued ſhe. I immediately croſſed myſelf; for the Proteſtant children had learned that ceremony from their Roman Catholic play-fellows.—"Well peace be with you!" ſaid ſhe, "you will ſup in the Refectory with the novices and their friends; and if you chuſe to ſtay here all night, you may ſleep with your acquaintances of Glarus."—

"The

"The bed will be too ſmall for them, Madam," ſaid an elderly nun. "I will take the ſtranger with myſelf; and not crowd the novice Kylermann and her friend."—"Well! well!" replied the lady abbeſs, "ſettle it among you as you pleaſe."

"We rejoiced that there was an end of this ordeal; and would have retired now, to enjoy the ſweets of each other's ſociety, uninterrupted by the preſence of intruſion, but the Ave Maria bell rang and called us to vespers. Being a perfect ſtranger to the principal ceremonies of the Romiſh church, I was fearful on this occaſion of betraying my religion, if not my ſex. I appriſed Teresa of my fears; but ſhe treated them lightly, deſiring me to follow her motions, and do exactly as ſhe might do.

"All the nuns, and novices, and their friends collected in the galleries round the chapel; ſeparated by thick walls and iron lattices. We took our ſtations behind the lattices, ſeeing every body, and every thing within the chapel without being ſeen ourſelves. At the entrance of each gallery there

there is a font filled with Holy-water; into which we dipped the fore finger of the right hand, applying it afterwards, alternately to the forehead, the cheſt, the right and left breaſts, ſo as to delineate a croſs; accompanying the action by an invocation to the Trinity. This conſtitutes what is called croſſing with Holy-water; a ceremony always obſerved by Catholics on entering their places of devotion.

"I could not underſtand the ceremonies of the prieſts in the diſpenſation of the ſacrament; but I was delighted with the perfume of the incenſe which they burned as they pronounced the bleſſing. We received it devoutly kneeling; and as the favour of the Lord aſcended, Maria aſked me if I did not ſmell Heaven?

"After veſpers we retired to the Refectory, where a ſupper of boiled wheat in milk was waiting. I eat of it greedily, for I had faſted all day; indeed there was nothing now to prevent me eating; for I was in the poſſeſſion of every thing I wiſhed for on earth; the preſence of my beloved; nay I

was enjoying a pleaſure I never had enjoyed before; the pleaſure of dipping my ſpoon with her in the ſame diſh.

"After ſupper we were allowed to walk in the garden, which was ſpacious and naturally delightful; but being ſurrounded by inacceſſible walls covered with gloomy paintings; a cloud was thrown over the colorings of nature, whoſe green boughs darkened by theſe gloomy ſhadows ceaſed to charm, unleſs by exciting melancholy, and diſpoſing the ſoul to the ecſtatic reveries of holy-love.

"Tereſa led us to a bower of holy-oak, in which there were ſeveral ſeats. Here we ſat; and in dear converſe with the miſtreſs of my heart, I enjoyed the ſweeteſt hour of my life; not exceeded by that which is conſidered the conſummation of terreſtrial bliſs. Sweet innocence! how pure are the bleſſings that emanate from thy preſence; ſuch as angels are delighted to enjoy in the preſence of God.

"The bell now rang for bed; and the Nun who had met us in the room of the lady

lady Abbeſs came to claim her bed-fellow. We had not turned this matter over in our minds during our ſecluſion in the bower; for it never entered into our heads, how or where I was to ſleep. But now both Tereſa and myſelf became alarmed; and Maria was not a little uneaſy. The Nun would have taken me away without a word; but both my companions began to cry, and clung faſt to my arms: the Lady Abbeſs was brought to us by the noiſe, and deſired that I might not be divided from my friends againſt their conſent.

"We were happy I aſſure you to find ourſelves free from the fear of ſeparation; and from ſome other fears not ſeparable from the ſituation in which we ſtood. But there was ſtill much for prudence to do: love has ever been remarkable for bringing his votaries both young and old into dilemmas ſeemingly inextricable.

"Tereſa and her bed-fellow the Noviciate, as well as Maria Schipnal, Tereſa's viſitor, occupied the ſame bed; this would have been a ſufficient reaſon for me to inſiſt upon

ſpreading

ſpreading a matraſs upon the floor; but there were two other beds in the room, which, together with Tereſa's, accommodated ſix Novices. The bell had rung, and of courſe they were all in the chambers. Without ceremony the Novices of the other beds offered to give me a place, but Tereſa would not hear of it.—I did not know what to do, or what to ſay.—I at this moment wiſhed myſelf back again at Glarus; for I really began to be afraid I muſt be diſcovered.

"Go you into that bed," ſaid Tereſa to me, pointing to her own, "and we will ſettle the reſt." I obeyed, but did not pull off my under-petticoat; which made Tereſa's bed-fellow, the Novice, exclaim that ſhe would not ſleep with any one in their petticoats. "I don't care whether you do or not," replied Tereſa, jumping into bed, "if you do not, I will:" then beckoning to Maria to follow her, ſhe put out the lamp. The Novice who had thus been turned out of her own bed, made a great noiſe, which brought in the Nun who had the care of the

Novices

Novices in that room. She complained to her that I would ſleep in my petticoats, which the Nun abſolutely forbid, and threatned to pull them off for me, if I would not do it myſelf: I was obliged to comply; after which, out of ſpite, the Novice inſiſted on having part of her own bed.

"For God's ſake get up Maria!" ſaid Tereſa, "and let her come in." Maria obeyed; and we now expected that all would be quiet. But, no! Miſs would ſleep in the middle, becauſe, ſhe ſaid, the bed-cloaths were ſcanty, and could not cover her if ſhe ſhould ſleep outſide. This Tereſa would by no means agree to; ſo at laſt my lady conſented to come to bed and the lamp was put out a ſecond time.

"When we thought the Novice was aſleep, Tereſa whiſpered to me, "My dear Johan! you muſt now ſteal out of bed and ſit on the floor; cover yourſelf with my caſſock and you will not catch cold."—I kiſſed her ſweet lips in token of obedience, and lay all night by the bed ſide. As ſoon as day-light appeared, I put on my jirkin,

and

and awoke Tereſa, holding her ſweet hand to my lips, and occaſionally preſſing it to my boſom. "I will get up," ſaid ſhe, "and we will take a walk in the garden before Matins." She dreſſed herſelf in an inſtant, and we left our croſs bed-fellow to dream of the *Incubus*.

"There is a little Fane of the Virgin on the weſt ſide of the garden, to which Tereſa paid her devotions; and then invited me to ſit down with her on the ſtep of the altar. "Now my dear Johan!" ſaid ſhe, "tell me what is to become of me?—to be ſeparated from you is to be ſeparated from myſelf; it is the worſt of deaths! it is the death of miſery:—tell me! what ſhall I do?"—The tear roſe in her eye as ſhe ſpoke; and as I claſped her to my boſom, it rolled down her cheek upon mine. "I will never leave you!" I exclaimed; "I will paſs my days with you for ever within theſe walls."—"And would you then," ſaid ſhe, ſweetly ſmiling through her tears, "become a Catholic for my ſake?"—"Yes, my beloved Tereſa!" returned I, "let me follow your deſtiny

deſtiny in this world, and in the next."—"We now ſat ſilent and motionleſs; a thouſand feelings and reflections, that we did not know how to expreſs, overpowered our faculties, and fixed us like the ſtatues of Hope and Patience on the altar of Concord.—The call to Matins awoke us from our reveries, and ſummoned us to prayers: I liſtened to the chanting with ſenſible pleaſure, and really fancied that I could wiſh I had been born a woman, to enable me to paſs the remainder of my days in this holy place with the friend of my boſom.

"When we met Maria, ſhe rallied us a little upon the adventures of the night; hoping that no ill conſequences might enſue from pulling off the under-petticoat. But, when Tereſa told her that I had ſlept all night upon the ground, ſhe expreſſed her ſorrow at my uncomfortable lodging; and vowed if ſhe had known it, ſhe would have come to keep me warm.—"Would you indeed?" ſaid Tereſa, archly; "I am ſure I am much obliged to you."

"It was now time for us to take our leave.

leave. Maria had promiſed to return to-day to Glarus; and there was a poſſibility of ſome one being already at Zuric on my account; we therefore took an affectionate leave of our much-loved friend, promiſing to return together in a few weeks.

"After quitting the monaſtery, our firſt viſit was to the wood to change my dreſs.—"Now tell me," ſaid Maria, "did you really ſleep on the floor all laſt night?" "I really did indeed," I replied. "Tereſa wiſhed I ſhould do ſo, and therefore I obeyed."—"I think it was very unkind of her," returned Maria; "I'm ſure if I loved you, as much as Tereſa pretends to do, I would not have turned you out of bed in ſo cold a night."—I praiſed Maria for her humanity; obſerving, that I hoped the day would come, and the night too, when Tereſa would think as ſhe did; and not feel it neceſſary to baniſh me from her boſom. "I am convinced," ſaid I, "it is becauſe ſhe loves that ſhe has done ſo; and becauſe ſhe values my eſteem and good opinion, as much as ſhe does my love."

"After

"After diſcuſſing this ſubject a little more, we proceeded to the village of Benkin, where we parted; ſhe purſuing the road to Glarus, I to Teuken.

"On my arrival at Teuken, I delivered my father's letter, without the date being adverted to; the fear of which had obliged me to think of an excuſe for my delay on the road, very different from the real cauſe. Fortune was propitious, and I was ſaved the pain and diſgrace of lying. My father's friends, after reading the letter, treated me with great kindneſs; and after giving me a good dinner, accompanied me to the end of the lake next to Teuken; and procured me a paſſage in a boat going to Zuric.

"During the paſſage, we had only a light air of wind, ſcarcely ſufficient to ruffle the ſurface of the lake; but which, like the ſtream of human life, drove us imperceptibly, yet continually along. About ſeven in the evening I landed at Zuric, and was received with great kindneſs by my aunt; whoſe memory has been ever dear to me for her humanity and tenderneſs.

"During

"During three years I remained at Zuric, purſuing the ſtudy of natural and experimental philoſophy: but nevertheleſs, I viſited the convent of St. Agatha whenever opportunity would permit; until a diſcovery expelled Tereſa from the convent, and forced me to fly from my country and perſecution.

"After travelling through Savoy, Milan, and Piedmont, I entered into the ſervice of the King of Sardinia; and was fortunate enough to ſave the life of the Duke of Modena in battle. Through his intereſt I got a pardon from the Pope for having violated the ſanctity of a convent of Nuns, by male intruſion. Armed with this pardon from his Holineſs, and my diſcharge from His Sardinian Majeſty, I returned to Glarus, and found my dear Tereſa upon a bed of ſickneſs, occaſioned by diſtreſs of mind.

"The neighbours had raiſed very uncharitable reports againſt her; and thoſe of the Romiſh church had given it out that I had been put to the torture by the inquiſition of Milan. My unexpected preſence renovated

renovated the ſpark of life that ſeemed ready to expire. She was too weak to ſpeak to me with her mouth—but the immortal fire of love, ſpoke in her languid eye, and bid me hope.

"From night till morning, and from morning unto the night again, day after day, I ſat by her couch; and with the foſtering hand of friendſhip and of love, through the providence of God, reſtored her again to health and lovelineſs.

"Her father had been dead two years; which enabled her mother to act towards her with that care, her natural ſweetneſs of diſpoſition inclined her on all occaſions to purſue: thus the death of one parent, and the tenderneſs of the other, preſerved her for me; until reſtored to her arms by the Great Diſpoſer of all events, ſhe becam the happy partner of my future life.

"On her recovery, I applied to my own father for his conſent to marry her; but he abſolutely refuſed, on the plea of her being a Catholic. I did not like to be diſobedient to my father; but on maturely weighing the

matter, I reſolved rather to diſobey him than the fundamental laws of nature and ſociety.—I therefore married her, and we lived with her mother until my father's death: on which event I bought the cottage near Ruti, on account of the mountain poſſeſſion I then acquired; it being an entail on the family for ſervices to the canton, in a war with Auſtria. We ſold our houſe at Glarus, and retired with my own mother to the foot of the Alps.

"My intimacy with Gaſpar Steinboch took place very ſoon after my return from Italy. He had married my friend Maria Shipnal; the ſame I have been talking to you about; and whom you left behind at the cot, and was your hoſteſs at Glarus.

"During a long ſeries of years," continued he, "both the children of Steinboch and myſelf died about their fourth year, of a diſeaſe called the croup. This was conſidered by every one as a judgment upon their mothers, for having introduced a male perſon into the convent of St. Agatha. Impreſſed

preſſed with this idea, about twenty years ago, they both determined on a pilgrimage to the Abbey of Einſidlin in the ſtate of Rapperſchwyl. I did not oppoſe the deſire of my wife; becauſe I know how difficult it is for the human mind to ſhake off thoſe ſuperſtitious errors, which it has early imbibed under the name of religion: I therefore conſented to her departure, and accompanied her and the friend of our youth to the ſhrine of the Virgin at Einſidlin.

"We found the Abbey crowded with Pilgrims from every quarter; but our buſineſs was with the Virgin not with the Pilgrims: we therefore paſſed through the crowd, who were buying images, roſaries, and ribbons, from the ſtalls on which theſe things are expoſed for ſale within the Abbey.

"On arriving at the ſhrine of the Virgin, which is ſuperbly decorated with gold and jewels; the reward of her ſervices to frail mortals; I perceived an inſcription above the door ſupported by two cherubims.

"HERE IS A FULL REMISSION OF ALL SINS, FROM GUILT AND PUNISHMENT."

"Look there!" ſaid my wife.—We purified ourſelves with holy water and went in.—The two women knelt before the ſhrine of the Virgin, confeſſing their delinquencies againſt St. Agatha, and praying for forgiveneſs.—They left ſome money on the altar, and retired; ſatisfied that their ſins were pardoned, and all future puniſhment remitted.

"My friend Steinboch enjoyed the firſt fruits of his wife's devotion. Their next child, Gertrude, outlived the uſual period of their children's longevity; and their next daughter, Marianne, paſſed it alſo.—My darling Conſtance was born ſoon after Marianne Steinboch: and cauſed me many anxious moments, until the fatal period was paſſed; but her mother, full of faith, never doubted; and has ſince often upbraided me for my hereſy and infidelity.

"Taught by my own ſufferings, to appreciate the feelings of two young perſons devoted to each other, I will not, my dear friend," continued Kypſeler, taking me affectionately by the hand, "oppoſe your

union with my daughter; if you ſhould love each other with that warmth and ſincerity, which is moſt eſſential to conjugal felicity."

We had now arrived at the village of Ruti; where he provided me with a horſe to purſue my journey. I embraced him with the affection of a ſon, and promiſed to return as ſoon as fate ſhould permit.

To this rallying point of all my hopes, and all my wiſhes, I often bend an anxious eye; and pray fervently to Providence to beſtow the bleſſings of peace upon afflicted Europe; that I may return to the cot of the mountain and my beloved Conſtantia.

THE

BIRTH AND DEATH OF ADONIS.

A GRECIAN TALE.

IN bleſſed Arabia's ſweetly ſcented groves,
Sacred to Zephyr, and the infant Loves,
A grotto deep from Nature's wond'rous hand
Hides its dark boſom in the bliſsful land;
Within its ſides the fragrant roſes blow,
And o'er its brink the cryſtal waters flow,
With ſilken moſs its velvet banks are crown'd
And leaves of lilies ſtrew th' adjacent ground.

This bleſs'd retreat unknown to mortal ſight,
The ſacred fane of her who rules the night,
A nymph conceal'd within its dark abodes,
The pride of Earth, the fav'rite of the Gods.
A beauteous form ſhe was. For Poets ſay,
And in ſuch matters who can tell but they;
They ſay, that ſhe was like the infant roſe
Whoſe op'ning leaves the modeſt bluſh diſcloſe,
Whoſe ſweet perfumes the hov'ring Loves invite,
To fill the boſom with unfeigned delight:

Cloſe in her dark retreat ſhe chaſtely lay,
To hide her beauties from the God of day:
But oft at eve when ſober twilight veils
The forms of things, or half their form conceals,
This beauteous Nymph to ſee her Goddeſs riſe
Would quit the fane, and trace her in the ſkies;
From cloſe of eve throughout the lengthen'd night,
She'd trace the Goddeſs of the ſilver light,
Near a ſmall hill her ev'ning ſeat ſhe choſe,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of the ev'nings cloſe:
For fifteen years in ſafety here ſhe view'd
The ſilver Planet, and its courſe purſued.

One peerleſs night, when all the azure ſky
Fill'd with ten thouſand lamps, had charm'd her eye;
Her ſoul, enchanted, felt her boſom fire,
And wake with ſtrange emotions of deſire.
"Ah me!" ſhe cried, "what means this ſecret ſigh,
This riſing tear, that dims my languid eye,
This frequent heaving of my virgin breaſt,
And ſomething creeping there, that ſteals my reſt.
Save me from harm great Queen of Night I pray!
The Nymph exclaimed, as Cynthia ſunk away.
Save me from ſnakes! from baſiliſks! and man!
From god-like Phœbus, and from goat-like Pan!
But if, ſhe cried, that ſuch be Fate's decree,
Let Myrrha ceaſing live,—become a tree."
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when Phœbus, God of day,
Shot his bright arrows through the milky way.
Alarm'd ſhe fled, to gain her dark abode,
To ſeek a refuge from the burning God:

In

In vain ſhe flies, for Love now fled before,
And with a hoſt of arrows kept the door.
He pluck'd the roſes from the ſacred grot,
And plac'd the myrtle in the very ſpot;
Diana wept, the leaſleſs roſe to ſee;
And Venus ſmil'd, to view her fav'rite tree.

Th' affrighted Nymph her Goddeſs call'd, by name,
No Goddeſs heard her, and no Goddeſs came.
But great Apollo, ſource of vital fire,
Beheld her form, and kindled with deſire,
Caſt his bright eyes impaſſion'd o'er her charms,
And caught her panting, in his ſilver arms,
Quick as the light that bore the brilliant God,
The Nymph transform'd at chaſte Diana's nod;
The verdant boughs in many a cluſter round
Branch from the trunk, and root her to the ground.
The aſtoniſh'd God the wond'rous change beholds,
And from the hard'ning trunk his arms unfolds.

"What means this ſtrange deceit, by Love employ'd,
The Nymph that's ſeen, is not the Nymph enjoy'd;
For ever thus, by vain illuſions caught,
The charms of Cupid live but in the thought.
Charm'd by this phantom of illuſive love,
The heaven-born Pſyche ſought the myrtle grove;
There, many a night ſhe preſſed the heavenly boy,
And found her boſom teem with ſacred joy;
Night after night, bleſs'd by the keen embrace,
She long'd to ſee his ſweetly ſmiling face,

To

To view the form that fill'd her ſoul with bliſs,
And gaze upon the lip that prints the kiſs.
Full of the thought, when ſleep his limbs oppreſs'd
And all her ſoul his mighty pow'r confeſs'd,
Silent and cautious, from the couch ſhe roſe
And gently folded down the purple clothes,
With trembling hand, ſhe brought a ſecret light,
Bent o'er his form, and gaz'd with wild delight;
The light ſtill burn'd, his charms retir'd from view,
The boy was frighten'd, and away he flew.
In vain does Pſyche now his loſs deplore;
The Love that's ſeen, alas! is Love no more!"

Thus did Latona's ſon of Love complain,
Yet burn'd for Myrrha, with a lover's pain;
His raviſh'd ſenſe yet felt her balmy breath:
"Great Jove!" he cried, "Oh ſave her ſoul from death!"
Fir'd with this hope, he glow'd with new delight,
And fill'd her boſom with a flood of light;
His arms around, her alter'd form careſs'd,
And through the hard'ning bark her beauties preſs'd.
Each coming morn he ſought the new embrace,
And through the darken'd rind her form to trace,
He woo'd her oft with many an ardent kiſs,
And ſought to warm her with ecſtatic bliſs.

All pow'rful God that wakes the warm deſire,
And kindles Nature by thy ſacred fire,
How could a Nymph thy warm embrace ſuſtain,
And ſtill a ſtock or ſenſeleſs tree remain?

Yes,

Yes, ſtill, ſhe ſtood, nor mov'd her ſtedfaſt form,
Till the cold blaſt announc'd the coming ſtorm;
Her trembling arms then ſhook with horrid fear,
That ſeem'd to dread ſome ſudden danger near.
She now, 'tis ſaid, invok'd the God of day,
To chaſe the night and howling winds away,
To weave his laurel round her guilty form,
And ſave her from the light'ning of the ſtorm;
She call'd him, Huſband, Lover, gracious Lord.
Nor were her pray'rs, they ſay, by him unheard:
Bright from the eaſt his glorious preſence ſhone,
The clouds diſpers'd around, the ſtorm was gone.

Mean-time her trunk enlarg'd from day to day,
But how? or why? the Poets do not ſay:
'Tis only told us, that one early morn,
From this chaſte Nymph a lovely boy was born,
Whoſe heav'nly ſhape a god-like form confeſs'd;
He look'd like Cupid in the Turtle's neſt;
His name Adonis, beautiful and fair,
Blue were his eyes, and flaxen was his hair.
Snatch'd by the other Nymphs who range the grove,
With bow and buſkins, foes to bliſsful love,
Fed by their hands, to manhood ſoon he grew,
Threw the keen dart, and twang'd the ſounding yew:
In vain the Dryads ſigh'd beneath his eye,
Cold was his look, and colder his reply;
Yet beauteous, he, in heav'nly charms array'd,
Bluſhing unconſcious, ev'ry charm diſplay'd:
Diana own'd him for her ſpecial care,
And made him ſenſeleſs to the ſmiling fair.

The

The queen of Love, whoſe bright and brilliant car
Foreruns Aurora, as the morning ſtar,
With ardent wiſhes view'd the lovely boy,
And ſigh'd to win him as he ſeem'd more coy.

The morn was cool, the gentle breezes play'd
To ſeek the game, the fair Adonis ſtray'd;
With eager ſtep, he trac'd the mazy wood,
And meaſur'd oft the margin of the flood:
Preſs'd by fatigue and day's increaſing heat,
He ſought the covert of a cloſe retreat;
Down on the moſſy bank his limbs he threw,
Laid down his javelin and unbent his yew:
Fatigue and heat around their vigils keep,
And yield his boſom to the arms of ſleep.

Drawn from her ſphere by Love's attractive pow'r,
The lovely Venus ſeeks the ſhady bow'r;
Dreſs'd like a Nymph ſhe wears Diana's arms,
And with her modeſty adorns her charms;
Burning with Love, her cheek with crimſon glows,
Such as the bluſh of modeſty beſtows,
Her azure eye, too, fill'd with humid rays
The timid virgin's riſing tear diſplays:
Not ſo within, ſhe burns with raging fire,
And all her ſoul is kindled with deſire:
Her glances keen his ſleeping form ſurveys,
And o'er his beauties pour their vivid rays,
Run o'er his features with ecſtatic joy,
And drink the beauties of the ſleeping boy.

Trembling

Trembling ſhe ventures, o'er his lovely face
Her lips to open, and her neck to place,
With thrilling bliſs ſhe drinks each vagrant ſigh,
And pours the torrent from her melting eye:
Starting, amazed, he feels th' enchanting ſtream,
And ſees the Goddeſs in a ſudden dream;
His frighten'd ſpirit burſts the bond of ſleep,
And forc'd by ſympathy he wakes to weep.

"Ariſe Adonis! lovely youth ariſe!"
The Goddeſs feigning now, impatient cries;
I come to ſave thee from the God of Love,
Who now is hunting in this very grove;
Doſt thou not know me? lov'd Adonis, ſay,
Thy fav'rite Nymph, thy chaſte companion May;
Whoſe modeſt cheeks like thine with roſes glow,
Admidſt a region of perpetual ſnow,
Where Love in vain would kindle Etna's fires
Too cold my heart—his frozen torch expires."
Th' affrighted youth now look'd attentive round,
And gently rais'd him from the velvet ground:
"I thank you Maia," is his cold reply,
"But tell me, is the God of Love ſo nigh?
I fear him Maia, Oh! I dread his ſight,
I know there is no ſafety but in flight."
"He is indeed! the wily Goddeſs ſaid,
Oh! in thy boſom let me hide my head;
I hear his footſteps, and I dread his pow'r—
O let us hide us in the ſacred bow'r;
Safe in each others arms we'll hide us there;
And breathe to chaſtity our conſtant pray'r.

"O let

"O let us fly!" the trembling youth replies,
"O let us fly!" th' impatient Goddeſs cries.

On Zephyr's wing ſhe bears him quick away,
And ſmiles with joy, to ſee the youth her prey;
Like inſtant thought they reach the ſacred bow'r,
Where trees incumbent ſhed the leafy ſhow'r.
Amidſt this heap of leaves by Autumn ſpread,
A furious boar had made his ſecret bed;
The hideous beaſt twelve luſtrums counted o'er,
And many a field had dy'd with human gore;
His mighty tuſks like oxen's horns ſtood forth,
Diana's preſent to ſubdue the earth;
From head to tail he meaſur'd fifteen feet,
Around his cheſt the girth was twenty neat;
His briſtling mane like pointed javelins ſtood,
And from his mad'ning eyes he darted blood;
His ſnake-like tail in many a fold he curl'd,
Then ſnorting hideous, ſhook the trembling world.
As when the ſudden ſtorm with furious roar
Burſts from the clouds, and ſhakes the founding ſhore,
Tears the bright bloſſom from the fragrant bow'r,
And ſtrews the meadows with the leafy ſhow'r,
Fierce and impetuous from his den he ruſh'd,
And in his horrid jaws Adonis cruſh'd.

Th' immortal Venus next the beaſt aſſail'd;
But in the vain attempt, impotent fail'd;
Struck by her eye, he fled to gain the wood,
His jaws yet ſtreaming with Adonis' blood;

Twang'd

Twang'd from her bow th' avenging arrow flew
Wing'd by revenge, the hideous monſter flew.
"Ah 'tis too late!" the Paphian Goddeſs cries
By cruel Dian's hate Adonis dies!"
Wild from the loſs ſhe frantic ſpreads her arms,
Tears off her zone, and bares her naked charms,
Caſts the bright Myrtle from her mad'ning head,
And kneeling ſeeks to renovate the dead.

Still on his cheek the fading roſe is ſeen,
And crimſon torrents ſtain the leafy green;
The light of life ſtill dances in his eye,
And from his boſom ſteals the lengthen'd ſigh.
"Ah lov'd Adonis!" thrice the Goddeſs cried,
And thrice in agonies Adonis ſigh'd.
"Oh mighty Jove!" the frantic Goddeſs cries,
"Oh ſave Adonis, or thy Venus dies!"

Still from his heart the vital torrent pours,
Diſtains the verdant mead and ſnowy flow'rs;
The guſhing wound, increaſing pours the blood
And dyes the herbage with the crimſon flood:
From her fair head with beauteous treſſes crown'd,
She tore the treſſes and ſhe ſtopt the wound;
But ſtill the blood impetuous burſts its bands,
And pours its crimſon through her trembling hands:
Pale, o'er his form ſhe bends her weeping eyes,
To watch his beauty as his beauty flies,
With panting heart ſhe drinks his lateſt breath,
And ſteals his ſpirit from the arms of death.

In

In wild amaze ſhe feels the pow'r of fight,
Now ſerve her twofold, now forſake her quite,
The ſun ſeems double, or the darken'd air
Shuts her bright eyes, and gives her to deſpair.

Struck by her charms, and by her anguiſh mov'd,
For weeping beauty claims to be belov'd,
The mighty Jove pour'd forth a ray ſerene,
Of ſweet compaſſion on the Paphian Queen;
Bid the dead youth an Anemone riſe
In radiant purple to her weeping eyes!

THE END.

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